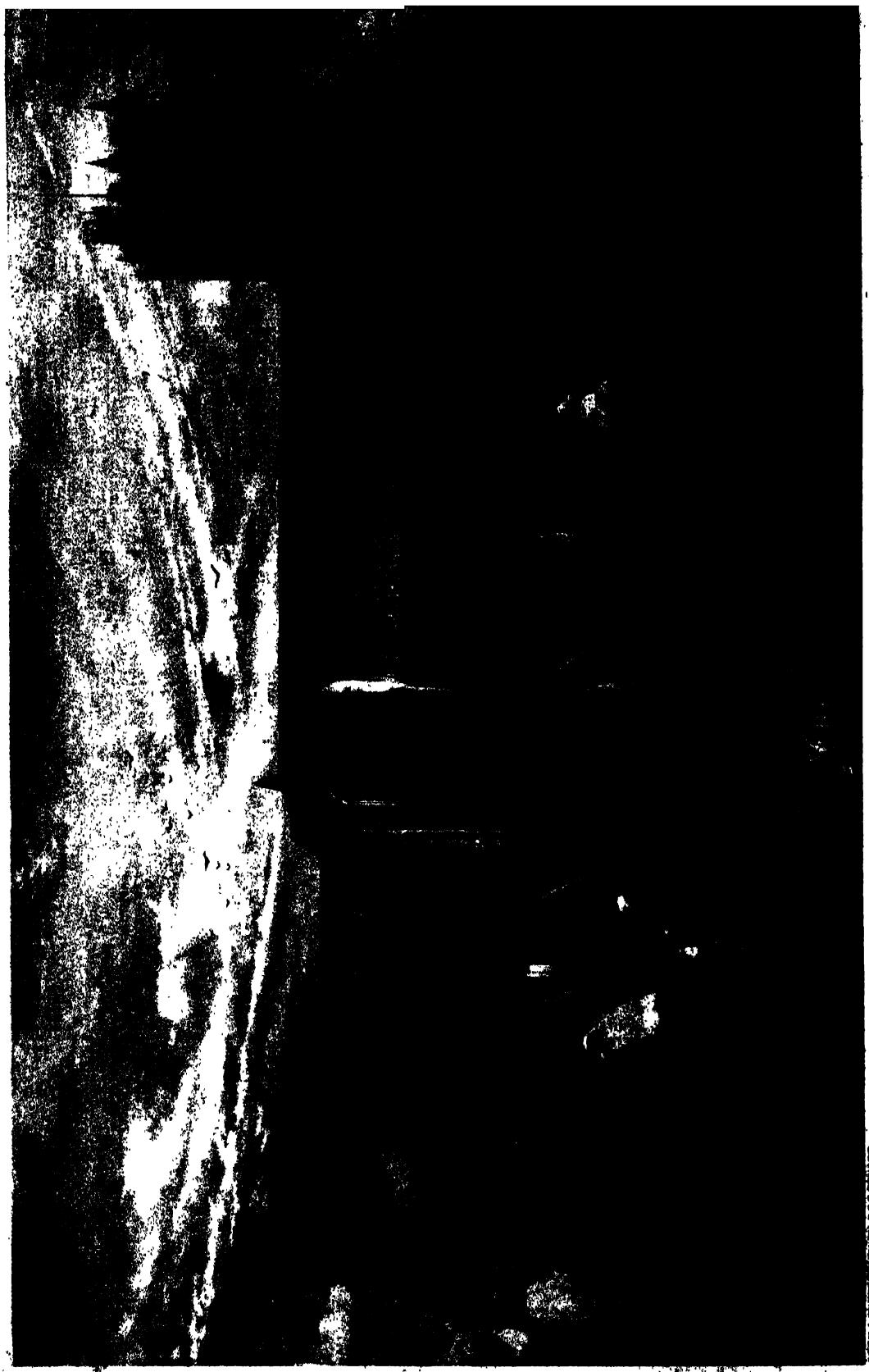


CATHEDRALS, ABBEYS, AND CHURCHES
OF
ENGLAND AND WALES.

CHRISTCHURCH FROM THE NORTH.



CATHEDRALS,
ABBEYS, AND CHURCHES
OF
ENGLAND AND WALES.

DESCRIPTIVE, HISTORICAL, PICTORIAL.

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HON. CANON OF MANCHESTER

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ST. MARY'S, WARWICK.

TOMBS OF THE BEAUCHAMPS.

FEW towns in England have a name more familiar to readers of our country's history than Warwick, for it gave a title to one of the great families which in the Middle Ages so much helped to make that history. Its castle was their



THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL.

principal home; in its mother-church several of their members were laid to rest. Not indeed all. It is rare to find that, in the days of Plantagenet and Tudor kings, son followed father without a break in the succession of generations to the same place of sepulchre; the fortune of war, the king's pleasure or displeasure, the regard of this or that representative for some religious house which he had founded or endowed, all have combined in dispersing far and

wide over England, even over Europe, the monuments of those who wore in turn the coronet.

The castle, which for centuries has been the dwelling-place of the Earls of Warwick, is surpassed in its situation by but few in England. Perched on a sandstone knoll by the side of the Avon, it rises like a great crag from the river; its walls command a fair prospect of rich sward and clustered trees, backed by slopes of field and copse. A residence of the family for so many centuries, and exceptionally rich—notwithstanding the disastrous fire from which it suffered a few years since—in relics of ancient days and in works of art, it is one of the most interesting among the stately homes of England.

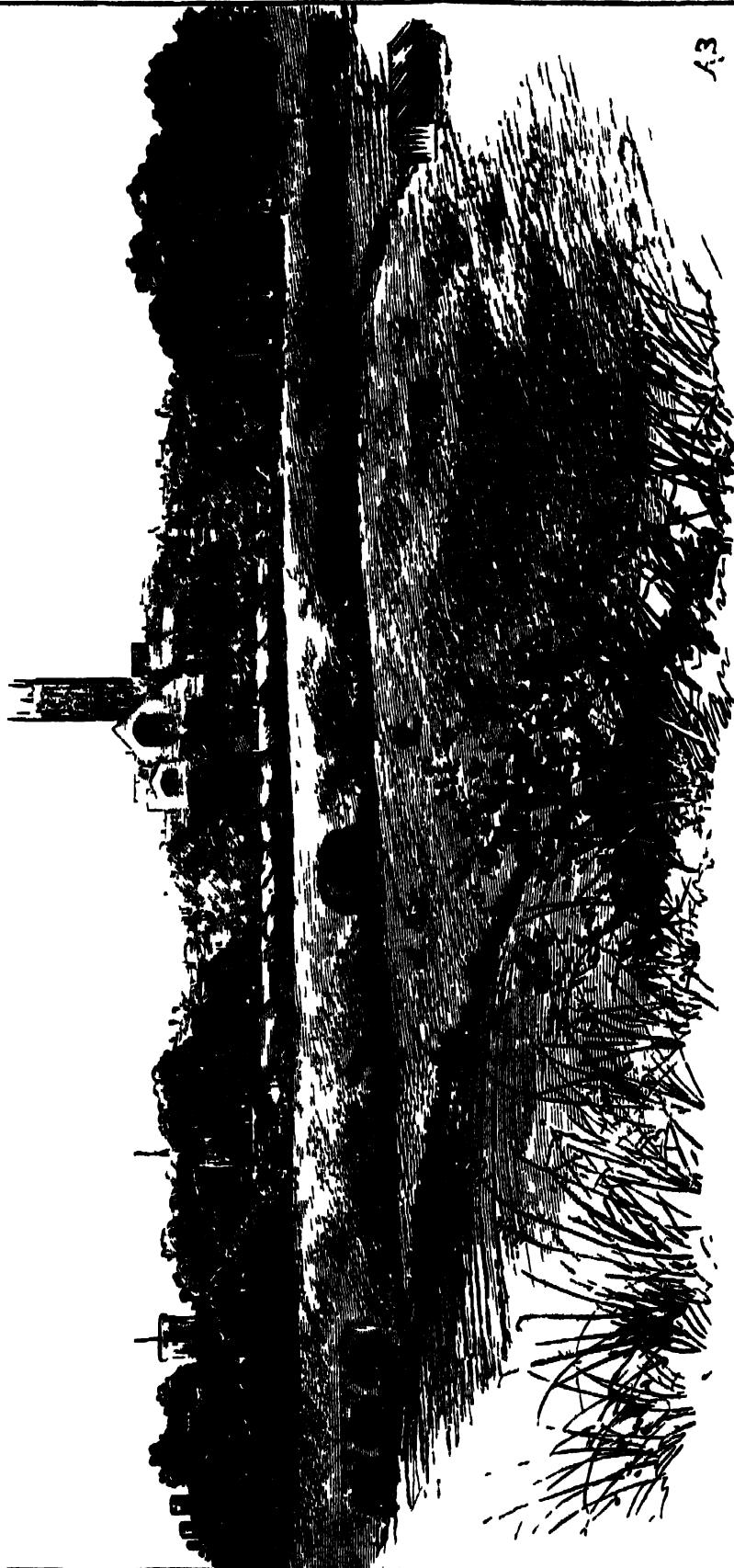
The situation of the church is hardly less fine. The town is built upon a hill, of which the castle occupies one edge. From it the ground shelves upwards, to form a broad and moderately level plateau; and on the highest part of this a church was built, which has for centuries been the mother-church of the town. Thus, from far and wide, from windings of the valley, from many an undulation of the neighbouring district, its lofty tower forms a conspicuous landmark, indicating the position of the county town, and calling up memories of a family whose power at one time was little less than regal.

St. Mary's Church occupies a site which has been consecrated ground for many centuries. The date of the foundation is not known, but it is certainly anterior to the Norman Conquest. Warwick town, indeed, has a history which reaches so far back that the site of its principal church may have become consecrated ground no long time after the missionaries of Gregory won back England to Christianity. Certain it is that Warwick was destroyed by the Danes, and was rebuilt by Ethelfleda, the worthy daughter of the great Alfred, who laid the foundation of its castle about the year 915. Some antiquaries even carry back the lists of its Earls to the days of King Arthur, but we fear the sceptical students of the nineteenth century look askance at many of the names, and even demur to the veracious history of Guy, slayer of a giant, a dun cow, and a dragon, though he is said to have flourished in the days of Ethelfleda, and though they exhibit his armour and porringer unto this day in Warwick Castle.

While, so far as we are aware, there is no clear statement of the fact in history, it is highly probable that a church has occupied this site on the hill from a very early period. At any rate, when the commissioners of the Norman Conqueror came to Warwick, St. Mary's Church was in existence, and had been endowed with a hide of land by Turchil, who was Earl of Warwick when William landed in Sussex. No part, however, of that church now remains. Probably, before long the architects took it in hand, for the first Norman earl, Roger de Newburgh, was not unmindful of the religious wants of the place from which he took his title. Not only did he augment the endowments of the church, but

DISTANT VIEW OF ST MARY'S WARWICK

A.3



also he made it a collegiate foundation, with a dean, secular canons, priests, and choristers. His son increased its revenues, and successive Earls of Warwick added to the endowments. The other churches of the town by degrees, and sometimes not without a struggle, were reduced to the position of mere dependencies; and at the time of the Reformation St. Mary's possessed a rich store of relics, and an annual revenue of considerably more than three hundred pounds. Of the church which was then standing, only the eastern half remains. In the year 1694 a great fire broke out in Warwick, which destroyed a considerable part of the town, together with the tower and nave of St. Mary's. These were rebuilt shortly afterwards; now they are being restored, at a cost of upwards of £14,000.

The present church is cruciform in plan, with a western tower, the transepts being rather short, the choir comparatively long. At a glance, it is evident that the whole structure west of the choir belongs to the last rebuilding. It is no less evident that, to a certain extent, an effort was made to reproduce the distinctive features of the ruined church. The leading lines of the nave, and yet more of the tower, suggest a structure in the Perpendicular style, but every detail indicates the influence of the Renaissance. The tracery of the nave windows would have been the death of a pre-Reformation architect. The ornamentation of the tower is in the style of Wren or of Vanbrugh. Everywhere is the classic "peard" beneath the Gothic "muffler." The towers of Westminster Abbey afford a somewhat parallel case, but with a less satisfactory result, for St. Mary's tower is impressive at a distance. The architect,* handling a style of which probably he had but small knowledge, and with which he had little sympathy, has, nevertheless, shown that a vigorous arm was wielding the unfamiliar weapon. The result is far better than the feeble efforts which signalled the early days of the Victorian "Gothic revival." With all its incongruities, the tower of Warwick Church is by no means a failure. In some ways, it is even better than much work that the above-named revival has produced. It is like a poem written by a man of genius in a language which he had imperfectly learnt, rather than the verse copy of the dull, but correctly taught, schoolboy.

The tower is supported on arches, covering the footway of the street, and its pinnacles rise to a height of 174 feet. The interior of the nave offers little to detain the visitor. It is like many of the "semi-Gothic" churches to which we have already alluded; having rather lofty aisles, columns indecisive in design, and a flattish roof. It is fitted up with pews which recall the days of our childhood, before church restoration had become general. Such monuments as it contains are in almost every case later than the conflagration, for this destroyed several of considerable interest which once found a place in the western part

* Often said to be Sir C. Wren, but really Sir W. Wilson.

of the church. Passing eastwards, we note in the east wall of the southern transept an elaborate doorway in a style which recalls the work of Tudor times, but is influenced also by Renaissance feeling. This leads into the famous Beauchamp Chapel, and is probably a restoration of the original door, executed after the great fire. The northern transept opens out on its eastern side to three connected chapels, of which one is used as a vestry; and that in the middle has an apse projecting to the north. This was the chapter-house of the collegiate church, but it is now occupied and considerably blocked up by a heavy canopied Jacobean monument commemorating "Fulke Grevill" (Lord Brooke), "servant to Queen Elizabeth, concellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney." In a third room is a monument to Francis Parker, tutor, secretary, and steward to the Brooke family, who died in the year 1693, and another large canopied tomb to Sir Thomas Puckering, who died in the year 1636. This part of the church has been restored, and during the work a fine stone screen between the last-named room and the vestry was discovered, cleaned, and repaired.

The choir, the floor of which is on a higher level than that of the nave, and is interrupted by more than one step, fortunately escaped the conflagration, and has been restored of late years. Its style is Perpendicular. The roof is of stone, supported by ribs, which are partly detached, like a flying buttress. The windows are large, and not elaborate in design, and the lower half of those on the north and south are blocked, so as to form a sculptured panelling. The upper part of most of them is filled with modern stained glass, that in the large east window, to the memory of the Rev. J. Bondier, a former vicar, being rather good. The reredos, of marble and alabaster, is modern; so are the stalls and other fittings. In the middle of the choir is a fine altar-tomb, on which reposes the effigy of its founder, Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who died in the year 1370, together with that of his second wife, Catherine, daughter of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March. He is represented in full armour, but his right hand is bare, and grasps that of his wife.

Beneath the choir is a spacious crypt, an interesting remnant of an earlier church, being of Norman architecture; in it for many years leading citizens of Warwick were interred. On the north side, beneath the chapels, is the mausoleum of the Greville line of the Earls of Warwick.

The Beauchamp or Lady Chapel is, however, the chief ornament of St. Mary's Church. This is entered, not only by the main portal already mentioned, but also by a small door in the south wall of the choir, leading into one of three curious chapels, which occupy the narrow space between the two buildings. To discuss the probable intention of these would exceed our present limits. They are connected by doorways; from the eastern one, which has an

enriched stone roof, a door on the north side leads to a very narrow and ruinous flight of steps, at the top of which a grated opening looks into the choir. This is popularly termed the confessional, but it may be doubted whether that is a true explanation of its purpose. Three rusty helmets and a curious old chest preserved here are worth examination. We descend by a short flight of steps into the Beauchamp Chapel, which was built for a tomb-house by Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. Commenced in the twenty-first year of Henry VI., and completed in the third of Edward III. (1443—1464), it is in style a Late Perpendicular structure, reminding us somewhat, though on a small scale, of St. George's, Windsor, and the chapel of King's College, Cambridge. In the centre of the chapel, in front and to the west of the altar, so that he might hear well “the blessed mutter of the mass,” is the founder's monument, a sculptured altar-tomb of Purbeck marble, richly adorned with figures of gilded brass. A slab of the same metal covers the tomb, on which lies the effigy of the Earl, also of brass. He is in full armour, but his head is bare, and rests upon his helmet; his hands are raised in prayer, but are not joined. A griffin and a bear support his feet. The figure is enclosed by a hooped hearse of brass, which is said to have formerly supported a velvet pall. The monument, fortunately, is still in good preservation, and as a work of art, no less than as a relic of ancient days, it is worthy of the closest study. The contract, with all the details of the expenditure for this memorial chapel, is still in existence. From it we learn that the cost of the Earl's effigy was £40, and of the whole building £2,481.

But this tomb is not the only one of interest in the chapel. When mass had ceased to be said for the founder's soul, other folk came crowding in to share the grandeur of his tomb-house. Against the north wall is a sumptuous pile commemorating Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the noted favourite of Queen Elizabeth. The figures of the Earl and his second wife rest upon an altar-tomb, at the back of which rises an elaborately sculptured canopy. The monument is more indebted to the quality of the materials than to the grace of the design, and the reader must settle for himself whether the epitaph or history gives a truer picture of the Earl. On the floor of the chapel, near to the founder's monument, is another altar-tomb. This is to the memory of Leicester's brother, Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, commonly called, by contrast, the Good Earl. It supports an effigy, but has neither canopy nor hearse. Against the south wall, near the eastern end of the chapel, is the figure of a child, clad in one of the long gowns which the pictures of Tudor days have made familiar to us, and of which we have in some sort a survival in the coats of the Christ's Hospital boys. This commemorates the “noble impe” Robert of Dudley, son of the former, nephew and heir of the latter, of the two peers just mentioned, “a child of greate parentage but of farre

greater hope and towardnes, taken from this transitory unto the everlastinge life" in the year 1584. These are the principal monuments in this interesting and, in many respects, beautiful chapel. The seats are of old oak, well carved ; the windows were once filled with stained glass, but of this little remains except in the eastern one ; the roof is stone, groined and ornamented with heraldic bosses ; the floor is paved with slabs of black and white marble ; the reredos is modern ; a door on the left side of the altar leads into a chamber, once appropriated to the attendant priest, now used as a library. The chapel has, by rare good fortune, escaped with little harm from Puritan iconoclasts and Hanoverian vandals, and is hardly less interesting as a work of art than as a memorial of the Beauchamps and the Dudleys.

With a brief glance at the history of the illustrious families whose representatives rest in St. Mary's Church, we must conclude our notice. Passing over the family of De Newburgh, to which the earldom was given by the Conqueror, and of which the name is not specially connected with the church, we come to the house of Beauchamp, barons of Elmley in Worcestershire. They received the title by marriage, on failure of direct heirs in the male line of the De Newburghs, after the death of the sixth earl. All were men of mark. Guy, the second earl of this house, was the "black hound of Arden," whose fangs Piers Gaveston felt when he was brought as captive to Warwick Castle, and took his last look on earth from Blacklow Hill. His son, Thomas, fought manfully in the French wars by the side of the Black Prince, and died as Governor of Calais. His monument, as has been said, stands in the middle of St. Mary's Choir, of which he was the builder. The Black Hound's grandson, another Thomas, also won distinction in France, but, notwithstanding all his services, in the evil days of Richard II. his head was in no small danger, and he was kept for some time a prisoner in the Tower. The accession of Bolingbroke, however, restored him to liberty and honour. At his charge the nave of the church was built, and on his death, in the year 1401, he was buried there. His monument was destroyed by the great fire, but the brass effigies of himself and his wife were saved, and are now fixed against the wall of the south transept, near to the entrance to the Lady Chapel. Richard Beauchamp, his son, was even more distinguished than his illustrious progenitor. At the tournament or in war among the first, in private life irreproachable, the "father of courtesy," as he was called by the emperor, he filled, among other responsible offices, those of guardian to the young Henry VI., and Regent of France. There, in the year 1439, he died, and his body was buried, as mentioned above, in the stately Lady Chapel, which was built as directed in his will. His son, Henry Beauchamp, bade fair to equal the fame of his father, and was high in favour with the young king, who created him Duke of Warwick, and even King of the Isle of Man ; but at the early age of twenty-two he died, and with him ended the house of Beauchamp.

The estates passed to Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, on whom the earldom of Warwick was conferred. This bearer of the title played a part in English history more famous, if less useful, than any of the Beauchamps, for he was the great "king-maker," who at last fell on the field of Barnet. He, however, does not rest within the walls of St. Mary's, but was buried at Bisham Abbey, with others of his house. A curse now seemed to cling for a while to the title. It was next held by "Clarence, ill-fated Clarence," done to death in the Tower. His son and successor was, from his boyhood, kept as a prisoner in that fortress, and, when still young in years, was murdered under the forms of justice, losing his head on the scaffold in order that the crown might rest more securely on that of Henry Richmond. For nearly half a century the title was dormant. Then it was conferred on John Dudley, Lord High Admiral of England. He rose to the dignity of Duke of Northumberland, but at last his head fell upon the scaffold on Tower Hill, in requital for his efforts to exclude Queen Mary from the throne. His grave also is far away from Warwick, for he was buried in St. Peter's Chapel, within the fortress. His grandson, Ambrose, was the "Good Earl," who lies buried in the Beauchamp Chapel, and in whose person the title again became extinct. It was now separated for a time from the estates, the one being conferred by James I. on Lord Rich, the other passing into the hands of the Grevilles, Earls Brooke, one of whom was the noted Lord Brooke, who was killed at the siege of Lichfield Cathedral. The title, after seven descents in the line of Rich, again became extinct, and was then conferred upon the Brookes, of whom the present owner is a descendant.

We mainly dwell on the connection of the church with the history of our country, but we must not forget that it is no less closely associated with the plain burghers of Warwick town than with the lords of its castle. Its mayors, its aldermen, its more noted citizens and public benefactors, have their monuments in the church, their graves beneath its pavements, more especially in the crypt. Its churchyard also is fully tenanted by the memorials of the dead. That aspect of its history has now become a thing of the past. This is in many respects wisely ordered, but in the time to come St. Mary's cannot be quite the same place to the citizens as when it was not only their place of worship in life, but their place of rest in death.

T. G. BONNEY.



THE TOWNS.

CHRISTCHURCH AND ROMSEY.

HAMPSHIRE ABBEYS.

THE county of Hampshire, peculiarly rich in antiquities of every kind, contains within its borders many valuable specimens of early churches. The Priory of Christchurch is so ancient that we have no authentic record of its establishment, though some authorities hold that it was founded in the reign of Edward the Confessor for a dean and twenty Austin canons. The town undoubtedly derived its name from this church. There is, however, a legend of monastic origin which suggests more specific derivation. The story runs that during the building of the church a massive oaken beam, when hoisted to its place, was found to be a foot too short; but when the workmen after an interval for rest and refreshment returned to their work, the timber had been lengthened to its proper proportions by miraculous intervention. On this account the church was dedicated to Christ. This, as the reader may perhaps have noticed at odd times, is a type of tradition that has been often met with before, being, in short, merely an old friend in a dressing adapted for local uses. Near Christchurch, and in the surrounding neighbourhood, Roman earthworks point to an occupation by our original invaders. Connoisseurs in such matters have unhesitatingly pronounced certain remains to be a Roman camp and entrenchments, tumuli and barrows, the latter containing human bones. A Roman station here would be almost a matter of course. The Avon would make the position one of strategical importance, and the Romans were not far east of the spot when they sailed their galleys up Southampton Water and pitched at Clausentum.

The first clear mention of Christchurch is in the Saxon chronicles of about the year 900, and it arose from the fighting for the crown which was going on about that time between Edward the Elder and Ethelwald. In the Domesday survey it appears as a burgh and royal manor under the name of Thuinam. These scraps of ancient history, however, do not enlighten us respecting the priory with which we are immediately concerned; but, striking a balance between this and that probability, we may reasonably assume that the great house for secular Augustinian canons was founded by Ethelstane.

The church of modern times, picturesquely planted on the banks of the Avon, and justly accounted a magnificent structure, was the collegiate church of the priory, of the establishment of which there are no authentic records. Camden states that it was founded in remote English times on the ruins of an ancient heathen temple. In the reign of Edward the Confessor there were known to be a prior and four-and-twenty canons of the Order of St. Augustine. The church and convent were given to Flambard, Bishop of Durham, by William

Rufus, and this prelate rebuilt the church on a larger scale, and dedicated it to Christ. The revenues of the establishment received substantial support from de Redvers, Earl of Devon, to whom the manor was granted, and who built the castle which commanded the passage of the Avon. Close to the church, as



CHRISTCHURCH, FROM THE RIVER.

we see it in its restored condition, a wall covered with long-established verdure and an old-world section of causeway mark the wherabouts and solidity of the priory. Portions of the castle keep, more than ten feet in thickness, are also well preserved. On the banks of the river a remarkably good specimen may be seen of the Norman house of the twelfth century, with loopholed walls, chimney-shaft, and windows, of a purity of style rarely to be met with in this country.

At the Dissolution the church was granted to the parish, the abbey lands, according to the custom of the high-handed monarch who carried out the work, being apportioned to private individuals. The last prior was one John Draper, suffragan Bishop of Naples, who was consoled for his deposition by a pension, and has been passed down to posterity as a very honest and comfortable person. In the south aisle the memory of this dignitary, who died in 1552, is perpetuated by a chantry and stone screen, erected by himself twenty-three years before his death; and his grave-slab forms part of the pavement. Vast sums of money

have been expended on the restoration of this beautiful church, and the principal work was carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Ferrey, by whom a memorial window was placed in the south aisle in memory of his father, Benjamin Ferrey. The church is in the form of a cross, and, in size and richness of exterior and interior, is superior to some English cathedrals.

Much of Flambard's original Norman work has been preserved. The principal example is the nave, 118 feet by 58 feet, used at the present day as the parish church. The basis is of course Norman, but the clerestory is Early English, and the high-pitched roof was ceiled in comparatively recent times by Garbett. Prior Flambard, it may be remembered, after his elevation to the rank of bishop, continued his architectural enterprises with great effect in Durham Cathedral. Admirably in harmony with the main structure is the Early English north porch, which is entered by a recessed gateway. The north aisle, also Early English, is a hundred years later than the southern aisle, where there is a Norman arcade, with Early English windows. There are, moreover, the remains of a staircase which led to the dormitory, the conventional buildings having joined the church on this side. The nave, with its double row of massively squared pillars, demi-columns, and semicircular arches springing between them from grouped pilasters, is considered to be one of our best extant specimens of the Norman style. There are evidences of the same style, with Perpendicular insertions, in the north transept, which has undergone, however, more alteration than the nave; and there are two chantries projecting eastward, instead of aisles. Where the transept joins the north aisle a two-storeyed stone building, known as the governor's rooms, once stood, recalling the departed days when there was a Christchurch Castle, and an appointed governor.

William Eyre was elected prior of Christchurch in 1502. The letters "W.E." in the Perpendicular arch of the south transept, which is Early English, are his initials, and they are also to be found in the choir. This is 70 feet by 21 feet, mainly of Perpendicular character, and retaining traces of the ancient colouring. The roof, of four bays, is much admired. Most curious are the stalls and seats of the choir. The stalls are thirty-six in number, and are probably as old as the latter part of the fifteenth century; the chancel and the whole of the eastern portion of the church being of more recent date than the transept and nave. The carvings of the stalls are quaint, even grotesque; and the fox, geese, and monkey chiselled in the oak are thought by some to be symbolical, if not satirical. The high altar bears an inscription to Baldwin de Redvers, who was lord of the Isle of Wight; he died in 1216, and the crypt beneath is reported to have been his place of burial. The old altar-piece is finely sculptured, and the reredos is, like that of Winchester, in three storeys, the subject being the Jesse tree.

Apart from its architectural beauties and handsome proportions, the church abounds in interesting memorial and other features. One of the most popular, perhaps, with modern visitors is the monument in the tower at the west end of the nave to the poet Shelley. It was sculptured by Weekes, and erected by the poet's son, Sir Percy Shelley, in 1854. The subject, which cannot be said to be felicitously treated, is the recovery of the body by the sea-shore, and the inscription is from *Adonais*. The mortuary chantry on the north side of the altar was erected by the Countess of Salisbury, who was mother of Cardinal Pole, and who at the age of seventy was beheaded by Henry VIII. The chapel fabric is well preserved, though the finer surface ornamentation has been destroyed. According to one historian, the escutcheons on the ceiling were defaced by the direct order of bluff King Harry. On the south side of the altar there is a good piece of sculpture by Flaxman, and in the vicinity are two ancient tombs of former priors. Elsewhere is a Perpendicular chapel with memorial to John Cook; a smaller Decorated chapel with a monument by Chantrey; and a chantry and stone screen to one Robert Harys, who died in 1525. The vestry was an ancient chapel in the Early English style.

The Lady Chapel, of the Late Perpendicular period, is one of the most beautiful portions of the church, with its delicate screen, carefully preserved altar, and ancient monuments. St. Michael's loft, over the Lady's Chapel, once the chapter-house of the priory, in modern times became a school-house, which was approached by a winding staircase outside the church. An altar-tomb in the north aisle has effigies of Sir John Chydioke and his wife. The knight was killed in the Wars of the Roses, and his helmet has been preserved. The defacement of the effigies is attributed to the vulgar superstition of a past generation, who believed that the scrapings of Chydioke's tomb would cure certain diseases.

The Abbey Church of Romsey in South Hampshire has made the pretty municipal and market town on the river Test famous for many generations. Some antiquarians, indeed, used to maintain that it was the abbey that gave birth and growth to the town, but it is now more generally accepted, largely on the authority of Stukeley, who devoted much time and labour to the study, that we must go back farther if we would fix the origin of Romsey. The contention of Dr. Stukeley is that here stood the Roman city once named Arminis, but subsequently changed to Romana Insula. The river Test, and a tributary stream which joins the main river near Broadlands, virtually place Romsey and its venerable abbey upon an island, and in the opinion of some this natural conformation gave to the place its earliest Saxon name of Rumes-ey, the broad island. Dr. Stukeley's views have been supported by Mr. Spence, a

more recent writer, who points out that the situation of Romsey makes it nearly equidistant from Sorbiodunum, or Old Sarum; Brige, or Broughton; Venta Belgarum, or Winchester; and Clausentum, near Southampton; and that as these were Roman stations of acknowledged importance, the Romans must have passed through Romsey on their marches from one camp to another. The discovery of a number of Roman coins at Abbotswood, near Romsey, in 1845, was accepted as strong evidence in favour of Dr. Stukeley's contention.

The Abbey Church of Romsey, like the Church of Christchurch, was thoroughly restored by Ferrey in modern times, and it is valued by archaeologists as presenting more fully than any building of equal size in England the outline and general aspect of a Norman conventional church, and the manner in which architectural styles became merged. Whatever changes may have been introduced, as in the nave, which is of a later period than the oldest portions of the structure, the dimensions and broad proportions of the original architects have been in the main preserved. A perfect window, of the somewhat common arrangement of Norman clerestory windows observed at Waltham Abbey, Essex, and Christchurch, Oxford, is worthy of special study, and there is a clearly defined apse, of the kind which was characteristic of the Norman style. The lofty arched recesses, carried up over the actual arches and the triforium, though suggesting supplementary work over the original building, are nevertheless characteristic of the first design, of which they form a part. Fortunately, the general character of the stately abbey, which has always been architecturally famous, has not suffered in the careful restoration it has undergone. In Romsey Abbey, the student of ecclesiastical architecture has a most attractive course of investigation open to him from the Norman to the Pointed, and from the Early English to the Decorated, since definite examples of each are there.

The Norman portion of the nave of the abbey, cruciform in design, was the work of Bishop Henry de Blois, and may be dated somewhere between 1129 and 1169, but the remainder is Early English. As the abbey was a minster church to an ancient nunnery, it lacks the great west doorway for which one naturally looks in a building of such important dimensions; and the north and south aisles were raised above the level of the nave, probably to afford accommodation for the stalls of the nuns. The choir is so short as to be peculiar, and the apsidal chapels attached to the east side of the transepts form a feature of the Norman work which should not be overlooked. The three-light windows are Early Decorated additions, but in the north aisle are several windows of four lights, some Perpendicular, others earlier. A gracefully bold Early English arch spans the west front of the nave, and no purer examples could be desired than are furnished by the Early English doors, chastened by slender shafts and foliated capitals.

The Lady Chapel, in Early Decorated style, stood at the east end of the choir, but this has long disappeared, and the discovery of the foundation is due to the untiring zeal of the vicar, the Rev. E. L. Berthon. The chapel was probably built about 1305 A.D., but the only remains are portions of the shafts and groinings of the old walls, and the two restored windows which had been inserted in Norman archways. The excavations which led to this discovery brought to light, within the foundations of the Lady Chapel, the foundations of the smaller and rectangular original Norman chapel. The southern entrance to the abbey, which has been reopened in modern times, formed the old communication with the cloisters. The transepts, which are distinctively Norman, are 121 feet long and $61\frac{1}{4}$ feet high. The total length of the abbey is $240\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The nave is 134 feet long, $72\frac{1}{2}$ broad, and 80 feet high, and a general idea of the squat appearance of the heavy Norman tower may be formed from the statement that it is only $92\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, and some 26 feet square.

Reference has been already made to the nunnery associated with the abbey, and one of the most interesting of the abbey relics is a cope, afterwards converted into an altar-cloth, supposed to have been the handiwork of some of the Romsey sisterhood. The material is green brocaded velvet, spangled with golden stars and figured with lilies, finely worked into the fabric. This altar-cloth was apparently made about the year 1450, or perhaps a quarter of a century earlier. The nuns are closely associated with the earliest history of the abbey, which was founded in a small way by Edward the Elder about 910 A.D.; and it must have been very soon converted to the purposes of an insignificant nunnery. This at first was only poorly endowed, but Edward's grandson, Edgar, able to turn his attention from the alarms of war to the arts of peace, pushed its fortunes, aided by Archbishop Dunstan of Canterbury, along with those of other churches throughout the recently distracted country. In Edgar's reign, Romsey Abbey was accordingly enlarged and rebuilt under Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, and was opened by the king in presence of his nobility on Christmas Day in the year 974.

High patronage without stint fell to the share of the abbesses of Romsey,



CHRISTCHURCH: THE RINGING-ROOM.

some of whom were themselves of the lineage of Saxon kings. Marivanna, a lady of noble blood and exemplary piety, was the first abbess, and her days were those of peace. Stormy times disturbed the reign of her successor Elwina, for the troublesome Dane and his warlike marauders pushed up the Test as far as Romsey, and pillaged the abbey. The abbess and her nuns, having received, as the



ROMSEY.

legend goes, supernatural forewarning of the attack, fled in the nick of time across country to Winchester, taking with them such holy relics as were portable.

Matilda, queen of Henry I., was educated at Romsey Abbey under the charge of her aunt, the abbess Christina. Later, a daughter of King Stephen was head of the nunnery. This abbess was Countess of Boulogne, and it may not have been forgotten that she was the occasion of a great mediæval scandal by defying the Pope and marrying a son of the Count of Flanders, in defiance of monastic vows, and without troubling his Holiness the Pope for a dispensation. The high-handed proceeding was doubtless instigated and helped on to its *dénouement* by Henry II., as a telling point in his course of opposition to the troublesome Thomas à Becket. For ten years the count and his abbess wife survived excommunication and the bitter denunciation of the Church, but the Church was

in the end too strong for them, and they separated. An abbess, in the reign of Henry III., petitioned and actually obtained royal letters patent for the restitution of the privilege of condemning and hanging, that function of the abbesses of Romsey having then become obsolete. On the whole the abbey of Romsey was strictly, virtuously, and liberally managed, and enjoyed high repute for sanctity and learning. Towards the close of the period to which the Dissolution put a sudden stop, the vices which had eaten into the ecclesiastical establishments of the kingdom had, however, tainted even saintly Romsey.

The abbey church shows boldly above the charming valley in which it is built, and the view from the square flat tower is typical of the richest English pastoral scenery. Within easy walking distance of the town is Broadlands, the seat of the late Lord Mount-Temple; and Westmacott's monument in the abbey to the memory of Frances, Viscountess Palmerston, reminds us that this was the ancestral home of one of the most popular of English Prime Ministers. The epitaph was written by Lord Palmerston's father. Amongst other tombs in the church should be mentioned the canopied monument and effigy ascribed to the abbess-countess who married the Count of Flanders; and a lettered stone to the memory of Sir William Petty, who, the son of a Romsey clothier, became physician-in-chief to the army of Ireland, and died in 1687, the founder of the Lansdowne family.

W. SENIOR.

THE CHURCHES OF LEICESTER.

THE LAST HOURS OF WOLSEY.

LEICESTER, once a city and the home of a mitred abbey, and now a busy, thriving manufacturing town, is a very quaint mixture of the old and the new. It possesses in plenty the traditions of antiquity, and some of its streets—such as

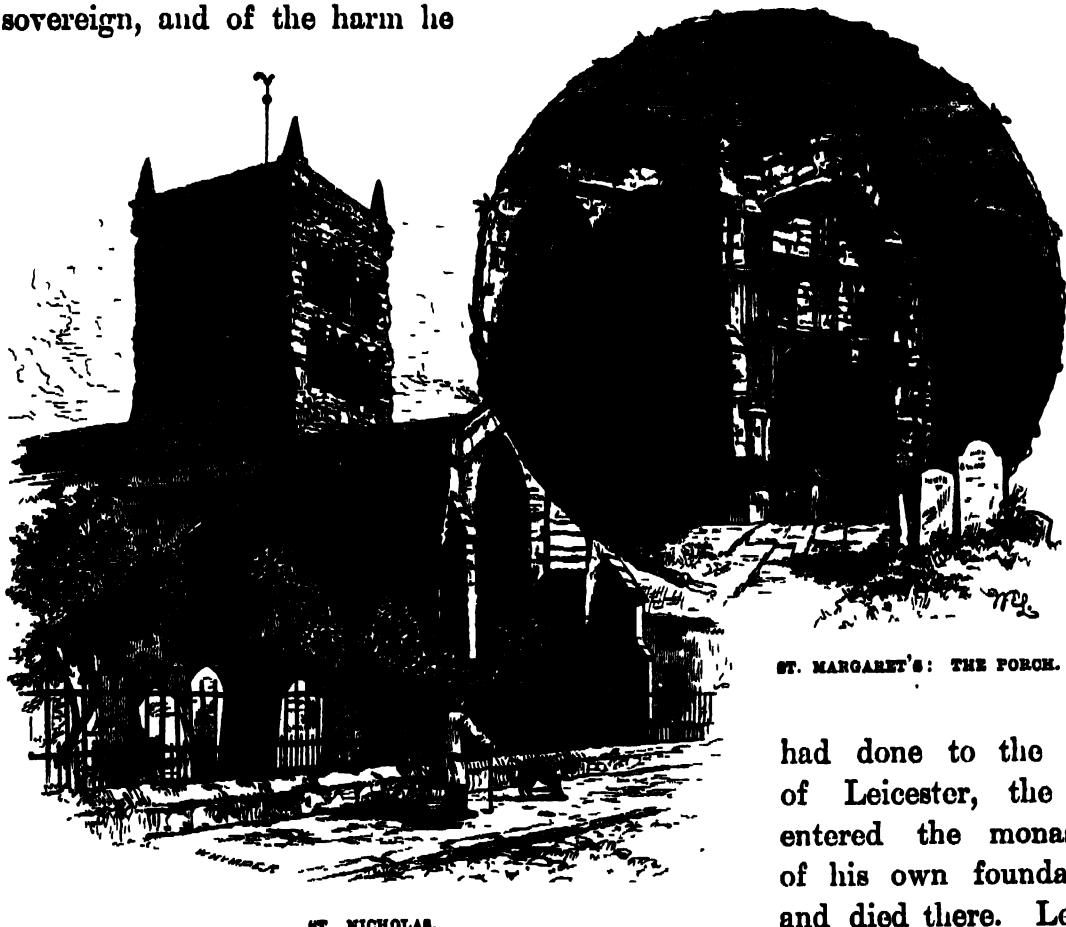


RUINS OF LEICESTER ABBEY.

Gallowtreegate and Belgravegate—bear names which sufficiently indicate their olden origin; but, with the exception of its churches and the exceedingly scanty ruins of its abbey, few outward and visible signs of that antiquity remain. To the archaeologist and the student of town-lore, the narrow, tortuous streets speak plainly enough of their history; but it is to be feared that the ordinary casual visitor regards Leicester merely as a busy, inelegant town. As a matter of fact, few Midland towns have a longer or more interesting history; and, at all events from an architectural point of view, several of its churches are very curious and attractive. Leicester, moreover, was the scene of the death of Cardinal Wolsey under circumstances so dramatic, not to say tragic, that it was inevitable they should take a strong hold upon the imagination. It was in a chamber of the abbey of St. Mary de Pratis that the Cardinal Thomas Wolsey,

Legate a latere and Archbishop of York, expired, upon a dreary November day in 1530; and long before dawn on the following morning the disgraced prelate was buried by torchlight in the abbey church. That church has long since entirely disappeared; and the day came when even the dust of the proud Chancellor was scattered to the winds.

The Abbey of Leicester was founded in 1143 by Robert, second Earl of Leicester of the de Bellomont creation for Augustinian Canons Regular. In expiation of his rebellion against the sovereign, and of the harm he



ST. MARGARET'S: THE PORCH.

ST. NICHOLAS.

had done to the town of Leicester, the earl entered the monastery of his own foundation, and died there. Leicester Abbey was wealthy

from the first. It counted thirty-six manors in Leicestershire alone among its endowments, and was able to maintain the whole of the poor in its neighbourhood. A few crumbling walls are all that now remains of Earl Robert's rich foundation. These ruins are romantically situated in the centre of the Abbey Park, which is a tastefully laid out and well-kept pleasure-ground belonging to the town. The little river Soar flows sluggishly near the scanty vestiges of the building in which was ended one of the most remarkable careers in history. Few men whose names have resounded through the world have left so few visible personal traces as Thomas

Wolsey; for he has neither tomb nor monument, and even the stone coffin which contained his body is traditionally said to have been used as a horse-trough after his disinterment.

As was the case with most monastic foundations of any importance, many odd legends were current regarding Leicester Abbey. The buildings were enlarged by Petronilla, daughter-in-law of the founder; and it is said that after her death a plait of her hair was used to suspend the ever-burning lamp of the sanctuary. Another anecdote has a more genuinely monkish flavour about it. Gilbert Foliot, the first abbot, who was afterwards successively Bishop of Hereford and of London; one night left the presence of King Henry II., with whom he had been conferring relative to the monarch's differences with Thomas à Becket. As he went along he heard a voice, which he took to be that of the devil, reproaching him: "O Gilbert Foliot, dum revolvis tot et tot, Deus tuus est Astaroth." But the holy man was not to be daunted, even by the devil in person; and he answered proudly and severely: "Mentiris Dæmon! Deus meus est Deus Sabaoth."

Of the five churches of Leicester which possess any historic interest, St. Nicholas's is at once the oldest and the quaintest. It is small and low, with a fine square arcaded tower, containing herring-bone work on the north and south sides; and is constructed of granite, sandstone, and Roman tile. Some of these materials, it is conjectured, were taken from the old Jewry Wall close by. The style is mixed, for we find Saxon, Norman, and Early English. The south porch is an interesting piece of brick and ancient timber work, and the doorway to which it gives access has a Norman arch in good preservation, with dog-tooth mouldings. The Saxon church was a plain, rough, barn-like building, with narrow lights, two of which are still to be seen in the nave. The Norman building was cruciform. The church now consists of nave, Early English chancel and south aisle, Norman tower and nave, a modern north aisle and north transept. The roughness of the interior masonry gives the building a curiously bare and unfinished appearance, little relieved in other ways. The pulpit is a semicircular stone gallery running partly round one of the massive supports of the tower. The church contains three good windows of modern stained glass, the best of which is the richly coloured one representing Christ raising Jairus' Daughter. The east window represents the Crucifixion, and is somewhat weird and striking. There are a few flat tombs, consisting mainly of slabs of slate. In the churchyard are two mutilated pillars of red sandstone, which are conjectured to have formed part of the Roman forum. They were dug out of the street close by. The church, with its low roof and fine tower, makes a striking appearance as seen from the street which commands it.

If St. Nicholas be the most curious, the formerly collegiate St. Mary de Castro is assuredly the most generally interesting as well as one of the most architecturally handsome, of the Leicester churches. As its name indicates, it is close to the castle; and is a fine large church, of great length and of very varied architecture. The ancient square pinnacled tower, from which rises a tall and slender Decorated spire (rebuilt in 1783), imparts a noble and elegant appearance to the exterior. There is evidence that a church existed upon this site in Saxon times. A portion of St. Mary's was built by Robert de Bellomont, first Norman Earl of Leicester, father of the founder of Leicester Abbey. He founded in it a college of twelve canons, to which he granted ample endowments and privileges, among them being the patronage of all the other churches in Leicester, with the exception of St. Margaret's.

The church consists now of two naves of equal length, and a narrow north aisle, said to have been built by John of Gaunt. The tower and spire, which rest upon arches, stand independently of the walls of the church. The interior is exceedingly handsome; and although the building contains examples of so many different styles, the work harmonises excellently, and all the details are fine in themselves as well as exceedingly interesting to the architectural antiquary. The Norman work presents some unusual features. The buttresses of the chancel walls are characteristic of the early forms of that style; they are "of the same breadth and thickness from the ground to the top, and die into the wall with a slope immediately below the parapet," and are ornamented with dog-tooth and billeted mouldings. The sedilia are likewise Norman, but of somewhat later date, which has been conjectured as about 1150. They have double rows of pilasters, and are adorned with lavish chevron-work.

At the east end of the aisle is the chapel, or choir, as it has sometimes been called, of the Trinity Guild, founded in the time of Henry VII. by Sir Richard Sacheverel, Knight, and the "good" Lady Hungerford. On the south side of the chancel the stout Norman walls still remain. The chief beauty of the chancel is in the very fine Perpendicular screen, which dates from about 1450. This is a very elaborate piece of work, richly bossed, panelled, and foliated. It contains an abundance of the characteristic Perpendicular quatrefoil work, deftly varied and harmonious. This handsome screen is happily still in very good condition. In the chancel is a monument, conceived in by no means the best taste, to the Rev. Thomas Robinson, the author of "Scripture Characters"—a book which once enjoyed a popularity as great as it now seems amazing. The character of the monument may be gathered from its date—1813. The rich clerestory dates from the thirteenth century; and the font is of about the same period. The handsome and richly carved roof of the chancel is a fine example of

Norman work; and many of the windows, particularly the two east windows, contain good modern stained glass. St. Mary's forms a richer and more harmonious whole than any other church in Leicester.



ST. MARY'S: THE TOWER.

St. Margaret's is a fine church of somewhat later date than those we have been considering, and occupies the site of the Cathedral of the Saxon Bishopric of Leicoster—a see which endured only from A.D. 680 to 870. Its most striking external feature is its embattled Perpendicular tower, more than one hundred feet high. The building is, indeed, mainly Perpendicular, and contains some admirable work of that period. When the pious Robert de Bellomont endowed the collegiate church of St. Mary de Castro, we have seen that he granted to it the patronage of all the other churches in the town with the exception of this, which was almost simultaneously erected into a prebend to Lincoln Cathedral by the bishop of the diocese. St. Margaret's consists of nave and side aisles, with an unusually large chancel, and is a church of fine and ample proportions; but the whiteness of the internal stone-work gives the building a somewhat cold appearance. The church is in exceedingly good condition, and is very well kept, which is unfortunately more than can be said for one or two of the other ancient fanes of Leicester. I have said that the chancel is of considerable size; and it is almost as interesting as that of St. Mary's. It contains the very finest ancient tomb existing in the town, which is, oddly enough, singularly destitute of interesting sepulchral memorials.

This is the tomb of John Penny, for many years abbot of the monastery of St. Mary de Pratis, and afterwards Bishop of Bangor and of Carlisle, who died in 1520. It is a chaste and beautiful monument of alabaster, with a recumbent figure of the bishop in episcopal vestments, executed with all the taste and more than the simplicity of the time. It is happily still quite perfect. The chancel is entirely Perpendicular, and is closed by a handsome modern Perpendicular screen, noticeably excellent in itself, but naturally neither so rich nor so elegant as that of St. Mary's. The chancel windows, which are likewise Perpendicular, have some modern stained glass. Some well-carved poppy-head stalls and two or three *misereres*, which have been figured in more than one book upon ecclesiastical architecture, were removed early in the century; and some of them now enrich the church of Aston, Birmingham. In the side aisles are several slabs to the memory of members of the Burnaby family, an old Leicestershire house which has achieved conspicuous distinction in very recent times. The churchyard contains the very plain tomb of Andrew, fifth Baron Rollo, who died at Leicester in 1765. Lord Rollo was one of the most distinguished members of a military and Jacobite family, which seemed at one time to have an insatiable taste for fighting. He obtained well-deserved laurels for his share in the reduction of Canada, and in the capture of Martinique in 1762. Robert Grossetête, who, after St. Hugh of Avalon was the most famous of Lincoln's bishops, once held this benefice.



WOLEBY.

Notwithstanding that the church of All Saints dates from the fourteenth century, and was no doubt once interesting and slighty, it is now in many respects a disappointment. Even the roof of the chancel is whitewashed, and the chancel itself, which was rebuilt in the worst days of ecclesiastical architecture, is an eyesore; but steps are being taken to improve its appearance. The side aisles are match-boarded, which necessarily produces a cheap, commonplace effect that is sadly out of keeping in a church. The benches, too, are painted and grained; and there is not a single pane of coloured glass in the building. Still the church, which was founded in the middle of the twelfth century, is not without some interesting features; and it is to be hoped that as the restoration proceeds care will be taken to preserve them. The lower section of the tower and the west doorway are Norman. There is a fine and well-carved hexagonal oak pulpit, of Perpendicular work, very much smaller, of course, than most modern pulpits. The windows are of

that Decorated curvilinear fashion which is so often found in Leicestershire churches. The roofs of the side aisles are handsome pieces of Perpendicular woodwork. The font, too, is a beautiful example of Early English carving. There is still preserved in the church part of a curious old clock, having a painted representation of Time and two human figures, or "Quarter Jacks," which formerly, when the clock was over the west door, outside the church, struck the quarters with hammers. The only noticeable tomb the church seems to have contained in recent times was that of William Norice, whose claims to remembrance were that he was twice Mayor of Leicester, was thrice married, was ninety-seven years of age when he died in 1615, and that, according to his epitaph, his

"—grave from all the rest is knowne
By finding out the greatest stone."

This tomb has disappeared. Close to the west door is a holy-water stoup, with two iron links for the chained bowl still remaining. In the south aisle two piscinas and a bracket-pedestal for a statue indicate that there were formerly side altars. Under the communion table are some ancient tiles, and near the font are the remains of the old screen, unhappily covered with paint. The church was partially restored in 1877, when the beautiful Early English arch between the north aisle and the tower was opened. In 1887 a new organ was erected in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee.

St. Martin's (or St. Cross, as it has sometimes been called) is the largest church in Leicester, and has been the most intimately connected with the history of the town. It is a cruciform church, of great width, having three aisles, two on the south and one on the north; and it has a fine central tower supported upon arches, and an elegant spire put up in 1867 from the designs of Mr. R. Brandon. The body of the church is Early English, but the existing windows were inserted in the Decorated period. The chancel was rebuilt about the beginning of the sixteenth century. In the great south aisle, which is almost as wide as the nave, the archdeacon holds his court. This aisle contains two chapels or oratories—the chapel of Our Lady at the east end, and that of St. George at the west end; but neither of them is now used. The altars of these chapels, together with the high-altar, were destroyed at the Reformation. These oratories were the chapels of the two powerful guilds that were long attached to the church: the Guilds of St. George and Corpus Christi. The confraternity of St. George possessed many peculiar privileges; and the "Ride of St. George," which it annually performed, was a gorgeous pageant. There was formerly in the church an effigy of a horse decked in the brave trappings that were used on the yearly festival day of the confraternity; but at the

Reformation it went the way of the three altars, and is recorded to have been sold for a shilling. The Guild of Corpus Christi was the more ancient of the two, and was invested with an odd mixture of civil and religious jurisdiction. There were two joint masters of the confraternity who were empowered, in association with the mayor, to impose fines upon members of the corporation who misbehaved themselves.

The roofs and woodwork of St. Martin's are very fine; and the church happily still retains its Norman piscina. There is also a creditable "Ascension" by Vanni, formerly used as an altar-piece, which was presented by Sir William Skeffington, Bart. Here is the unpretending tomb, bearing the date of 1710, of Abigail Swift, mother of the Dean of St. Patrick's. Of the several tombs of members of the Heyrick family, none is of especial interest. The church has unfortunately now finally lost the ancient font which was removed during the Usurpation. It was sold in 1651 to one George Smith for seven shillings, and a new one erected near to the reading-desk, as was common in Puritanical times. But nine months after the Restoration a parish meeting was held, at which it was "agreed that the font of stone formerly belonging to the church shall be set up in the ancient place, and that the other now standing near the desk be taken down;" and a little more than a year later the font was repurchased from George Smith's widow for the same price that had been given for it eleven years previously. St. Martin's suffered much during the civil wars. A Parliamentarian garrison, that was driven out of Newark, took refuge in it, and converted it into a barrack. The church was stormed, and many of the soldiers were killed within its walls, while others were cut down in the market-place near by.

In 1729 a violent and unseemly dispute broke out between the Rev. Mr. Carte, the Vicar of St. Martin's, and Mr. Jackson, a Confrater, who afterwards became Master of the Wigston Hospital. Mr. Jackson disbelieved, or affected to disbelieve, the doctrine of the Trinity; and on several occasions when the Vicar in his Sunday morning sermon had upheld that doctrine, scandalous scenes were caused by Mr. Jackson going into the pulpit in the evening and denying the Vicar's teaching. Upon one occasion the churchwardens commanded him in the middle of his sermon to leave the pulpit; and at another time he was stopped on the steps of the pulpit by the sexton. A judicial decision was at length obtained to the effect that the Confrater's action was illegal.

The tendency of time is always to raise the level of the streets in an old town; and at Leicester several of the more ancient churches are considerably below the street-line, and are entered by a descent of two or three steps.

ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY; ST. MARY-IN-CASTRO, DOVER;
ST. MICHAEL'S, VERULAM.

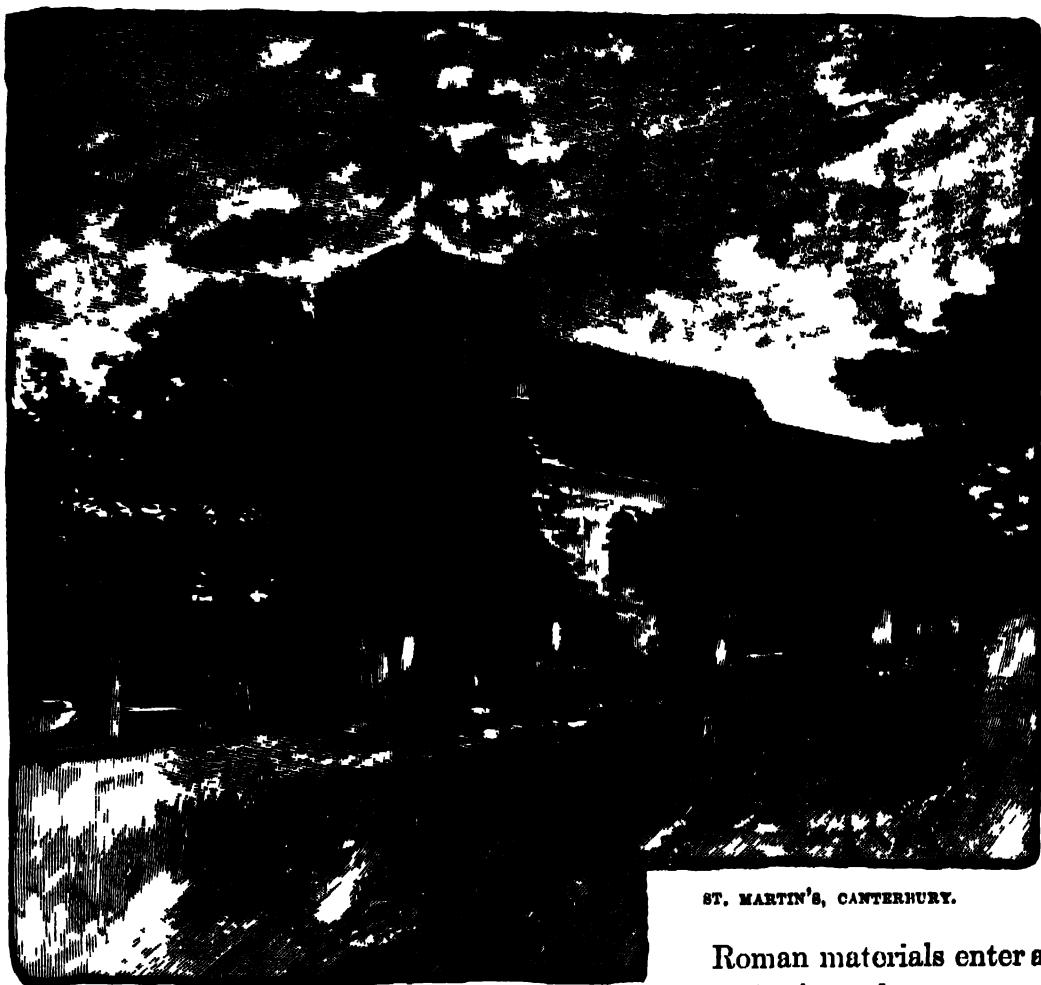
MEMORIES OF BRITISH CHURCHES.

THERE is no church in England more venerable than that which looks down from the last undulation of the chalk downs over the valley of the Stour, and the city of Canterbury. For nearly thirteen centuries it has borne the name of St. Martin of Tours; for the same period, practically without a break, has Christ been worshipped on this spot—nay, we might almost say, within these walls. Externally, there is little to attract notice, though the view from its churchyard is of exceptional interest. It is a simply-built structure of moderate size, with a low, almost stumpy, tower. But closer investigation proves that if it has little architectural beauty it is full of historic interest. A glance at the rude masonry of its walls shows Roman tiles abundant among the miscellaneous materials of which it is composed. Here and there may be seen plain and heavy semicircular arches similarly constructed. Among the changes of later date, it is easy to distinguish the shell of a very ancient building, which, if it do not reach back to Roman times, is, at any rate, largely constructed from the ruins of Roman buildings.

This is the history of St. Martin's. Ethelbert, the Pagan King of Kent, towards the end of the sixth century married Bertha, a Christian, daughter of King Charibert, of Paris. Ethelbert, though he did not adopt the creed of his wife, assigned to her and her chaplain a ruined Christian church outside Canterbury, where his palace also was a relic of the Roman occupation of Britain. Thus, on the site of St. Martin's Church, "prayer was wont to be made" at the time when Augustine landed at Ebbe's Fleet; and here, not long after his arrival at Canterbury, he worshipped with the queen. In due course the king was baptised—as some have asserted, at St. Martin's. This, then, may be regarded as in a certain sense the very seed-plot of the Anglican Church, and still more as a visible link between that and the yet earlier British Church, for, as we are told by Bede, the building given to Bertha had been a church prior to the invasion of the English.

Does any part of this structure remain? Can we touch the walls which have witnessed the prayers of Bertha and Augustine? It is not easy to answer the question. Certainly a great part of the church is of later date. There is work of the fourteenth century in the tower, and in the windows of the nave, with some which is yet more modern. The chancel is of the thirteenth century, and something is left older than this, but later than the Norman Conquest. Nevertheless, in the rude masonry with Roman tiles, and the simple openings—doors, or windows of

some kind—now mostly blocked up, there is evidence that parts of the building are anterior to the last-named period. Still, it must be admitted that though



ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY.

Roman materials enter abundantly into the masonry, this,

as a rule, appears to be of later date than the age of Ethelbert. Here and there, however, a little may be seen with the characteristic Roman "salmon-coloured" mortar, which appears to be still *in situ*, and also some pieces of pavement, seemingly of Roman date, which entitle us to claim for the present fabric of St. Martin's a material connection with that in which Roman Christians worshipped and Bertha listened to the voice of Augustine.

There are many details of the church, as will be inferred from the above remarks, of the highest interest, such as a curious opening in the west wall, and another in that on the south side of the chancel, monumental brasses, and the like, two of which, at least, demand a brief notice. One is the font. It is evidently of great antiquity, formed of more than one piece of stone, approximately cylindrical in shape, the ornamentation consisting of three tiers, with rim and

base (modern). The two lower tiers are occupied by two zones of knotwork or scroll work, the third by a row of intersecting semicircular arches; on the rim, again, is scroll work. Tradition points to it as the font in which Ethelbert was baptised. Not only is the locality of the king's baptism uncertain, but also no part of the ornamentation of this font can be assigned to so early a date as the end of the sixth century; indeed, the interlacing arches would suggest rather the twelfth. So that the only way out of the difficulty would be to suppose, as some have done, that the ornamentation is more recent than the font itself. We can hardly say that this is impossible, but on the whole it seems more probable that the font is of later date than the days of Augustine. Again, an old stone coffin under a semicircular arch in the north wall of the chancel is designated as the tomb of Bertha. But here, too, apart from architectural difficulties, we are confronted with the fact that she was not buried at St. Martin's, but nearer the ruined chapel of St. Pancras, on the lower ground just outside the city walls. Church and churchyard alike are carefully tended. The latter was chosen by Dean Alford for his resting-place. The view from it is a grand one. Below the slope, beyond the spot where Bertha and Augustine were buried, are the remnants of the noble abbey which the latter founded, and which bore his name. Beyond this rises the stately mass of the noble cathedral, which, taking the place of the humbler structure founded by Augustine, also stands on the site of a building of Roman age, and is now the visible centre of the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church, the middle link in a chain of Christian congregations which girdles the earth.

On the top of the chalk cliffs at Dover, within the walls of its famous castle, we find another connection with the Roman occupation, and possibly with the British churches. There stands a rugged octagonal structure, with massive walls built of tufa and other stone, bonded with Roman tiles, the lower and greater part of which is indubitably a work of that people, though the upper storey was evidently added about the fourteenth century. This is supposed to have been a landmark or lighthouse. A few feet distant to the east is a church, obviously of great antiquity. It is cruciform in plan, with a low central tower, broken on one side. The walls are constructed of rough masonry of stone, and flint, and brick. The quoins are partly stone, partly Roman tiles. Many of the openings are round-headed, the jambs being like the quoins, the arches mostly turned with tiles. Within, and beneath the tower, similar round-headed arches open into the transepts, but those east and west are insertions of later date. The west front has two round-headed arches in the gable, a single similar opening in the wall below, and beneath that a very plain door of like form. Both these are supposed by the late Sir G. G. Scott, by whom the church was carefully

restored, to have been once connected with the "Pharos." The age of the church is less certain than that of the tower. Tradition asserts that it was built by King Lucius; but this is of no value. Some have ascribed it to Eadbald, son of Ethelbert, and thus as dating from about the year 640. Sir G. G. Scott, however, regards it as more modern, though he considers it to be one of the three oldest churches in England, Worth and Brixworth being the others. Thus it is long anterior to the Norman Conquest. It undoubtedly contains materials derived from a Roman building, and there is, of course, a possibility that some fragments of this age may be incorporated into its walls. The various later alterations call for no special mention, and the few monuments which now remain have only a local interest; but plain and almost humble as is its architecture, we cannot gaze unmoved on this venerable relic, which, after years of disgraceful neglect, has been rescued from ruin, and bids fair to remain for centuries to come a memorial of the older period of our national history.



St. Michael's Church at St. Albans, though no part of it may be actually Roman masonry, brings us into close contact with the work of that nation and with the first days of British Christianity. As we stand on the bridge over the river Ver, which parts the English from the Roman town, we are surrounded by memorials of full nineteen centuries of our history. Towards the east our eyes rest on a grassy strath, by the side of a little river fringed with lines of luxuriant trees, and bordered by gardens which extend to the brink of the stream down the slope of the northern plateau. On this cluster the houses of St. Albans, overtopped or masked by tall trees; these almost conceal the tower of the stately abbey, raised by the first Norman abbot, Paul of Caen, on the site of the religious house founded by the English king, Offa, in memory of the British martyr. The town creeps down not unpicturesquely to the bridge, a substitute for the old ford, and from this it again straggles a little way up the gentle slope on the south side of the valley, towards a small old church. On this slope, above and below the bridge, where now, except in our immediate neighbourhood, are grassy fields and hedgerows, or shadowy groups of trees, once stood the Roman Verulam, which itself, in the opinion of some antiquaries, replaced the stronghold of Cassivelaunus, chief of the Casii, stormed and captured by the legions of Julius Caesar. St. Michael's Church, and the little suburb around it, with a fragment of wall and some grassy mounds, are the

sole memorials of the Roman city, whose inhabitants were gradually drawn away to gather round the gates of the abbey which had risen on the spot where a Roman soldier had paid with his life for becoming a convert to the faith of the despised Galilean.

The church of St. Michael stands not far from the middle of the southern



ST. MARY-IN-CASTRO, DOVER.

wall of the Roman Verulam, probably at no great distance from the site of the gateway. Though no part of it may be of Roman masonry, yet it is traditionally said to occupy the place of a temple. At any rate, Roman substructures are so common all round as to make it often difficult to dig a grave in the rather ample churchyard, the wall of which, considerably higher than the road, is said to rest on a foundation of Roman work. Parts of the church presently to be described are undoubtedly very ancient. Matthew Paris states that Ulsinus, second abbot of St. Albans, built, about the year 950, three churches, of which this, dedicated to St. Michael, was one. It is, therefore, probable that the earliest work now visible dates from the middle of the tenth century, while the materials of which it was constructed are from the Roman town.

There is some difference of opinion as to the relative ages of the older

part of the church, one authority stating that the nave was built about the year 1086, while another holds that the nave belongs to the earlier date, and that its walls were pierced and aisles added at the later. This appears the more probable. The extremely rude pier arches certainly seem not later than the eleventh century, and yet they are evidently newer than some small plain round-headed arches, constructed of Roman brick, which are visible in the clerestory wall, for these bear no relation in position to the pier arches, and in one case one of the latter actually cuts off the lower part of the former. The aisles have been, however, rebuilt and altered. The pier arches are unequal in number, three on the north, four on the south; of the latter, two open into a chapel, one is partially built up and communicates with a porch, and the westernmost is closed. The original clerestory windows were built up, and others of late type inserted during one of the many alterations, though prior to the construction of the above-mentioned chapel, which has two lancet windows at its eastern end. The tower is Perpendicular, but the great blocks of Hertfordshire pudding-stone on which its masonry rests may belong to an older building. There are several interesting details in the church, such as a "squint," remains of a rood-loft, brasses, and a Jacobean pulpit, with an iron bracket for an hour-glass; but over these we must not linger.

There is, however, a monument to be noticed, which brings, perhaps, more visitors to St. Michael's than its ancient arches and walls. This is the grave of Bacon, the profound philosopher, once—unfortunately for his repute—keeper of the Great Seal of England. Gorhambury, his home, is a short distance from Verulam, from which he took one of his titles, and the picturesque ruins of the Elizabethan house which he inhabited may be still seen in the park. A chill, caught while experimenting on the effect of snow as an antiseptic, by the roadside of Highgate, proved fatal to his already enfeebled constitution, and he died at that place, whence he was brought to this church for burial, in accordance with his own desire, it being the resting-place of his mother. His monument is placed in a recess in the north wall of the chancel, and is no doubt an excellent likeness.

T. G. BONNEY.



ST. MICHAEL'S, VERULAM.

GRASMERE AND CROSTHWAITE.

THE LAKE POETS.

"IT was sunset when we approached Grasmere. The solemn heights towards the setting sun showed their dark sides reflected in the water with wonderful distinctness. The effect of this lake upon the spirit was immediate, awaking a feeling of something profound in one's nature. Windermere was tranquil, but it was a cheerful tranquillity; its genius was peace, but peace with a smiling aspect. Grasmere seemed to be formed amidst the mountain recesses expressly as an abode for lonely, silent, pensive meditation." Since these words were written, by a visitor from the great American continent, Grasmere—the village, at least, and in some respects the lake and vale—may be said to have suffered loss of the loneliness, silence, and reflective solitude so eloquently claimed on behalf of the beautiful spot. At Town End stands the Lake Hotel. There are also the Prince of Wales's, and many lodging-houses, villas, and mansions, denoting a place with a "season," and with no lack of tourist visitors at all holiday times of the year. Grasmere, in truth, is a place of much resort, and can no longer be spoken of as by the poet Gray, when its repose and "happy poverty" were unspoilt, or even as, at a much later time, by Channing, when all its impressions were still those of pensive loneliness.

With Grasmere is inseparably linked the fame of William Wordsworth. Here he lived, from 1799 to 1808, when he first settled in the neighbourhood, occupying a house which he celebrates in his poem of "The Waggoner" as having once borne the sign of the Dove and Olive-bough. Here, too, in the shade of yew-trees which he is said to have planted with his own hands, he lies buried. The grave is covered with a plain slab of blue slate, bearing the names—sharply cut, as if the work of the chisel had been done yesterday—of the poet and his wife Mary, who survived him. Other graves of his household are here, having, indeed, been tenanted before his own. His sister, Dorothy Wordsworth, lies near; nearer still rests Dora Quillinan, the married daughter whose death shook him so severely that it may be said to have hastened his own. This highly gifted lady, beloved by all who knew her, was the wife of Mr. Edward Quillinan, a native of Oporto, and a man of rare literary attainments, who first married a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, and lost her by a lamentable accident. A little behind the graves of the Wordsworth family is the mound, denoted by a cruciform tombstone, which covers Hartley Coleridge, eldest son of S. T. Coleridge, another of the Lake brotherhood. Within the heavy, square-built church, ancient but unattractive, is the medallion profile of Wordsworth, accompanied by Keble's epitaph. The church itself has been uncompromisingly

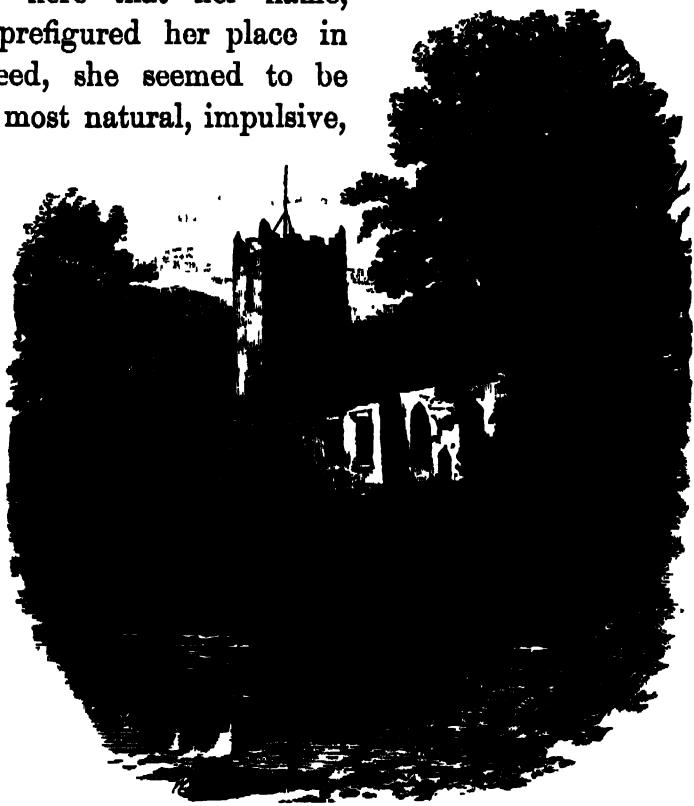
described as "hideous," which is a hard word for any building with so old and so hallowed a history. It has a massive tower; and massiveness, or, it might be said, bulkiness, is the general characteristic of the entire building, which is one of great antiquity. The Rothay glides gently by the resting-place of Wordsworth, on which the heights of Fairfield, Silver How, and Helm Crag look lovingly down; and, with the winding stream as a foreground, the church falls well enough into its place in the picture.

Never doubting his claim to poetic immortality, but always regarding the future as for him an assured growth of fame, Wordsworth was spared the painful effects of that misgiving which has beset many other poets, and has at times deprived them of the light in which, grave or gay, all poetry should live and move and have its being. Whatever tone of sadness, of melancholy, may haunt the poet's song, no dark, doubtful note must jar with his true inspiration. Wordsworth knew himself to be, in his own words, "a man endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them."

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, a small town of Cumberland, on the high road from Keswick to Whitehaven. His father was a solicitor and law-agent to the Earl of Lonsdale, a capricious, eccentric, and oppressive nobleman, who, in his official station of Lord Lieutenant over two counties, is said to have behaved at times with the arbitrary and disdainful haughtiness of a feudal chieftain. The estate for which Wordsworth's father was agent was very large, and, at that time, savagely grand and primæval. There were oaks that might have built a navy; yews that had possibly furnished bows for the soldiers of *Cœur de Lion*; forestal glades and sweeping lawns which for centuries had been unapproached by the hand of art; and, instead of timid fallow deer, such as are seen in other parks of the aristocracy, thundering droves of wild horses, that made the solid earth tremble beneath their fast-galloping feet.

The children of the Cumberland lawyer received all the advantages of a complete education. Of the four sons, Richard, the eldest, followed in the footsteps of his father, and was trained to the law. William, the second, and Christopher, the third son, after being some years at Hawkshead School, in Lancashire, proceeded to Cambridge University, where, as is well known, the younger man rose to the dignified station of Master of Trinity College. The fourth and youngest son, John, entered the East India Company's service, and, having risen honourably to the rank of captain, perished at the very outset of

the voyage which was meant to be his last, and which would, if successful, have raised the sum of his fortunes to £20,000. While the outward-bound ship, *Abergavenny*, was still in charge of the pilot off the Dorsetshire coast, she went ashore and became a total wreck. "O pilot, you have ruined me," were nearly the last words that the unfortunate officer was heard to speak. Of the one sister, it is but necessary to say here that her name, Dorothy, *id est*, Theodora, aptly prefigured her place in the poet's household, where, indeed, she seemed to be "the gift of God." She was the most natural, impulsive, sympathetic, helpful, companionable, tender, and real of human beings. Who can say how much we, who have found joy, strength, and encouragement in Wordsworth's poetry, owe to that loved sister? Her musical soul joined his in many and many a ramble; for she was ever ready to walk out with him; and that poem, "To my Sister," beginning, "It is the first mild day of March," was but the frequent and ordinary expression of a desire to roam forth with her in her woodland dress and "feel the sun." His own acknowledgment of obligation to her influence should, in fact, be ours. Happy, also, in his choice of Mary Hutchinson, his meek, cheerful, intelligent cousin, for a wife, Wordsworth had all that could foster that peculiarly tranquil and reflective faculty of imagination which made his poetry what it was and is for the English-speaking race. Retirement and rustic ease, freedom from petty troubles, the constant congenial promptings of that natural beauty which he was so keenly competent to perceive and admire, all helped to feed his divinely-given genius. He had little reason, with his simple and austere tastes, to fear poverty; that is, so soon as he was in possession of any moderate means; and though, about the time of his leaving college, his whole regular income was, as De Quincey puts it with characteristic quaintness, "precisely = 0," this was but a fleeting condition of embarrassment, if it was even that. Never, surely, was penniless poet more readily helped above the menaces of



GRASMERE.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

out of sheer mad perversity, and a determination to do the thing that was wrong, had withheld payment of money due to his law-agent, Wordsworth's father. His lordship's successor, a man of conscience, looking into his family affairs, found out the true state of the case, and hastened to make restitution. By this act of simple honesty, the Wordsworths were duly benefited. Then, Miss Hutchinson brought her spouse some little fortune, which, after their marriage, was handsomely increased by a legacy. The removal of Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth to Rydal Mount, where the poet continued to reside for the rest of his life, a period of thirty-seven years, was marked by continued access of fortune. Through the instrumentality of Lord Lonsdale, he was appointed distributor of stamps for Westmoreland, a somewhat lucrative post, yielding an annual revenue of £500; to this was in time added a Government pension of £300 a year; and, apart from these monetary benefits, the Laureateship and the academic honours conferred on him by the universities of Oxford and Durham, together with his advancing fame, gladdened the declining years of his honoured life. He died on St. George's Day, 1850, three years after

worldly care. A young man of good family, and with extraordinary discernment of the uses to which money might beneficially be put, happened to be dying of pulmonary consumption; and, as might befall in a pleasant fiction, though a most unusual incident of real life, he left £900 to his poetical neighbour, because he wanted it; a most ridiculous reason, as many excellent persons no doubt thought, for a young gentleman-farmer to entertain. It was, however, the basis of Wordsworth's prosperity, which was built up by a series of lucky accessions. The "bad Lord Lonsdale,"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
(From a Portrait by Hennach.)

his beloved daughter, Dora Quillinan, and about thrice that interval of time before the death of Mrs. Wordsworth, who continued to dwell at Rydal Mount, deprived of sight, but cheerful and full of conversational power, as in the old time.

Nor is it alone with the church of Grasmere that, in fame as well as in mortality, we associate the name of William Wordsworth. His epitaph on Southey has been read by every Lake tourist visiting the church of Crosthwaite. This large, ancient, and massive building, with heavy buttresses and battlements, is dedicated to St. Kentigern. The church was restored in 1845. Its ancient monuments and brasses, curious font of Edward III., and other points of antiquarian interest, are obscured in general estimation by the monument of Robert Southey, a recumbent figure, by the self-taught sculptor, John Graham Lough. The epitaph, by Wordsworth, happily touches every memorable point of Southey's history. These are the closing lines :—

" His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top ; but he to Heaven was vowed
Through a life long and pure ; and Christian faith
Calm'd in his soul the fear of change and death."

Of whom do we speak as the "Lake Poets"? There is inevitably some confusion of ideas in the frequent use of a phrase so loose and uncertain. The "Lake School," a still less intelligible designation, was first applied to the followers or imitators of Wordsworth, who are now forgotten, if they ever really existed. But by the "Lake Poets" we may signify a small group of independently creative minds that never constituted, nor ever could constitute, a school. Of these, Wordsworth himself stands first; and when we have added the names of Coleridge, who wrote too little, and Southey, who wrote too much, the alliance or community of poetical thought and feeling indicated by the term "Lake Poets," or "Lakists," is made up. To the group might indeed be attached, by some license of imperfect association, Thomas de Quincey, who for a time succeeded to the occupancy of Wordsworth's first dwelling-place at Grasmere, and who though not strictly definable as a poet, had undoubtedly the poetical gifts, both of imagination and fancy, in a high degree. The single volume in which Wordsworth published his "Lyrical Ballads" in 1798 contained, as the contribution of an anonymous friend, Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." As if to complete, for all future time, the personal association of the two poets, then unknown by name, Wordsworth's own hand appears in two of the most familiar lines of his friend's poem.

The "ray of a new morning" was found by De Quincey, though only a boy of thirteen at the time, in this book, so coldly and ignorantly received by the public. He, almost alone, perceived in it an absolute revelation of untrodden worlds, teeming with power and beauty as yet unsuspected among men. It seems that

Professor Wilson, entirely unconnected with "the English Opium-Eater," and not even known to him until ten years later, received from the same volume the same startling and profound impressions, he being no older than De Quincey himself. Wordsworth and Coleridge were, at the time of publication, respectively twenty-eight and twenty-six years of age; but it is scarcely necessary to remind any ordinary reader that both were precocious versifiers, or that, in addition to the poetic faculty, Coleridge was a very Gibbon of erudition when but a boy of fourteen. A "playless day-dreamer," he acquired learning without effort; and having made himself head-scholar at Christ's Hospital, where he was schoolmate of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, he proceeded to Jesus College, Cambridge, where, in his first year, he gained the Browne gold medal for the Greek ode. Incurring debts, which weighed heavily on his mind and spirits, though the amount was small, and having, moreover, made himself obnoxious by the unpatriotic principles—as they were thought to be—which were afterwards so strongly expressed in his ode, "France," he suddenly left Cambridge, flung himself forlorn and desolate on the world of London, and enlisted, as all people know—even though knowing little or nothing else about Coleridge—in the 15th Light Dragoons, soon to be discovered and bought out by his friends.

From both his friends, from Southey more, indeed, than from Wordsworth, Coleridge differed vastly in all but the common ties of intellect. Circumstances and their effect upon character strengthened the contrast between him and Wordsworth; but in habit, conduct, all that comes of character—in principle, that is to say, which is little affected by circumstances—Coleridge was still further removed from Southey. What Wordsworth would have been without the easy flow of fortune which satisfied his wants it would not be easy to say. But of Southey, changeable in his opinions like Wordsworth and like Coleridge, but fixed in laborious resolution, and in calm, steadfast adherence to the rules he had laid down for his own guidance through life, it may be safely said he was the very opposite of that common type of mankind, a "creature of circumstance." A voluminous poet, whose published verse might have been vastly augmented had he not destroyed at least half the quantity he produced, it was by his prose writings that, as he himself laughingly said, he "made the pot boil." And boil it did, to a pretty tune; for this often anonymous writer of reviews, who was exceedingly modest and contented in his ideas of remuneration, and neither courted nor enjoyed popularity, amassed a library which was itself a fortune, and left £12,000 to be divided amongst his children.

There was close fellowship through many years among these great men and a fourth, who, though falling short of the mark at which greatness can be said to begin, was not unworthy to be associated in literary labours with two of them, Coleridge and Southey. This was Robert Lovell, who began his intimacy by

publishing, in conjunction with Southey, a volume of poems, and who afterwards joined in other labours—not to mention a wild scheme of emigration—which



CROFTHWAITRE.

included Coleridge. It must not be left unmentioned that the three fellow-poets married sisters, natives of Bristol, named Fricker. The lady who was espoused by Southey died an unhappy imbecile; and, as is well known, he took for his second wife the gifted Caroline Bowles. In the matter of boons and legacies not even Coleridge had cause to complain of ill-fortune; for an annuity of £75, left him by his friend Mr. Wedgwood, who had materially aided his travels and studies, must have helped him in later years to keep the wolf from the door. Mrs. Lovell, widow of the poet who was brother-in-law of Coleridge and Southey, came to live for a time with the two families, when they occupied in combination the plain dwelling-house on a hill overhanging the river Greta. She brought her son with her, so that there were in all three families, the children of each having by consequence two several aunts. It was one of Southey's jests to call the eminence on which their house was placed the *ant-hill*.

Coleridge abandoned the Lakes many years—twenty-four, according to De Quincey—before his death at Highgate, on the 25th July, 1834. Southey, of whom it may be said, in distinction from Wordsworth and Coleridge, that his ideality was tinged less by German thought than with the colours of that strong and richly-blossoming Teutonic branch of the Latin tongue, Spanish, remained,

like Wordsworth, constant to the scenes in which his part in life had principally been played. The poet of the "Prelude," the "Excursion," and many a more familiar and better-loved strain of natural, reflective verse, lies buried, as we have seen, at Grasmere. "Westminster contains no resting-place so fit for him." Southey's grave is in the churchyard of Crosthwaite, and of his monument within the church mention has already been made. It is a link between the two friends, who rest apart, but whose tombs are drawn together in the deathless sympathy of poetic thought, Wordsworth's heartfelt lines shedding immortal radiance on the cold marble of Southey's sculptured form.

GODFREY WORDSWORTH TURNER.



CROSTHWAITE: SOUTHEY'S MONUMENT.

THE PRIORY CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, BRECON.

“THE second cathedral church in this great diocese.” So spake the Bishop of St. David’s on the memorable occasion when the ornate eastern window was unveiled by his lordship, on April 13th, 1882, to the memory of those noble fellows (many of them brave Welshmen) who fought against fearful odds on that terrible field of carnage, Isandlwana, and of those who battled even more gloriously in defending the hospital at Rorke’s Drift. “Brecon Priory Church is indisputably the third church not in a state of ruin in the Principality: it possibly might venture to dispute the second place with Llandaff.” Thus wrote, a few years ago, Mr. Freeman, the historian, and withal an authority on Norman churches. The grandeur of this sacred Norman pile as a whole, added to its internal architectural beauty, and to the wealth of its archaeological and antiquarian records, has given well-earned meaning to the phrase, “the grand old Priory Church.”

The Priory Church (or the Church of the Holy Rood) is dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, and was first built by Bernard de Newmarch, one of the Norman knights who came over with William the Conqueror (said to be indeed his half-brother). There is something intensely pathetic about the tale of the subjugation of Breconshire to the Norman yoke. Brecon had a noble line of native princes; they fought valiantly against the foreign invader; and on the spot where the earlier Romans had erected their camp (the great Gaer-camp), a few hundred years later we find the native British princes squeezed into a corner, as it were, and compelled to fight against the mailed hosts of the merciless Conqueror. The Norman knights had “already paid homage and sworn fealty for the lands they had not yet conquered in Wales;” and thus it comes about that we find Bernard de Newmarch confronting Prince Blethyn ap Maenarch in his chief town of Caer Vong (ancient Brecon), situated two miles higher up the valley than the present town. Here Blethyn made “a last stand.” Alas! he was slain; his town of Caer Vong was razed; and Newmarch moved down the river Usk two miles into a beautiful and secluded valley: he had an eye to the picturesque, hard, feudal lord though he was, and here he built a castle, fortified a town, and presently erected the fine embattled pile of St. John’s and the priory of Benedictine monks adjoining. One can pretty well picture the scene of those bygone times. Brecon (which is 171 miles from London—seven hours’ railway journey) is built in one long and narrow valley: on the one side the stately Beacons rear their heads; and the fine old tower of St. John’s, almost as massively square as it is tall, would then, as now, be a conspicuous object in the panoramic view.

The Priory Church is nobly situated on an eminence, and is almost a perfect example of pure Norman work ; and, to quote Mr. Freeman once again, " Brecon is a grand and perfect whole, which Llandaff is not. Its external idea is that of pure bulk, and no building ever better expressed it. Its outline, as a matter of picturesque effect, is inimitable ;" and we have been further told by this eminent expert, and the words have been reiterated by the late Sir Gilbert Scott (who carried out the restoration work in 1860—75), that the Priory Church, with " the splendours of its magnificent presbytery, is one of the choicest examples of the Early English style, on a scale intermediate between the sublime majesty of Ely and the diminutive elegance of Skelton." The presence of an old Saxon font has led some antiquarians and archaeologists to wax warm on the theme whether the church is to be reckoned of Norman or pre-Norman creation ; but the dim light of mediæval history fairly and conclusively points to the conclusion that after the battle of Caer Vong (*temp. 1090*), the " local monarch " founded Brecknock Priory as a cell to Battle Abbey, in Sussex ; and when we further remember that one of the chapels in the church of the Holy Rood of Brecon is called to this day Battle Chapel, Battle being the name of the parish in which Prince Blethyn and his troops were slain, we think the evidence is irresistible that the first ecclesiastical pile was erected here by Bernard the Norman.

This Bernard de Newmarch was a stern, boisterous, commanding old knight. His time on earth seems to have been pretty well and fully occupied in the serious pastimes of conquering, murdering, building, praying, endowing. " For the peace of his soul," as the old terroriser well expressed it in his " last will and testament," he bequeathed corn-mills, and tithes, and churches, to keep the Priory of Benedictine Monks at Brecon a-going ; and when Bluff Old Hal " laid hands " upon the monasteries and their rich endowments, " Brecknock Priory " must have been a veritable golden egg. After supplying all the wants and scruples of Henry VIII., Sir John Price, of the Priory, antiquarian, author, and promoter of the Welsh Act of Union, who had been commissioned to carry out the unpleasant duty of " evicting the monks," inherited a large and goodly estate out of " the royal leavings ;" for when Robert Halder, the last prior, surrendered up possession to Henry VIII. in 1537, the possessions were valued at £112 14s. 2d.

Newmarch, besides being a faithful son of the Church, was a very astute lord. He accordingly married a Welsh damsel, the daughter of one of his most turbulent and valiant foes (Gruffydd ap Llewellyn), but this expected model Norman-Welsh alliance brought unhappiness and disaster into the Lord of Brecknock's castle. The story is that Newmarch had a son and daughter by his wife Nest. The son's name was Mahael, a high-spirited youth, who had observed that his mother was unfaithful to her sovereign lord, and was actually carrying on an intrigue against his father's home and kingdom. This incensed Mahael, and he warned his guilty mother of her

infamy. This not having the desired effect, he challenged her knight and wounded him. To be revenged on Mahael, the sinful mother, whose passion had seemingly destroyed all maternal feeling, swore that Mahael was not her lawful son; this was credited by Newmarch; Mahael was disinherited, and the estates were given to his sister.

There are several interesting periods in the history of the Priory Church. The first was the period of the rule of the de Breoses, the Fitzwalters, and the de Bohuns (all Lords of Brecon). We must pass this by somewhat hurriedly, all-important though it was in the history of the Priory; its great and vast-embattled walls were built up in the heyday of conquest and riot, and wealth and property flowed into its coffers from the deathbeds of spiritual cowards—men who had lived boldly and courageously after a fashion, but who yet feared to die as they had lived.

The second period in the history of the church comprised probably the building of the fine central tower, which still remains, and of the chancel—which is ten feet longer than that of St. David's Cathedral—by Bishop Giles de Breos of Hereford; and it is assumed, with some amount of certainty, seeing that this bishop was Lord of Brecon, “that the tower in the hands of his effigy in Hereford Cathedral refers to Saint John's Church at Brecon.” This was the Early English period, and “those were the days of the glory of the noble church,” when “the praise of God ascended daily, almost hourly, and the doors were continually open for the devout burgesses and followers of the lordly patron.” Then succeeded the Buckinghams, who held as Lords of Brecknock; and while the second Duke of Buckingham enjoyed this lordship, it was his ill-fate to have consigned to him, for safe custody, Morton, Bishop of Ely, by King Richard. Duke Henry had assisted to raise Richard to the throne, but both he and the wily bishop were not slow to show that they did not like the king; and here, in Ely Tower, in the Castle of Brecon, and within speaking distance of the Priory Church, was concocted the famous plot for dethroning Richard. The Duke of Buckingham set out from Brecknock Castle on a given day with a large army; he reached Gloucester, but the floods had much swollen the river Severn, rendering it impassable, and we are not surprised to learn that Buckingham's ill-appointed army “melted like snow in the warm sun.” Buckingham was taken prisoner through the treachery of a trusted servant, and executed in the Market-place, Shrewsbury. Edward Stafford, the traitor's son, was ultimately restored to title and estates, by Henry VII.; like his father, he was proud, ambitious, and *felt himself a duke*:

“He deemed plebeians, with patrician blood
Compared, the creatures of a lower species:
Mere menial hands, by nature meant to serve him.”

It is recorded that on one occasion he exhibited such haughtiness that he threw a basin of water in Cardinal Wolsey's face, and this impetuous incident sealed his



ST. JOHN'S, BRECON.

destruction; he was executed on Tower Hill, May 17th, 1521. He met his fate with heroic courage, disdaining to sue for mercy. A foreign emperor, when he heard of his execution, severely remarked that "a butcher's dog had run down the finest buck in England" (alluding to Wolsey's being the son of a butcher).

With the fall of the Buckinghams, succeeded by the dissolution of the monasteries, the former magnificence of the Church and Priory of St. John passed away. Then came the era of the trade guilds, with their beautifully sculptured memorial stones, many of which still adorn the paved floors of the church—the mercers, the corvizors, the weavers, the tuckers: honest burgesses of Brecon, many of them of ancient lineage, and many of them, again, the ancestors of opulent families now resident in the county. The baron and his retainers, the prior and his monks, were now to disappear for ever, and "the town and trade" became conspicuous in their place. The borough coat-of-arms remains to this day painted on the south respond of one of the stately arches. The remains of the and wainscoting of this period may yet be seen. The "guild crosses"

are dated from 1550, and the latest date found on a cross is "1602." These guilds, each of them, had separate "chapels" in the Priory Church, and the chapels are called after them to this day.

In 1723 and 1741 the church was described "as a magnificent, spacious building, built in the shape of a cross; it is near 200 feet long and 60 feet broad." The Priory House, so called after the Dissolution, when it became the ancestral seat of the Prices, of whom Sir John Price was the founder, opened into the church on the north side of a well-paved "cloyster." The church was "handed over" by Robert Halder, the last prior, to the Vicar of Brecon, Sir Thomas ap Jenkin Groge, on the 1st August, 1520, and the deed recites that the vicar and his successors for ever "shall have meat and drink at the Prior's Torne messe continually and daily, and when it pleases him to come, he to have his beaver at two of the clock at afternoon, and also after supper, that is to say, *a cup of ale* at the Buttery Hatch."

Sir Richard Price, of the Priory, son of Sir John Price, and William Gwynne-Vaughan, Esquire, M.P., of Trebarried, near Brecon, are stated to have been on terms of great intimacy with the immortal and divine Shakespeare; and Thomas Campbell, the poet, in his "Life of Mrs. Siddons" (the great actress of tragedy herself was born at Brecon on July 5th, 1755), observes, under date May 18th, 1833: "It is no later than yesterday that I discovered a probability—almost near a certainty—that Shakespeare visited friends in the very town where Mrs. Siddons was born, and that he there found in a neighbouring glen, called 'The Valley of Fairy Puck,' the principal machinery of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*." A first folio edition of Shakespeare was some few years ago found in an old muniment room at Vaughan's place (Trebarried Mansion), and is now at Glanusk Park, Crickhowell, the seat of Sir J. R. Bailey, Bart., M.P., Lord-Lieutenant of Brecknockshire. These facts, coupled with the beautiful situation of Priory House, opening out, as it does, on to shaded and well-wooded walks, called "The Groves" (the pride of Brecon and the theme of all visitors), and the fact that one of Shakespeare's characters, "Fluellen," is the counterpart of "The Brecknockshire Squire," Sir David Gam, knighted on the field of Agincourt by Henry V., would reasonably point to the conclusion that Shakespeare actually visited at the Priory House, which at that time would be the principal and most stately mansion in the county.

The monuments in the Priory Church comprise sculptures and slabs to many county families, some of them the descendants of the original fifteen Norman knights that "came over to help" Bernard Newmarch, and among whom he afterwards parcelled out the fair county into manors. The Awbreys, Walbeffes, Skwlls, Havards, Herberts, are represented. Quaint Thomas Churchyaerde, in his "Worthiness of Wales," has left us a goodly store of verse descriptive of

many of the ancient tombs in this church, but at the time of the Cromwellian upheaval some of the stones seem to have been removed, and others broken. Several of the Prices, of the Priory, are buried here, Shakespeare's friend, Richard Price, and his lady among the number. The recumbent effigy, in alabaster, of Sir David Williams, one of the Justices of Pleas (died 1613), and that of his wife, Lady Williams, lying on his right side, vividly depict to the eye of the observer the dress customary in those days. Lady Williams has the partlet head-dress, wears a ruff round the neck, and is habited in a gown with ample skirt, over which is worn a rich stomacher buttoned in front of the breast. The sleeves are full at the shoulders, and cuffed at the wrists with small ruffs. A curious effigy, called "Mary Drell," is worthy of note. There are several monuments here to the Camden family, one of whom, by marriage with an heiress, acquired this old monastic property (the Priory); another to Dr. Thomas Coke, the founder of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who was bailiff and alderman of Brecon; and several to the Penrys, all of whom are descended from John Penry, the martyr, the morning star of the Reformation in Cambria. He was a native of Breconshire, and was executed at St. Thomas-a-Watering, in Queen Elizabeth's reign (*temp. 1593*), after what Sir Thomas Phillips declares to be "a trial that disgraces English justice." Several of the monuments are the work of John Evan Thomas, a famous Welsh sculptor. One, however, is by the great Flaxman himself, and another by his brother artist, Bacon.

Numerous sculptures commemorate past vicars of the parish. And we may here be allowed to say that Brecon has had one or two notable clergymen. It is a long stretch from Archdeacon Giraldus Cambrensis to Archdeacon Davies. As to the former, we remember reading an amusing account of a collision between the venerable, but not always decorous, Giraldus and a certain Bishop of St. Asaph, when they met in full canonicals and disputed very warmly each other's right to dedicate Kerry Church (in Montgomeryshire). Neither would give way, so they set about excommunicating one another in right down earnest; but the wily Archdeacon of Brecon got possession of the church keys, and commenced to dedicate the sacred place. The bishop once again excommunicated the archdeacon, and Giraldus, nothing daunted, excommunicated the bishop in return, and ordered the bells to be rung three times as the usual confirmation of the sentence. This so discomfited his reverence of St. Asaph that he hastily mounted his horse, and, together with his followers, beat an undignified retreat. Archdeacon Davies, of Brecon, lived at the time of the French invasion scare, and was major in one of the home regiments of volunteers that had been raised to defend the county in case of need. The venerable archdeacon was a tall, finely-built man. "Who is that smart officer?" asked a stranger who visited Brecon, when he saw the volunteers on Sunday parade. "Why, don't you know? Archdeacon Davies,"

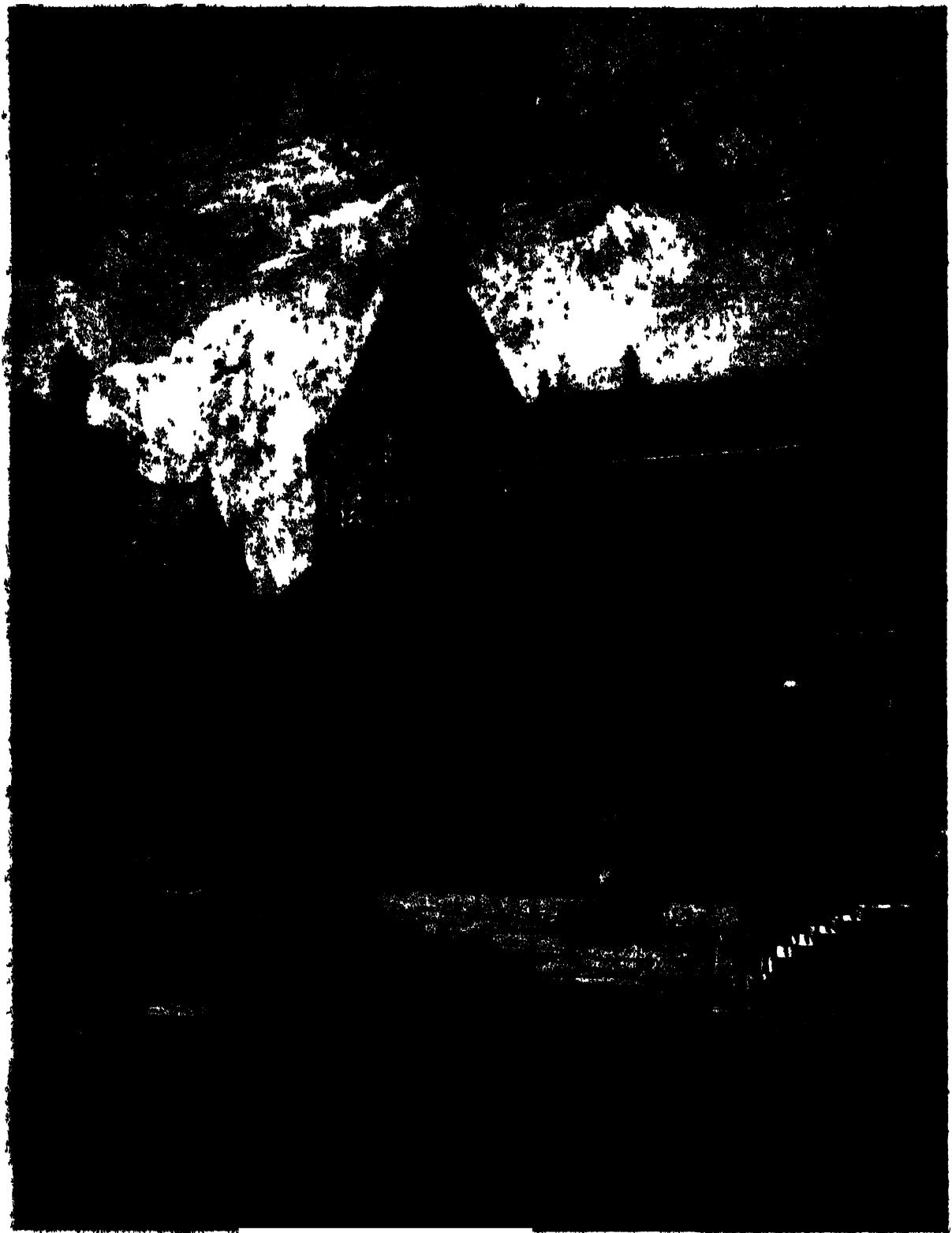
was the reply. The next Sunday, after coming out of church, the same person asked, "Who preached that capital sermon?" "Why, Major Davies, to be sure!" was the reply.

This magnificent and historical church has been thoroughly restored at a cost of some £13,000 or £14,000. The chancel, transepts, and tower were restored in 1860, and the nave and aisles in 1873—75. The late Sir Gilbert Scott devised the whole of the restoration plan, and the sacred pile was re-opened on May 18th, 1875, by Bishop Basil Jones, who observed:—"The temple which we this day open afresh for the service of God is remarkable, among other things, on this account, that the design of an architect who has been in the grave for some six hundred years has only been carried out to its completion in our own day."

Of the fine five-light window, designed by Mr. W. G. Taylor, the gift of the officers of the South Wales Borderers (24th Regiment of Foot), we have already spoken as having been placed in the church—at a cost of £600—to the memory of 22 officers and 655 men of the 1st and 2nd battalions who fell in the South African campaign of 1877—79. The unveiling of this handsome memorial was made the occasion of an imposing military display, when some 5,000 persons assembled in the church. There is also a memorial brass, mounted on black marble, near the pulpit, with inscription and names thereon. On the 27th October, 1886, a new organ was erected in the church, in the place of an ancient instrument that originally came from Drury Lane Theatre in 1789. The new organ has been placed in Tregunter Chapel, which has been restored for its reception.

Should the diocese of St. David's ever be divided, the Priory Church at Brecon will assuredly become the new cathedral. The present bishop, an historian and archaeologist, admits that there is not another church in Wales like it, and not a single church in his diocese to compare to it. St. John's has been spoken of in this probable connection, and it well merits the honour, especially when we bear in mind that in perhaps no town in the Principality of Wales has the Church of England made more progress during the last twenty-five years than she has done in the county town of Brecon.

EDWIN POOLE.



THE TEMPLE CHURCH FROM THE SOUTH.

TEMPLE CHURCH, LONDON; ST. SEPULCHRE'S, CAMBRIDGE
AND NORTHAMPTON; LITTLE MAPLESTEAD, ESSEX.

REMEMBRANCES OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

ONE result of the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders was the establishment of two Orders, which differed from most others in being at once martial and religious; their members being professedly men of war rather than men of peace: these were the Knights Templars and the Knights Hospitallers. The former had the more brief, but the more brilliant, existence. Established for the especial defence of the Holy Sepulchre, and called at first "the Poor of the Holy City," they obtained their more familiar name from the Temple,* near to which they were lodged. Their residence here, like their earlier poverty, was comparatively short-lived. Jerusalem was recaptured by the Saracens in the year 1187, and the Latin Kingdom came to an end.

But prior to this event the Templars had establishments in Europe, where at first they were in high favour. Men's goodwill took a material form, and the Order was soon rich in money and in lands. The usual results followed: with wealth came corruption, and such virtues as they had possessed when poor they lost when rich. If we could believe the stories told by their enemies, there were few crimes of which they were not guilty, and the Order had secretly ceased to be Christian even in belief. But the suppression of the Templars is among the mysteries of the past, of which, probably, we shall never know the whole truth. The Order was very rich, this is an undoubted fact; that wealth had wrought its common effects is almost as certain; and that the peculiar union of soldier and monk in one person had not produced a happy result may be well understood. It is also possible that Eastern lore and Eastern mysticism may have exercised their fascinations over some of the members, and exposed them to suspicions of unorthodoxy which were not wholly without foundation. But the common charges seem to be incredible in their very monstrosity. Many men disbelieved them at the time, and saw the finger of God when, not long after the destruction of the Order and the judicial murder of many of its members, its principal enemies died miserably; and most people think that old Fuller was not far wrong when he considered their wealth to have been their real crime, and quaintly said that their foes "could not get the honey unless they burnt the bees."

The churches of these two Orders, of which four still remain in England, were peculiar in plan, a rotunda or sometimes a polygonal building standing at

* The Mosque El-Aksa was at this time called *Templum Salomonis*; the Kubbet-es-Sakharah *Templum Domini*. The Templars' residence adjoined the former; the Hospitallers' was near the Holy Sepulchre.

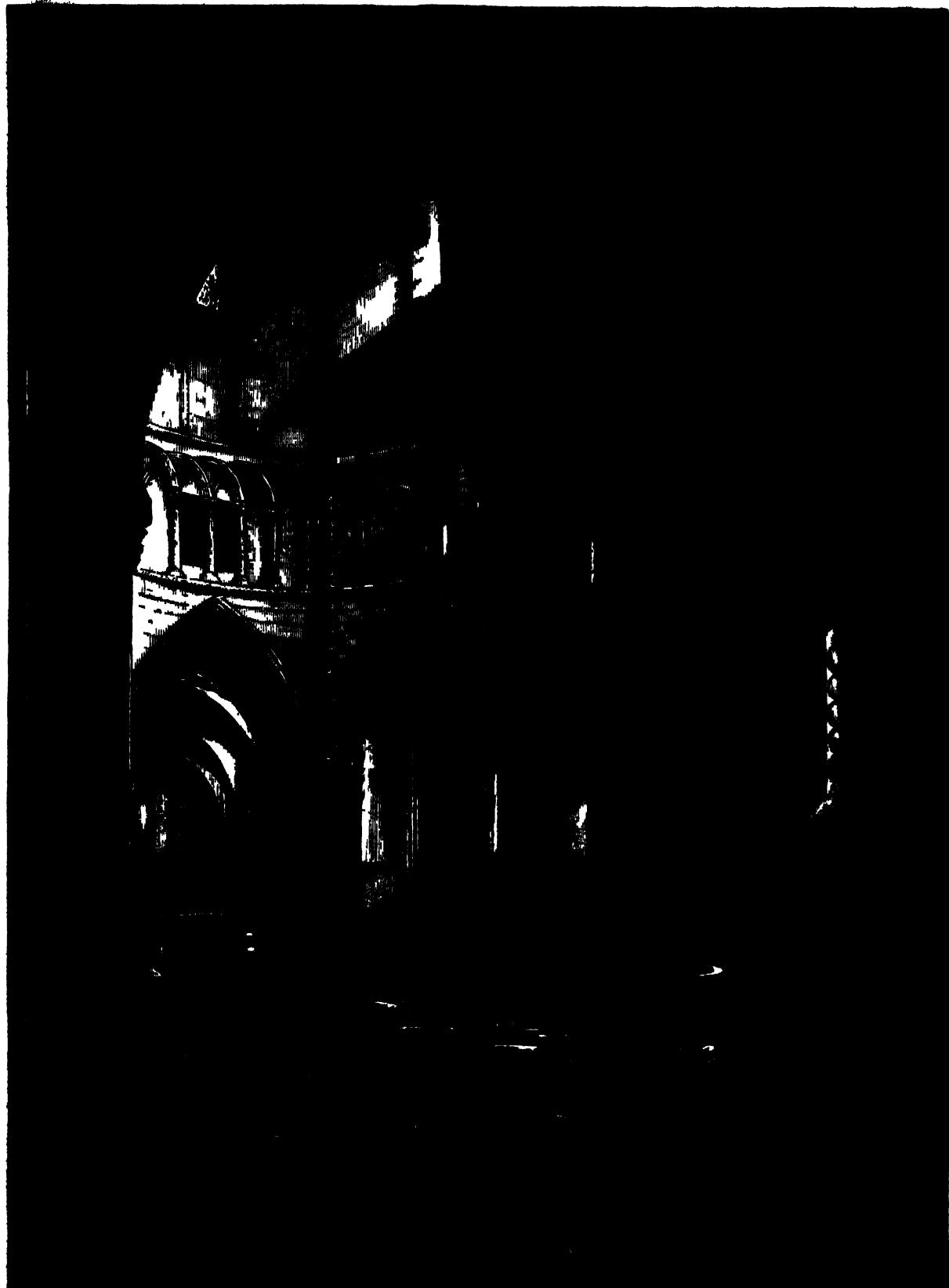
the western end. This was in memory of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, where a dome-shaped building still covers, as it did in the twelfth century, the traditional site of the sacred tomb.

The Temple Church in London, though not the oldest in England, may be fitly described first, as being the largest and most sumptuous, and the head-quarters of that Order in England. Its rotunda was built about the year 1185, that is, shortly before the fall of Jerusalem; the rest of the church appears to have been completed during the next half-century. Thus the latter is a beautiful example of the best period of the "first Pointed" or "Early English" style, while the rotunda marks the transition from the Norman. The entrance door and the windows are round-headed, the triforium has similar arches interlacing, while the supporting arches are pointed. It thus exhibits a peculiarly felicitous combination of Norman solidity and Early English grace—the fruit of a happy union of styles, essentially masculine and feminine.

The effect also of this dome-like structure, with its circular ambulatory and elevated central "drum," is peculiarly good. Whether we look into the body of the church from it, or into it from the other part, the contrast of the two plans and the novel grouping of the pillars may well cause us to regret that this arrangement has been so rarely adopted by English architects.

After the suppression of the Order, which was completed by the Council of Vienne in 1312, this church and the adjoining ground ultimately passed into the hands of the great legal corporation which still retains the name of the original founders, and is known as the Temple. This society, owing to the increase in the number of its members, was subdivided in the reign of Henry VI. The church is in the precincts of the Inner Temple, the other Corporation bearing the name of the Middle Temple. Our limited space forbids us to dwell on the history of these societies, though the memories of great lawyers cannot be separated wholly from the church. The most stirring incident in its career occurred in the insurrection of Wat Tyler, to whom men of the law were an abomination. He, it is said, took out of it "the books and records that were in closets of the apprentices of the law, carried them out into the street, and then burnt them." Even in the time of its former owners it had had some experience of robbery, but the plunderer was no less a person than Edward I., who in the year 1283, after gaining admission to the Treasury on the pretext of wishing to examine the jewels of his mother which had been deposited there, helped himself largely to the property of the knights.

The church had a narrow escape from the Great Fire of 1666, sixteen years after which it was beautified and adorned in the taste of that age; a few years later the south-west part was rebuilt. It was, we read, also "repaired and beautified" in 1706, being, among other improvements, "wholly new whitewashed." It suffered



THE TEMPLE CHURCH: THE ROTUNDA.

in like manner on three other occasions before the great "restoration," which began in 1839 and continued to 1842, at the cost of £70,000. It was no small misfortune that this was undertaken so early in the "Gothic revival," for the building lost much of its historical character, the old work was copied, the old carving perished, and much of the imitative detail is very unsatisfactory. Still, it is a very curious and beautiful church, the interior of which retains the structural character and the leading details of the original building.

At the "restoration" the later monuments which had accumulated in the church were removed to the triforium. The most noteworthy among these commemorate Edmund Plowden, of whom as a jurist it was said "better authority could not be cited;" Howell, author of the well-known letters; and Martin, a recorder of London early in the seventeenth century. Opening on to the staircase which leads to the triforium is a narrow cell; in this "little ease," it is said, offenders were imprisoned, narrow slits in the wall enabling them to hear the services and look into the church. There is even a tradition that Walter de Bachelier, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, died here of hunger in expiation of offences against the discipline of the Order. Some persons of prosaic minds, however, declare that it was only a cell for the bell-ringers.

In the rotunda have been placed nine effigies of associate-knights, and an ornamented stone coffin. These are commemorated by Butler in the days when the church, like the nave of St. Paul's, was desecrated, and men were wont to

" . . . walk the round with Knights o' the Posts
About the cross-legged knights their hosts."

One effigy is supposed to represent an Earl of Pembroke, who was the husband of a daughter of Henry I.; another, the Earl whom Shakespeare represents as pleading with John on behalf of Prince Arthur; a third, his son, killed untimely at a tournament by a runaway horse. Of the father's monument a grim story is told. The Earl, it is said, had seized the lands of the Abbey of Fernes; the Abbot had pronounced a curse upon the spoiler, but in a merciful mood came to the grave and offered to take it off if the lands were restored. But the dead man made no sign, and so the curse fell, and, as men believed, was accomplished in the son's death.



ST. SEPULCHRE'S, CAMBRIDGE: THE ROTUNDA.

As pavements, walls, fittings, are all modern, there is no need to describe them; we merely glance at the columns of Purbeck marble, repaired remnants of those that



ST. SEPULCHRE'S, NORTHAMPTON.

were once "polished like so many gems," and at the emblems of the Order painted on the new roof—the lamb and flag—the two knights on one horse, a memorial of its short-lived poverty—and the like. A plain slab, all but concealed, on the south side of the communion-table, has been spared to record John Selden, whose "stupendous learning" was equalled, in the opinion of his contemporaries, by his grace and goodness. A much older tomb, and more interesting to the archæologist, is believed to commemorate Silverston de Eversdon, Bishop of Carlisle, while in the vestry are memorials to Eldon, Stowell, and Thurlow.

The memories, however, of the Temple are not wholly legal. More than

one name illustrious in literature is connected with its precincts. Samuel Johnson lived at No 1, Inner Temple Lane, where Johnson Buildings now stand; Charles Lamb lived for awhile in Crown Office Row; Oliver Goldsmith had chambers



LITTLE MAPLESTEAD.

beneath the studious Blackstone, whose labours at the commentaries on the laws of England were sorely disturbed by his neighbour's revels; Goldsmith died in Brick Court, and was buried in the churchyard near the path leading to the Master's house, where a tomb has been erected in his memory.

Among the occupants of this house—though the office, so far as authority goes, is now the shadow of a shade—have been famous men, who in their turn have ministered in the church. Among these it will suffice to name Richard Hooker, who, however, found here so little peace that, to compose the “Ecclesiastical Polity,” he retired to the quiet of a country parsonage. The office is now held by Charles Vaughan; and, in addition to the attraction of the preaching, the music at the church is excellent.

The other three churches are said to have been connected with the Order of the Knights Hospitallers. The church of St. Sepulchre at Cambridge is of earlier date, but of much smaller size, than that of the Temple. The rotunda is a Norman structure, erected probably rather early in the history of the Order.

Massive circular pillars, with capitals of plain but good design, from which spring semicircular arches, simply ornamented, support the tympanum, which also is circular in form, lighted by round-headed windows, and crowned by a conical roof. The upper part, however, is mainly modern, being a restoration of the present century. Old plates represent an octagonal turret of two storeys as rising from the circular roof of the ambulatory. This is lighted by rather plain windows, Perpendicular in style. The round-headed windows which light, or profess to light, the ambulatory, are also a new restoration of the supposed originals, which in the fourteenth century had been replaced by much larger openings. The eastern part of the church was built about the year 1313, probably on the foundation of an earlier structure; except that, as in the Temple Church, its length is small compared with its breadth, there is nothing in it to call for remark.

The policy of the renovation of the rotunda is, of course, open to question, but probably the building in its present state very nearly represents the original structure. Restoration gave the church its first claim to a place in history. The work was done by the Cambridge Camden Society. Its leading members were in sympathy with the new school of "High Churchmen." Their proclivities were expressed by the erection of a stone altar in the restored church. The incumbent—who appears to have had little voice in the matter—objected, and a lawsuit was the result. Ultimately it was decided by the Court of Arches that the structure was illegal, and it was removed. This dispute practically broke up the Camden Society, which had been acquiring great influence at Cambridge; many leading members of the University withdrew from it, and others, finding the Church of England uncongenial, seceded to Rome.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre at Northampton is curious not only for its design and architecture, but also as an instance of growth by accretion. Perhaps we may give the best idea of a rather complicated plan by briefly indicating the probable developments. About the end of the eleventh century, some one—perhaps Simon de St. Liz, first Norman Lord of Northampton—erected a church in memory of the Holy Sepulchre, consisting of a rotunda after the usual plan, with a choir or chancel to the east. This choir, as indicated by some remains of Norman work in the present chancel arch, extended at least as far as this, and perhaps terminated in an apse. But about a century later it was pulled down, and replaced by a building with aisles and a large chapel—possibly a little later in date—on the north. After this, during the next two centuries, many changes were made. The upper part of the rotunda was pulled down, only the massive columns and the outer wall of the ambulatory being left, and in this some of the windows were altered. The part then destroyed was rebuilt with Pointed arches and on an octagonal plan, and many alterations were made

in the church. One of the latest—in the fifteenth century—was the erection of a handsome steeple west of the rotunda. Before the present century began the northern chapel had disappeared, as well as the original chancel; and prior to the restoration, which commenced in 1855, and was carried on at intervals until 1879, the building had suffered much from the effects of time and ill-usage. Then the north chapel or aisle was rebuilt on its old foundations; so was the present chancel, with its apsidal termination, the limit of this also being determined by the old substructures.

Much also was done in the restoration of details, such as roofing, fittings, window tracery, pavement, and the like, so that the church is now in excellent order, capable of holding a considerable congregation, and is an extremely picturesque though curiously irregular structure. The floor of the choir is at a higher level than that of the rotunda, and this also enhances the effect, which undoubtedly is much improved by the apsidal termination. So much restoration and rebuilding are, of course, perplexing to the antiquarian, but apparently this was almost inevitable. The rotunda is not seated, but is used as the baptistery; a large stone font, a memorial to the late Canon James, who was active in the restoration, occupying the centro. The surrounding pavement, an elaborate modern work, is from the design of Lord Alwyne Compton, the Bishop of Ely. No incidents of historic interest are connected with this church, but in itself it well repays a halt of some hours at Northampton, which town is also so fortunate as to possess in St. Peter's one of the most remarkable and most perfect Norman churches in the kingdom.

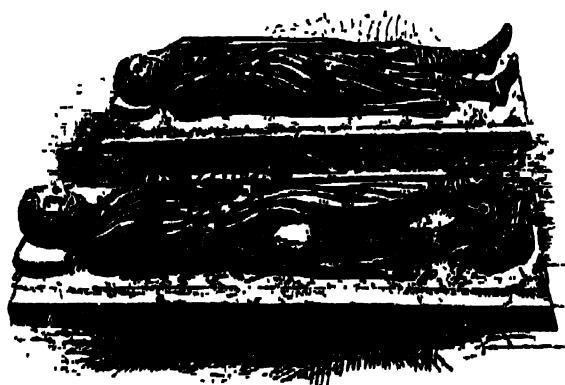
The church of Little Maplestead, the smallest of the four round churches still remaining in England, stands in a pleasant upland district a couple of miles from the market-town of Halstead, in Essex. This village, together with its neighbour, Great Maplestead, is said to be named from the maple trees once abundant in the district. The church of Little Maplestead stands just outside the small straggling village in a neatly-kept churchyard, which has been planted with trees. Structurally it yields in interest to none of the four; in detail it has suffered much from alterations and restoration. The latter process has been carried so far that almost all the worked stone, both within and without the building, appears either to be new or to have been re-faced. This renovation, effected in 1862, under the charge of Mr. Carpenter, may have been inevitable, for the building some thirty years since seems to have been in part roofless, and all but a ruin.

The church consists of a rotunda or nave, and a choir or chancel, without aisles, terminating in a semicircular apse of the same diameter. It has a small western porch, partly of wood, which was added in the fifteenth century. The walls are built of flint rubble, squared stones being only used in buttresses, windows, etc. The modern roof has a high pitch; and over the rotunda is a low wooden

tower—more like a dove-cot than aught else. This rests on a hexagon supported by arches, and from each of the six pillars another arch is thrown off to the side walls to sustain the flat ceiling of the aisle. The church has evidently been much altered; the outer walls are all that remain of the original Late Norman structure. The west door and the arches within the rotunda are Early Decorated; the windows, of both nave and chancel, are of about the time of Edward III.—assuming, of course, that the present details are a reproduction of the original, which we believe to be the case. There is now no east window, though one is mentioned in a former description of the church. There are two windows on either side of the chancel, and a small vestry stands on the southern side. The font, though it has been mutilated by chipping off the corners, in order to make it octagonal instead of square, to the loss of some of its simple ornamentation, is a remnant of the original church.

The church appears to have been built late in the twelfth century, for in the year 1186 the manor of Little Maplestead was granted to the Hospitallers by one Juliana Doisnel. This gift was confirmed by King John, and afterwards by Henry III., who added thereto the right of free-warren. The ground-plan, however, suggests that a very early type of church was adopted as a pattern, so that probably this structure reproduces more nearly than any of the others the original church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

T. G. BONNEY.



TOMBS OF KNIGHTS IN THE TEMPLE.



BEACONSFIELD: THE CHURCH, WITH WALLER'S MONUMENT.

BEACONSFIELD AND HUGHENDEN.

TWO QUIET RESTING-PLACES.

THE five miles and a half of winding and gradually ascending road which conduct the pilgrim from High Wycombe to Beaconsfield of so sweet memory, are among the most picturesque in Buckinghamshire. The chief charm of the walk is its infinite variety. For the first mile or two after leaving Wycombe the eye ranges across wide open meadows, watered by the little river which flows so gently and caressingly, as only little rivers can, right by the edge of the foot-path. Then as the road ascends the prospect widens, and although the view is often interrupted by the luxuriant woodland and thick plantations, enough can be seen to make you long for a seat in the high-top of one of the abounding pines. Approaching Wooburn Green there is one of those sheer hills which are the despair of bicyclists and the joy of the pedestrian—when he has surmounted them. On each hand it is thickly edged with young timber, stretching from the deep valley beneath to the summit of the hill above. This silent, solitary reach of road is full of charm to the lover of rural highways; and after one

of the red sandstone lanes of Staffordshire or Warwickshire, I know few thoroughfares which are more purely picturesque.

This ever-mounting road at Beaconsfield widens to a broad plateau, and the little town is intersected by wide highways, which give it an aspect of dignity and consequence that somewhat atones for the lack of the delightful higgledy-piggledyism of most English villages. Beaconsfield always sleeps; and there is so little that is new in it that it is difficult to believe that the pretty little reading-room in the centre of the village has not stood there since Waller's time. Somebody at Beaconsfield has imitated the excellent example set in the rural communes of Belgium, and has inscribed the name of the parish upon the first house in the town. Fifty years ago Beaconsfield must have been a far livelier place than it is now. It stands a little more than halfway upon the high road from London to Oxford; and the rumble of coaches and the clatter of post-horses kept the village from going to sleep. The Saracen's Head and the Old White Hart were inns of dignity and importance then, for people travelled post and by coach all the year round; whereas cyclists, upon whom such hostelries now mainly depend, go out only in fine weather. Yet Beaconsfield is a substantial-looking townlet, wearing that quaint air of staidness and respectability which distinguishes so many of the small Buckinghamshire towns. To judge from appearances, the place has changed but little since Edmund Burke last looked out upon it in 1797. That great statesman's love for these broad streets of red and white houses was as profound as Lord Beaconsfield's affection for the less sightly village of Hughenden. His little estate of Gregories was to him a world in which, as he often hinted, he took more delight than in the noisier world of politics. Beaconsfield, indeed, has had a fortunate history. Edmund Waller, who so long had his home at Hall Barn, was a remarkable product of the changeful times in which he lived; and while he was alternately poet, politician, and conspirator, his name lives solely by virtue of his melodious versification. Burke was less versatile but more sincere; and Beaconsfield will bear sweet memory in political history so long as it is remembered that many of Burke's fiery and sonorous yet finely-balanced and well-proportioned speeches were composed beneath the graceful silent shadow of his own beeches.

Beaconsfield Church stands at the junction of the London and Hedgerley roads. It has a square tower, and is built of that mixture of flint and squared stones so often seen in Buckinghamshire churches. It is much to be regretted, on the score of lost reminiscences, that very little of the building, as Burke knew it, remains. The galleries have been removed; the height of the tower increased; the chancel lengthened; the north wall rebuilt; the south wall re-faced; and the high pews replaced by open benches. It is not exactly a handsome church, but it leaves a pleasing and adequate impression. Of remains of antiquity

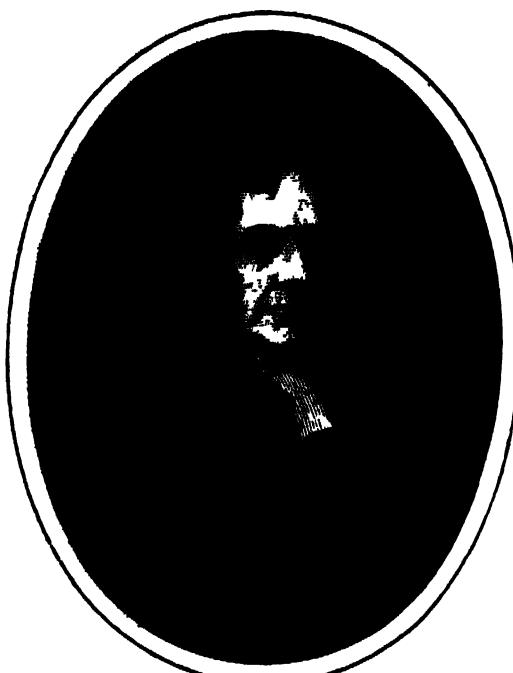
it contains really none; but it can well afford to rest its claim to fame upon its possession of the dust of the man who, in impassioned words, when describing the wrongs of Marie Antoinette, lamented that chivalry was dead. Burke's pew was on the south side of the nave, nearly in the centre; and he desired that he might be buried beneath his accustomed seat. His wish was respected; and a small oval marble tablet of excessive plainness upon the south wall near by bears the brief legend—

Near this place
Lies interred
All that was mortal of the
Rt. Honourable EDMUND BURKE,
Who died on the 9th of July, 1797,
Aged 68 years.

The inscription goes on to record that his son and brother were buried in the same vault. The entrance to the vault is beneath the central aisle of the nave, and it is covered by a large handsome brass placed there in 1862 by Mr. Edmund Harland Burke, the statesman's great grand-nephew and representative. The brass bears Burke's armorial achievement, and the Norman-French motto of his family: *Ung roy, ung soy, ung loy.* These memorials are well in keeping with the simplicity of Burke's character, and contrast very pleasingly with the pompous affectation of the methods by which Waller, who, whatever he may have been, was assuredly not an honest man, is commemorated.

The tomb of the author of "Go, lovely Rose," is in the neatly-kept churchyard, and is readily to be recognised by its own proportions and by the great shady walnut-tree that overhangs it. As may be seen from the illustration (page 457), it is superlatively ugly and tasteless—a mere heavy mass of masonry, with ample space for laudatory inscriptions. It is a square raised tomb, with an urn at each corner, and is capped by a great stone pyramid or cone. Heavy iron railings enclose the massive memorial, which is of such weight that the supporting walls of the vault had perforce to extend far into the churchyard. The heaviness of the tomb, which is in somewhat ragged condition, and the deep shade cast by the handsome walnut-tree, leave a melancholy impression upon the memory. There is a very long and very eulogistic Latin inscription, beginning *Edmundi Waller hic jacet id quantum morti cessit*, which sets forth that he was a poet and a politician—and, it might with truth have been added, a conspirator, who narrowly escaped with his neck. Also there is the following short legend in English: "Edmund Waller, to whom this marble is sacred, was a native of Coloshill and a student at Cambridge. His father was Richard; his mother of the Hampden family. He was born on the 20th of March, 1605. His first wife was Anne, only daughter and heiress of Edward Banks. Twice made a father by his first

wife, and thirteen times by his second. He died the 21st of October, 1687." In his earlier years, and while his first wife lived, Waller was much at Hall



WALLER. (*From a Portrait by Kneller.*)



BURKE.

Barn, and took great delight in his gardens. It was no doubt at Hall Barn that he wrote his quaint apostrophe :—

"Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines,
Curl me about, ye gadding vines,
And, oh, so close your tendrils lace
That I may never leave this place.
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
And I your greeny bondage break,
Do you, oh, brambles, bind me too,
And, courteous briers, nail me through."

Yet most of Waller's time was spent in attending Parliament—he took his seat for Amersham when sixteen—in following "the primrose path of dalliance" at court, and in carefully trimming his sails to suit the political winds. By continual turnings of coat, aided by his relationship to the leaders of the Parliamentary party—he was first cousin to Hampden and nephew of one of Cromwell's uncles—he succeeded in weathering all storms, and died a religiously-minded old man of eighty-five. His participation in what is known as "Waller's Plot," which aimed at restoring Charles I. to the throne, nearly cost him his life. His brother-in-law, who was much less guilty, was hanged in front of his own door; and it was only Waller's abject cowardice, and the expenditure of £30,000 in bribes, that

obtained a commutation of the death sentence to a fine of £10,000 and perpetual banishment. But in those days nothing was perpetual, and before many years had passed Waller had made his peace with Cromwell, and was writing "A Panegyric to my Lord Protector," to be duly followed in 1660 by an Ode to Charles II. "upon his Majesty's Happy Return." Waller was unstable as water; and it is utterly impossible to believe that even his epistles to Lady Dorothy



HUGHENDEN: THE CHURCH, FROM THE PARK.

Sidney, upon which his fame as a poet chiefly rests, are sincere. The haughty young beauty, so well known in literary history as "Saccharissa," preferred another suitor; and although Waller married his second wife shortly afterwards, there is reason to think that he never quite forgave the lady to whom he had addressed so many sweet lines. It was one of Waller's distinctions that he was almost the first writer of verses of society, and that he wrote them most sweetly and melodiously. His numbers were always musical, even when there was nothing in them.

The Hall Barn of to-day is not the house in which Waller lived. It was built in 1712, and has some interesting associations. In one of its rooms Lord Verney handed to Burke the £20,000 with which Gregories was purchased in

1769. For nearly thirty years that brave and prescient spirit enjoyed the sweets of rural life at Gregories; and it is an enduring regret to every admirer of his honesty, integrity, and eloquence, that the house in which he spent so many happy years no longer exists. It was burned down not very long after his death, and only a few grass-covered mounds, the overgrown, half-obliterated avenue, and the scanty ruins of the stables, now mark the site of the home Burke loved so well. There was a good deal of high thinking at Gregories in the days when Fox, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua, Goldsmith, and Garrick were wont to visit their friend at this "place exceeding pleasant," as the owner himself described it, to say naught of the famous visit of Mirabeau and Madame de Genlis. Few villages possess such classic memories as Beaconsfield; and few, be it said, so well deserved to be the abode of the famous. Perched above the charming vales of Bucks, surrounded by the fragrant woodlands which unendingly delight more than one of the senses, the typical English scenery of Beaconsfield is full of that reposeful picturesqueness of which no lover of nature ever tires.

Hughenden lies some seven miles from Beaconsfield. The outskirts of the parish are not very far from the market-place of High Wycombe; but it is a beautiful walk of about a couple of miles up to the church. For three-fourths of the distance from Wycombe the narrow road is bordered by the pales of Hughenden Park. We pass the principal entrance to the park, which is guarded by a very unpretending pair of iron gates, bearing Lord Beaconsfield's cypher, crest, and coronet. The highway is remarkably picturesque. The park pales are low; much of the road is high; and there is a good view of great part of the park. The fine beeches and firs, which here and there obscure the prospect, pleasantly overhang the road; and the glimpses of the domain to be had through their leafy masses take the added charms of the partly-seen. Hughenden is, undoubtedly, one of the prettiest bits of park-like scenery in the home counties. From the tree-lined road the land slopes gently to a little brawling stream, reported to contain trout, which almost bisects the park. Beyond this stream the ground again rises to a succession of irregular uplands, all, like the flatter ground, richly and effectively timbered. Upon one of these wooded hills stands the monument erected by the Viscountess Beaconsfield to the memory of Isaac Disraeli, her husband's father. Lord Beaconsfield delighted in the sylvan beauties of his domain; for, as he once most truly wrote, "sylvan scenery never palls." It has a restful charm which most other scenery lacks; and to the wearied politician, few things in nature can be more delightful. The park of Hughenden Manor could not well contain more trees; neither could they be more artistically grouped and studded.

Hughenden Church stands within the park, at its furthest extremity. It is

of flint and stone, and is almost entirely modern, having been rebuilt in 1875. It is effectively placed upon the slope of the hill, and is almost surrounded by trees. The very first object which strikes the eye of the visitor in the neatly-kept churchyard is the tomb of Lord Beaconsfield. The three red granite panels which contain the inscriptions are built against the outer wall of the De Montfort Chapel at the eastern end of the church, closely adjoining the chancel. The effect is somewhat inelegant, and the low iron railing which surrounds the wreath-strewn space is most unornamental. The right-hand panel commemorates Mr. James Disraeli, third son of the author of "The Curiosities of Literature;" that to the left Mrs. Sarah Brydges Willyams, who left Lord Beaconsfield a fortune, "and was buried at her desire in this vault." Upon the central panel is inscribed: "In memory of Mary Anne Disraeli, Viscountess Beaconsfield in her own right, for thirty-three years the wife of the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, Lord of this Manor; ob. December, 1872." Beneath are the simple words, "The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield and Viscount Hughenden, K.G., born December 21, 1805; died April 19, 1881."

The only remnant of antiquity inside the church is the De Montfort Chapel, in which are several recumbent effigies of members of that famous baronial house. The best preserved of these monuments represents Richard de Montfort encased in armour of the thirteenth century. Another figure bears upon its breast eight incised crosses. Here, too, is the fine fifteenth-century brass of Robert Thursby, Vicar of Hughenden. Over Lord Beaconsfield's accustomed seat in the chancel, now marked by a brass plate with an inscription, is the beautiful tablet of Sicilian marble, erected by Queen Victoria, and represented on the next page.

By the side of the memorial are fixed the banner and insignia, removed from St. George's Chapel, Windsor, of this "most noble and puissant Prince," as every Knight of the Garter is described upon his stall. The stained glass in the east window is the executors' tribute to Lord Beaconsfield's memory. The large west window was filled with stained glass with part of the "National Memorial Fund;" and the south window was the offering of Oxford Undergraduates. The walls of the chancel are covered with mural paintings of the Evangelists and the Greater Prophets, which were paid for out of the National Fund. The organ was partly rebuilt from the same source. There is probably not another church in England so full of memorials to one great man. Everything is in excellent taste; and the only objects that, were it not for the personal memories which attach to them now, and the matchless historical memories which will attach to them in time to come, one could wish away, are the trumpery-looking achievements of the Garter, which are too close to the eye to retain any of the dignity that surrounded them in their original place at Windsor.

There is a public road through Hughenden Park to High Wycombe; but although it passes close to the Manor House, it is impossible to see anything of it, so entirely is Lord Beaconsfield's house surrounded by trees. The path skirts the narrow stream, full of little cascades, and edged by shady beeches.



HUGHENDEN: THE BEAONSFIELD TABLET.

All over the lovely park winding walks have been cut through the thick woodland, opening out here and there into little glades studded with the abounding beeches. After a walk beneath tall pines you may debouch upon one of these glades of beech, adorning some of the most perfect glimpses of park-like scenery. Everywhere there are hills, around which picturesquely wind the walks laid out by Lady Beaconsfield. When he was in retirement at Hughenden, Lord Beaconsfield spent much of his time in wandering, silent and alone, in the more solitary portions of the park; and he left it as a strict injunction in his will that certain woods were never to be felled, and that only such timber was to be cut as was necessary and proper. Great numbers of the famous Windsor chairs of Wycombe are made from Hughenden timber. After the death of his wife, Lord Beaconsfield accounted it his chief happiness that, to use his own phrase, he "lived among his own woods."

All contemplative men have loved woodland scenery; and the lord of Hughenden among his beeches inevitably recalls the picture of Burke enjoying, perhaps in more practical and demonstrative fashion, but assuredly not the more keenly, the delights of his little domain at Gregories.

But while Burke loved to be a practical country gentleman, Lord Beaconsfield in his retirement never ceased to be a statesman and a man of letters. Most of his books were written in Hughenden Manor House, in such scant leisure as the absorbing and thankless trade of politics leaves to a man. Here, too, we have it in evidence that much statecraft was developed. Yet, with all his absorption, Lord Beaconsfield ever had admiring eyes for his beloved trees; and a quaint pleasure in the plaintive but romantic shriek of the famous peacocks.

J. PENDEREL-BRODEBURNST.



ELSTOW.

ELSTOW.

A STURDY PURITAN.

IN the level valley of the Ouse, about a mile to the south of Bedford, is the village of Elstow. Once it could claim a higher title, for it had a market of its own, but this ceased long ago; and as the neighbouring county town has been roused by the railways from the quietude of a merely agricultural centre, and is becoming the site of some important manufactures, the dignity is not likely to be regained. It is now "a quiet and rather large country village, standing among fields, and almost surrounded by fine elms, which hide it from a distance, and make a kind of park of its meadows." How did it come to pass that this place gave birth to a man who has made a mark in the history of English literature hardly less deep, if less broad, than Shakespeare himself? There is even less here than at Stratford-on-Avon of those accessories, and those natural features, which are generally supposed to evoke the poetic faculty. There is a certain beauty in the hedgerow timber, in the quiet lanes, in the lush meadows of this river plain, but it is of the quietest, sleepiest kind. The Ouse slides through Bedford town a mile or more away, as does the Avon through Stratford, though, in the former case, with far less beauty in its surroundings. No one would seek inspiration from that stream, or from the yet more sluggish brook that creeps through the Elstow fields. The valley of the Ouse is bordered by hills, even lower and less striking than those of Warwickshire. There is neither a Horeb nor a Wilderness; no rocky fastness, such as those among which Benedict was stirred to spiritual conflict; no mountain solitudes such as those among which Bruno sought to initiate the Carthusian rule. Everything in this valley of the Ouse is of the most homely, everyday kind. There seems nothing to arouse violent emotions, everything to deaden them at their outset. One would suppose that all the dwellers in this region would be the most commonplace of folk; neither great saints nor great

sinners ; working, playing, eating, drinking, sleeping ; doing all, except the last, to a moderate amount ; in that, however, some little excess would be probable ; for when the sun is still high on a summer afternoon, when the air is redolent of the meadows, and the bees are humming among the branches, the eyes of those who can rest awhile from labour are apt to grow heavy.

What could have produced this strange man, who has caught the fancy, and spoken straight to the heart, of tens of thousands of his countrymen, who has made this Bedfordshire village a place of pilgrimage, and, though himself among the dissentient, adds an interest to its church ? It is as unaccountable as the birth of Shakespeare ; neither external influences nor family history throw any light upon the mystery ; both men seem to have been created rather than born.

Bunyan, however, after the flesh, was a tinker's son.* He saw the light first in a homely cottage, which, though somewhat modernised, still remains, near where the road from Bedford enters Elstow. He was brought up to this very humble craft, and "according to the rate of other poor men's children, but soon lost what little he had been taught, even almost utterly." No sign, so far as we know, was exhibited in his boyhood of the mental power which afterwards displayed itself, nor any precocity, except that at an early age his conscience appears to have been unusually susceptible, and his imagination vivid. He tells us of himself that when he was "but a child, only nine or ten years old, visions by night, and the stings of conscience by day," so distressed his soul, that, in his own words—"even in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins ; yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing they were only tormentors ; that, if it must needs be that I were there, I might rather be a tormentor than tormented myself."

As, however, is not seldom the case, this precocious sensitiveness of conscience was an unhealthy symptom, and was followed by a hurtful reaction. The boy grew up not more thoughtful but more careless than his fellows ; he was the worse, rather than the better, for a too early familiarity with spiritual quietudes, and above all with the demonology of Christians, rather than with the gospel of Christ ; he had succeeded in silencing for a time the inward monitor, and, though its suggestions had not always been of the wisest, he was the loser by the victory. The picture, however, which he draws of his life before the great mental struggle began is probably over-coloured. Bunyan saw all things with exceeding vividness, even his own sins. A man of more comprehensive views or less ascetic spirit could not have written the "*Pilgrim's Progress*." He

* He was born in the year 1628 ; thus, at the death of Charles I., he would be about twenty-one, and at the Restoration thirty-two.

distinctly states, even in his self-accusation, that he was no drunkard, and had always lived a chaste life—indeed, in the latter respect he avoided temptation by marrying before he was twenty. Profaneness of speech appears to have been his chief sin of commission, for he tells us that he was a great swearer. In other respects than this, he was probably neither better nor worse than a score of other lads of his age, who have never thought seriously upon the “things which are unseen,” and, in consequence, are little more than fine healthy animals, with capacities for good and for evil which commonly are only beginning to develop. Bunyan, however, was not wholly without checks in his career of thoughtlessness. More than once some narrow escape from death or serious accident awakened graver thoughts; the most remarkable of these occurring at the siege of Leicester (for one episode in his early life was carrying a musket in the Parliamentary army). There a soldier, who had volunteered to take his place in a party detailed for some duty, was struck by a musket-ball in the head and killed on the spot.

“A marked change in Bunyan’s mental history began as he was playing a game of tip-cat on a Sunday, after having listened in the morning to a sermon against Sabbath-breaking. Such pastimes, it must be remembered, were at that time thought by half the kingdom quite harmless on a Sunday afternoon. In the middle of the game a voice seemed to sound in his ears, asking, ‘Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?’ ‘At this,’ he continued, ‘I was put into an exceeding maze: wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me.’ This was the beginning of the great spiritual struggle which has been the lot of most who have been called out from their fellows to undertake some exceptional work—a struggle which has been waged by men of very different creeds—which was as real for John Bunyan and Martin Luther as it was for Benedict of Subiaco and Francis of Assisi. It was a struggle where the reason is shaken, where the boundary between the real and the ideal becomes confused. For here, as in everything else in this world, it seems to be the law of life that only through much suffering and individual loss can great results be obtained. John Bunyan appears more than once to have been on the verge of insanity; more than once also on the point of abandoning the contest in despair; but at last, after a long struggle and various backslidings, the victory over himself was won. First of all he ceased to swear, next tip-cat on Sundays lost its temptation; then he abandoned even his favourite pastime of bell-ringing; and last and hardest of all, abstained from dancing. The order of the last two renunciations is certainly hard to understand. Dancing, indeed, might not unnaturally be regarded as at best a frivolous pastime, unbefitting the gravity of

one deeply conscious of the momentous issues of this life; but wherein consisted the sin of ringing a peal on the church bells is by no means easy to perceive."*

From this epoch Bunyan's connection with Elstow was loosened. He left



BUNYAN'S COTTAGE.

the ministrations of his parish church, though, of course, at that period the pulpit was not occupied by an Anglican divine, and presently joined himself to a Baptist congregation at Bedford. Afterwards he became a preacher, itinerating in the neighbouring villages, and appears to have become somewhat obnoxious to the ruling powers even before the Restoration. Then, however, his troubles began in earnest. The Puritan had not been over-tolerant of deviation from his own standard of orthodoxy, but the Anglican came back with a debt of suffering to requite and a determination to suppress dissent, if it were possible. The Puritan was hated by the Churchman as a recalcitrant from ecclesiastical discipline, by the statesman as a rebel against royal authority, by the courtier as a righteous liver, so that he could not find a friend in any quarter. Bunyan was indicted as a person "who devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear Divine service, and who was a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles." For twelve years he was in prison at Bedford, though sometimes he was treated rather as a prisoner

* "Our Own Country," Vol. II. Bedford.

of war than as a criminal, and was even allowed out on parole. The "Declaration of Indulgence" in the year 1672 procured him a pardon, and after this he appears to have escaped unmolested, though he continued to write and to preach. During the years of his imprisonment the "Pilgrim's Progress" was written, and he published altogether about three score tracts or books.

Elstow Church, which is inseparably connected with the memory of Bunyan's earlier days, is itself a building of some size and considerable interest. Parallel with the wall of the churchyard is the village green, an ample tract of rough greensward, bordered by ancient houses. At the western end is the stump of an old stone cross; at the eastern a brick and timber house—the Market-hall in the days when Elstow enjoyed so much dignity. On the edge of the churchyard are three broken trunks of great elm trees, still putting forth tufts of branches. All these must have existed when Bunyan was a lad. Many a time he must have loitered about the market-place; he may, perchance, have seen that cross broken down, if it had escaped the earlier reformers; he may have scrambled up those elms, defiant of the beadle, for they would be young trees in his boyhood. Little doubt this green by the churchyard wall was the place where he was playing his game of tip-cat on that Sunday afternoon when the call to repentance sounded in his ears, and that life began which he has narrated in his great allegory.

The church also, till lately, had but little changed from the time when Bunyan, like the other people in the little town, went thither every Sunday. Hero, probably, though from no Anglican clergyman, he listened to the sermon against Sabbath-breaking. The following passage, written by myself some years since, describes the appearance of Elstow Church prior to the recent restoration:—"It stands on the further side of the churchyard. At the north-west angle is a massive tower, with windows in the upper storey, looking strong enough to be used as a place of refuge against marauding bands. It is quite separated from the church, and is thus a regular 'campanile.' The bells date from the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and it is said that number four in the peal is the one which Bunyan used to ring. Parts of the church are Norman work; most of this is very simple, except the north door, which is a rather richly ornamented specimen, and is in very fair preservation. Other parts are Early English, and the rest of later date, some being poor and untidy



ELSTOW: THE NORTH DOOR.

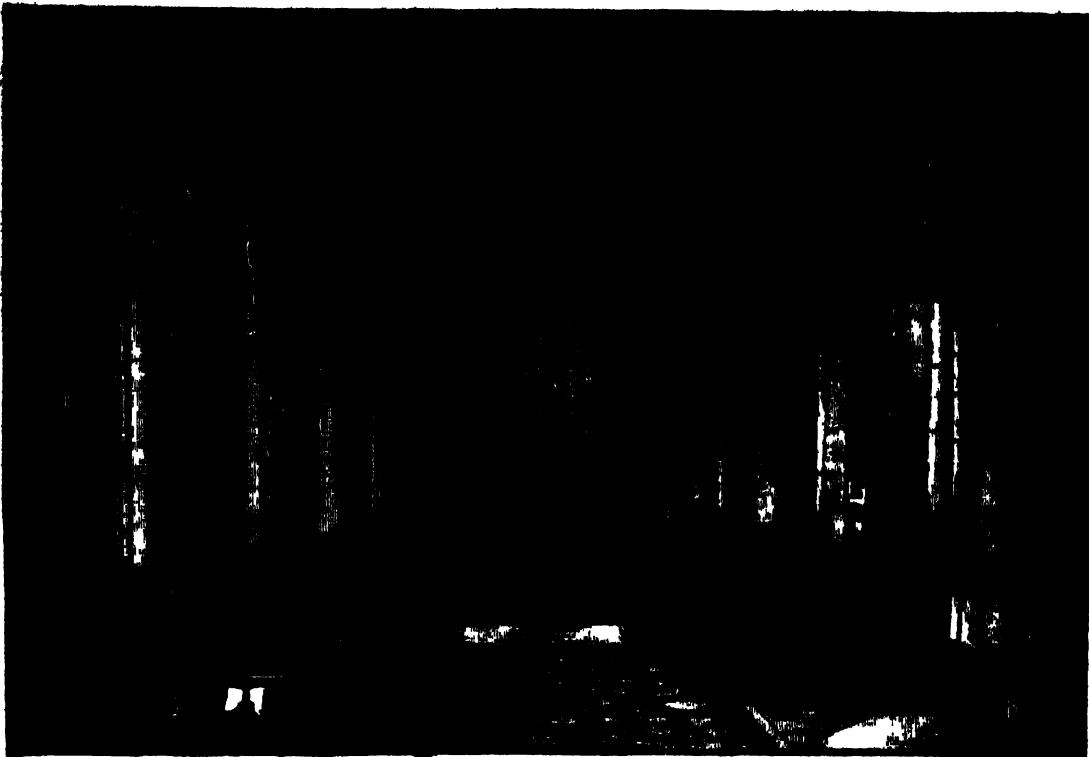
patchwork. The three eastern bays retain the old Norman work, very plain, massive, round-headed arches separating the nave from the aisles. The two bays further west are simple Early English. The church has evidently once been longer towards the east. A part of the chancel screen and some of the old seats yet remain. The first on the left hand of the north entrance is pointed out as the one formerly occupied by Bunyan. As 'absenting himself from church' was one of his offences during the greater part of his life, it is possible that this tradition may not be strictly accurate; but if this is not Bunyan's pew, there is at any rate no reason why he may not have sat there."

In the south aisle of the church are two brasses with female figures, said to be the memorials of the last two abbesses of a nunnery which adjoined the church. In the chancel is a monument to a Mr. Radcliff, who was among the occupants of the mansion which was built on the site of this nunnery. In the north-east corner of the church is the tomb of a Mr. Crompton, a magistrate, before whom Bunyan was brought up on a warrant, and who, in effect, committed him to prison by refusing to accept bail for his appearance.

Since this passage was written, a restoration has taken place which has not respected the above-named pew. Many repairs, what the fabric greatly needed, have been made; the whitewash and plaster have been cleared from the walls, and the stonework exposed; stained-glass windows, commemorative of the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Holy War," have been inserted at the east end of the aisles, and an aspect of general dilapidation has given place to one more befitting a church of such interest.

The nunnery stood on the south side of the church, adjoining the graveyard. It was founded by Juditha, a niece of William the Conqueror, and the oldest part of the church is probably of the same date. Its annals appear to have been uneventful, although the neighbouring town of Bedford, so long as its castle was standing, was by no means a very peaceful place. Of the nunnery very little now remains. The most important fragment is a square chamber with a rather low vaulted roof, which is supported by a central pillar of dark marble. This, which is said to have been the chapter-house, is still in good preservation. A portion, however, of the mansion which succeeded the nunnery, and which, no doubt, was constructed from its materials and included some of its buildings, still remains. This is a ruined façade, with square mullioned windows and an Elizabethan porch, now almost buried in ivy. Here, in Bunyan's time, the Squire of Elstow no doubt lived; and there would be trim lawns and gardens where now the weeds are growing wild. The great allegorist is not buried in the adjoining churchyard. On a journey from Reading to London he got a chill; this turned to a fever, which in a few days proved fatal, and he was laid in Bunhill Fields, "the Campo Santo of the Nonconformists."

T. G. BONNEY.



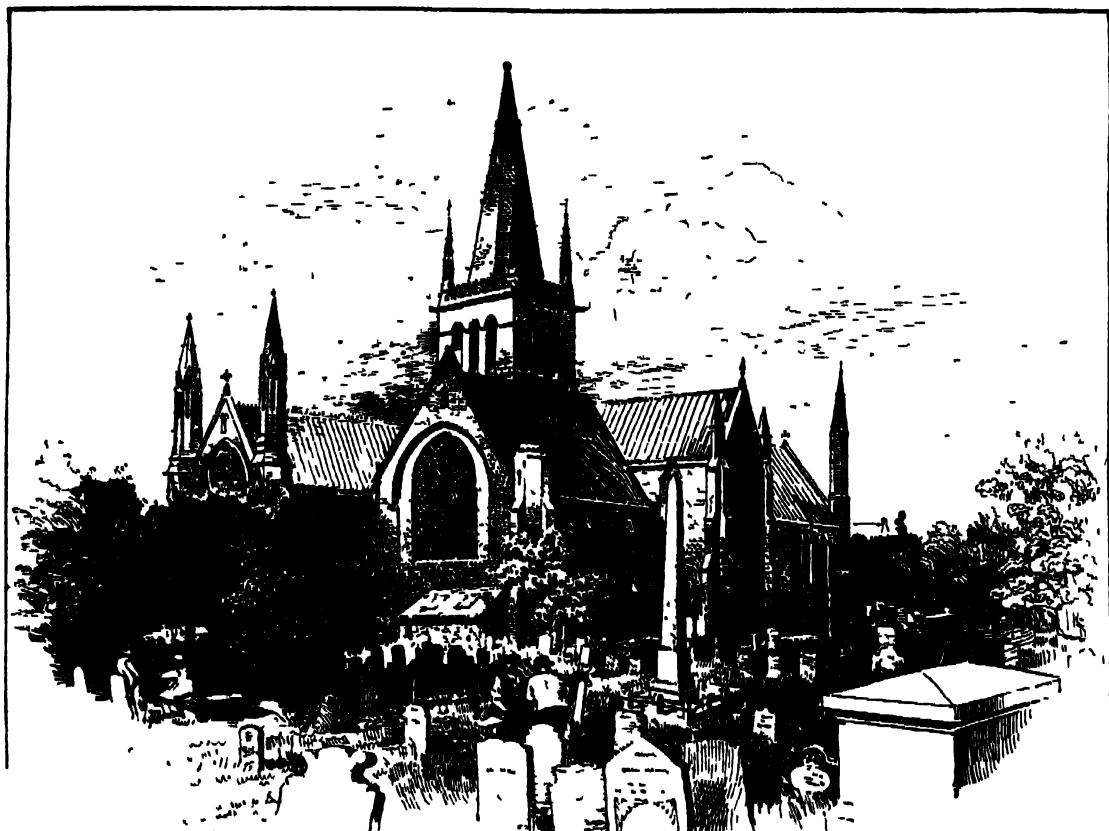
ST. NICHOLAS', YARMOUTH: THE INTERIOR.

YARMOUTH AND HULL. GREAT PARISH CHURCHES.

WHEN Cerdic the Saxon, according to Matthew of Westminster and others, landed on the sands at the mouths of the group of East-country streams which now discharge themselves into the German Ocean at Great Yarmouth, he appears to have slighted the claims of the place to be regarded as an agreeable marine residence, and transferred himself and company into Wessex. Probably a few huts for fishers and fowlers constituted for many years after that event (near the close of the fifth century) the nameless village on the spot. But as time passed on, and fishing prospered, there arose on a "green hill"—most likely what is now called Fuller's Hill—a small church dedicated to St. Benedict. It is mentioned in Domesday Book as possessed by Ailmarus, Bishop (of Elmham) in the time of Edward the Confessor, and contemporaneously with the compilation of the survey by William (de Beaufeu), the Bishop of Thetford. Afterwards the well-known Herbert de Losinga, whose simony is feared by his most recent biographers* to be "too well attested to be groundless," succeeded to the see. Among the fruits of his penitence are Norwich Cathedral, and, according to general belief, the church of St. Nicholas in Great Yarmouth. The latter

* Dean Goulburn and Mr. Symonds.

was sufficiently advanced to be mentioned, "with all things that belong to the same," as granted by him to the Benedictine monks of the former in the Charter



ST. NICHOLAS', YARMOUTH: THE EXTERIOR.

of the Foundation of Norwich Cathedral, signed and sealed September 24th, 1101. It was a simple cross church, with transepts but no aisles, though perhaps with apsidal chapels opening eastward from the transepts, as at Norwich Cathedral and Thetford Priory. All that now remains of it is the portion of the central tower between the bell-chamber and the tower arches. The material consists of beach boulders, pieces of stone, and tufa or trass of the Rhine, from the vicinity of Andernach, probably brought to Yarmouth as ballast. After the lapse of about seventy years, the nave walls were lengthened, and pierced for the present arcade of seven arches, to which lean-to aisles were added, while the tower was elevated to about its present height. That the builders of that day consulted "appearances" is clear from the ashlar facings of the sides of the tower seen from the town, as contrasted with the rough work on the north and east.

Some thirty years more pass away, and the narrow lean-to aisles disappear, and are replaced by the present ones, of the unusual width of 39 feet. Mr. Seddon,

the architect employed in the restoration of the south aisle, sees great resemblance between the west front of Yarmouth south aisle and that of Llandaff Cathedral; others have noticed the correspondence of Scottish work of the same period. Then in due course came the lengthening of the chancel and other extensions, completing, in the main, the present building, which covers more ground than any other parish church in England save that of Holy Trinity, Hull, its internal area being 23,085 feet—a clear thousand feet in excess of St. Michael’s, Coventry, of which some account is given in another article.* Large as the area is, it was intended to be larger. The prosperity of the town encouraged its bachelor sons to begin, in 1330, a new work, to be called, after their state, the “Bachelors’ Aisle.” While it was in progress came the fearful scourge called the “Black Death,” which so reduced the population of Norfolk that, in the opinion of eminent statisticians, it has not yet recovered itself. The excavations made by the late Mr. Morant, Town Surveyor, in 1860, showed that a new grand west front had been designed, with two towers and a doorway 40 feet wide. The unfinished work fell into decay, and was removed piecemeal for various purposes, some of it supplying foundations for the pillars in St. George’s Chapel, Yarmouth, which foundations were seen when that building was repaired in 1883. The old spire, 186 feet high, being afflicted with spinal curvature, arising from its ignition by lightning in 1683, was removed in 1803, and after a lapse of four years the present non-tapering structure took its place. Decay set in also at the east end, which was shortened 10 feet in 1784. The work of restoration, started in 1845, under the incumbency of the late Bishop Mackenzie, has been continued vigorously by his successors—Bishop Hills, Archdeacon Nevill, and Canon Venables; but it has not yet reached completion.

When the town walls were erected, they formed the boundary to the old churchyard—which contains, with the church, about eight acres—on the north and east. About thirty years ago a cemetery of ten acres was added. Since that time another and larger space has been required. The view of the church from the north-east is perhaps the most striking, for here the three eastern gables, together with that of the north transept, are seen to the best advantage.

* See *ante*, p. 358.



ST. NICHOLAS', YARMOUTH: THE SARAH MARTIN WINDOW.

In the old churchyard many a miracle play, mystery play, and interlude has no doubt been acted and many a church ale held. Nor did these performances end at the Reformation, though by degrees they passed away from the churchyard to some other open space. All the towns used to vie with one another on these occasions, but the rivalry was quite friendly, stage "properties" being lent about most freely. Thus in 1567 Bungay borrowed of Norwich the "app'ell (apparel) of my lord of Surrey" to be worn by the lord of the feast; and in 1558 the same town lent Yarmouth the "game gere," comprising all things necessary for these simple Thespian performances. The first trace, by the way, of theatrical representation in England is a note by Matthew Paris of a miracle play of St. Catherine.

Entering through the south porch, built from a totally indescribable design (*monstrum horrendum, etc.*), we pass into the church, and find ourselves provided with handbooks turning us into a gentle stream flowing west, then north, then east, and so west again, till we have completed what is really a small journey, and find ourselves again at our starting-point. The west window of the south aisle has already been mentioned, but it will be seen to most advantage from within. The elegance of the nave west window will speak for itself, belonging, as it does, to the Early English work, with dog-tooth ornament; it has recently been filled with stained glass by the masons of Norfolk and Suffolk. The north aisle has a peculiar interest in containing a small stained-glass window to the memory of that saintly woman, Sarah Martin, the sempstress of Caister, who by her self-denying labours in Yarmouth Gaol has "built herself an everlasting name." In the north transept and north chancel-aisle are two pieces of mural painting, the former of which was with great care transferred from the south transept in a wooden frame when it was discovered on removing the plaster. Two scenes, depicted with rude force, remain—the Crucifixion and the Appearance of our Lord to St. Mary Magdalene in the Garden. The mural painting in the north chancel-aisle remains *in situ* behind part of the organ. It represents a group of knights in chain-mail approaching a church. One of them wears the tilting helmet over his *coif-de-mailles*, and in his right hand is a sword with the hilt uppermost. If a conjecture may be hazarded as to the subject, it may be one of the nobles of King Edward I. going to deposit his sword at Carlisle or Durham Cathedral after the victory over the Scotch at Falkirk in 1298. Before we pass from the fabric, the bosses of the waggon-roof in the south aisle deserve special mention. It should also be noted that designs for completing the restoration have been prepared by Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A., and that it is intended to proceed at once (1890) with the north and south chancel-aisles.

Of what may be called church furniture, the organ, bells, font, and pulpit must not be passed over. The instrument first named, of which we get the

earliest notice in 1465 as "Our Lady's organ," is now one of the wonders of East Anglia. The Long Parliament, in 1644, forbade the use of organs in churches, and no note from the "kist o' whistles" sounded in Yarmouth Church from that time to 1733, when Jordan, Byfield and Bridge erected that which forms the nucleus of the present magnificent instrument. This, being a "divided organ," merits in the letter the designation of a "payre of organs." The old case, surmounted by an angel blowing a trumpet, out of which, according to local tradition, the loudest sounds proceeded, contains the great organ and pedal pipes, in the north chancel-aisle. In the south chancel-aisle are the choir organ and swell, enclosed in the old case from St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich, and presided over by a figure of St. Nicholas, ingeniously converted from that of St. Peter. The organist sits in the midst of his choir, far removed from either "chest of whistles." The fine ring of ten bells was cast by Thomas Mears and Son, of Whitechapel, in 1807. The tenor, of magnificent tone, in D, with a diameter of 58 inches, weighs 31 cwt. The font is of Purbeck marble, possibly of the Norman period, and is now being restored and remounted on marble steps. In 1647 the Corporation ordered its removal, as being "out of use," but some good Churchman managed to preserve it for happier times. It was thoroughly painted in the pigmental days of the earlier Georges, but has now been restored. The pulpit is a great platform, enclosed with a richly carved front, back, and sides, and standing on a base of the same design. Among the new features of the church are a reredos and a richly-carved communion-table.

The town of Kingston-on-Hull possesses two old churches, which were originally chapels, but differing in their history. St. Mary's belonged to the Preceptory of Knights Templars at North Ferriby; while Holy Trinity, the subject of these remarks, was a chapel of ease to Hessle. The union between Hessle and Holy Trinity was dissolved only at the Restoration. Comparing this church with that at Great Yarmouth, we find that each possesses the complete scheme of aisles, chancel-aisles, and transepts, with a central tower. But here the points of resemblance cease; and whereas Yarmouth claims the wider interest from greater variety of work and style, Hull has the advantage of a more symmetrical construction. In point of internal superficial area, the reputation of Yarmouth to be the foremost in England must yield to Holy Trinity, Hull, as 20,036 square feet, which was the recorded area of the latter church, has been ascertained by professional measurement to be under the mark, the real floor-space being more than 25,000 square feet. And the total length of the Hull church is 272 feet, against 230 at Yarmouth. Thus, even externally, and still more internally, a grand effect is produced, the majesty of size approving

itself to the eye more in the case of a full length and proportional breadth, than in that of the comparatively short nave and exceptionally wide aisles at Yarmouth.



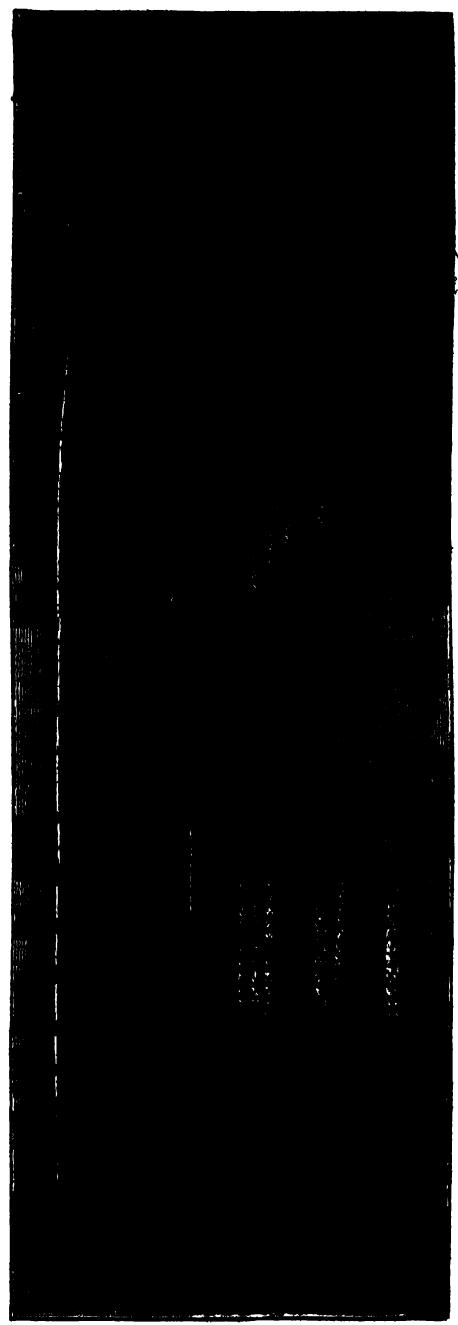
HOLY TRINITY, HULL: THE WEST FRONT.

Beginning at the east end, we find ourselves confronted with the earlier work. The chancel, 70 feet wide, only two feet less in width than the nave, dates from 1285,* and is a notable example of construction in brick. It is a vexed question whether the art of brickmaking survived the departure of the Romans from England at the beginning of the fifth century. Certainly the greater part of the work in which brick is found earlier than the date given above is constructed from the wreck of Roman work in the vicinity. A well-known instance is that of St. Alban's Abbey, which Matthew Paris speaks of as constructed with the stones and tiles of the ancient city of Verulamium, *ex lapidibus et tegulis veteris civitatis Verulamii*. But, even in this instance,

* See "The New Hull Guide," by Mr. M. C. Peck. The assertion is based upon an entry in the Warburton MS. in the British Museum. Mr. Peck, whose labours in the history of the town have been of great value, discovered at York the Commission from the Dean and Chapter (the see being then vacant), to the Bishop of Dremore, for the consecration of the high altar, 11th February, 1425.

there is room for belief that some of the bricks may have been baked for the occasion, and the frequent occurrence of stray clean bricks in the eastern counties in earlier work, far removed from Roman stations or camps, fosters the theory that the art had never been forgotten, but rather revived, time after time, as necessity developed skill in this respect. In the case of Hull we have certainly the neighbouring Roman station of Beverley; yet the character of the work suggests no such indebtedness, but perhaps rather a stimulus given to brickwork by some Yorkshire trader who had seen the great use made of this material along the shores of the Baltic and in Scandinavia.

A strong love for art is discernible in the work of the chancel, and more especially in the noble east window, in every respect worthy of the church in which it is so prominent an object. The tracery is of that character, at once free and systematic, which distinguishes the Augustan period of Pointed architecture. Yet, in spite of the mingled grace and strength of the curves in this window, the weakness of the Decorated mullions tells its story as we observe the transom connecting them—a feature of the later work, in the Perpendicular style. This is also the style of the nave; and though the material is stone instead of brick, the inferiority of conception is obvious. If William of Wykeham were the father of the Perpendicular style, he has much to answer for. Stonemasons might rejoice in having straighter runs for their work, but the taste of generation after generation has suffered from the contemplation of windows of the “gridiron” pattern, with upper spaces resembling pickle-bottles in a row. The nave and aisles of Holy Trinity appear to be neither better nor worse than most other specimens of the last of the Pointed styles. The general effect is impressive, especially in the interior, where the worshipper is unconsciously elevated by the decorous arcade and clerestory; but



HOLY TRINITY, HULL: ARCADE AND SCREEN.

it is to general effect, and not to originality in detail, that Perpendicular churches owe such credit as they have.

In the south transept is the entrance to a chantry built, in or about 1395, by William Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, who was beheaded by Henry IV. at Bristol in the first year of that usurper's reign. His brother Richard, Archbishop of York, suffered a like penalty six years afterwards, on "Whitsun Monday," 1405, for his share in the ineffectual rising at "Yorke'swold." The *Bend Or* of the Scropes is well known in many parts of the country, but the three leopards' heads of the De la Poles, another ill-starred family, originating from William de la Pole, a rich Hull merchant of the time of Edward III., are rather divided between Hull and Suffolk. Michael de la Pole, the merchant's son, who founded "God's House" in Hull in 1384, married Catherine Wingfield, a Suffolk heiress, and became first of a new race of Earls of Suffolk in the following year. But we must turn from old Yorkshire families to later matters.

This spacious church has been restored under the late Sir Gilbert Scott at a cost of about £44,000, and is now in all its appointments in a condition worthy of its architectural and historical merits. The restoration has been conservative of such work as admitted of conservation. The east window was furnished with painted glass in 1835 after the design of Sir Joshua Reynolds, but the four lights representing Temperance, Fortitude, Justice, and Truth were not added until a few years since. On the north of this window has been recently placed a fine window representing the "Last Judgment." The noble stone reredos and eastern screen have been erected in memory of the late Colonel J. W. Pease, who was for twenty-three years chairman of the Restoration Committee. The chancel is now fitted with oak stalls, some fine ancient carvings being incorporated with the new work. The altar rails are very fine, and contain the symbols of the Passion. Two magnificently carved oak screens have been presented by the late Mr. M. W. Clarke, who also restored to the church the old communion-table and reredos, with their surrounding railing; while a beautiful chancel pulpit, elaborately carved, has been lately given in memory of the late Mr. Lumley Cork. Against the east wall of the chancel rests a curious old painting in plaster representing the "Last Supper." This was the work of Jacques Parmentier, born at Paris in 1658. He came to England in 1676, was sent by William III. to decorate his palace at Loo (Holland), but, quarrelling with the superintendent of the works, returned to England, and executed this painting, and also an altar-piece for St. Peter's, Leeds.

The ingenious entrance to the old pulpit, through a staircase within one of the piers of the central tower, is still marked by an oak door; and the font, cut from a huge block of stalagmite, bearing the figure of a huntsman, which from the head-dress appears to date from the time of Edward II., is still in use.

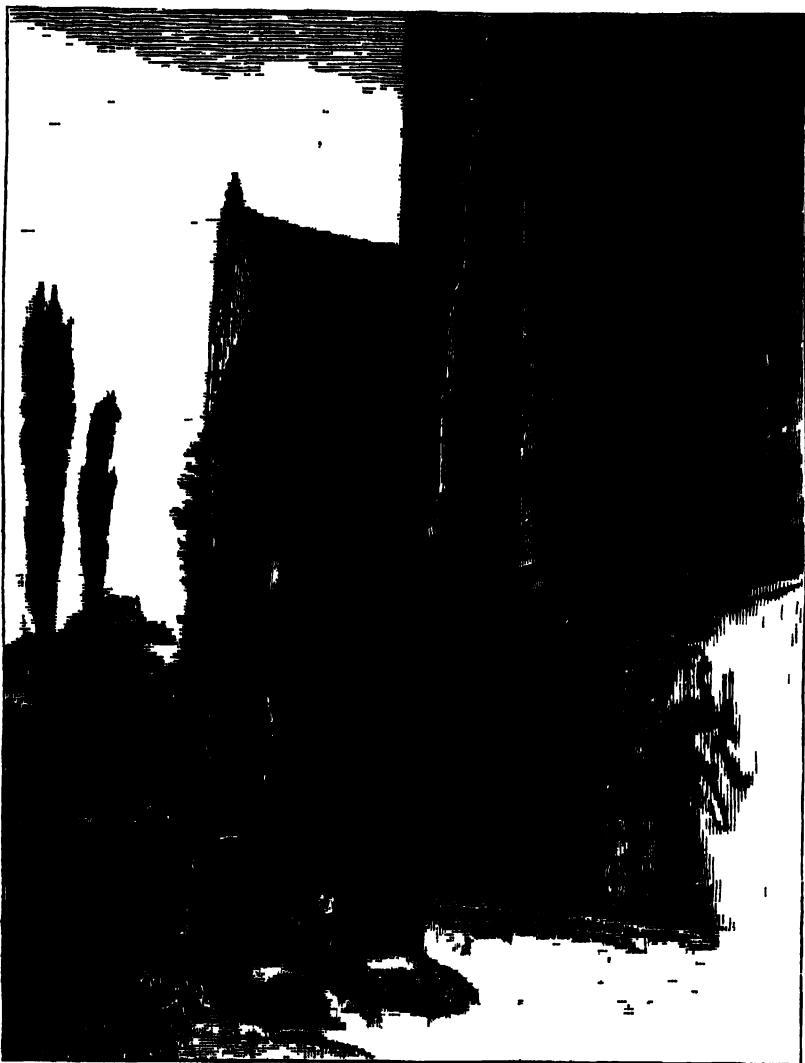
ABBEY DORE, KILPECK, AND HEYSHAM. SOME QUAINTE CHURCHES.

AMONG the more exceptional churches of England, both for situation and for design, that of Abbey Dore may fairly be reckoned. The former part of its double name indicates its monastic origin; the latter its situation by the Dore, a Herefordshire river. Once it belonged to a Cistercian monastery. This Order loved solitary places, so that the ruins of its abbeys, even at the present day, are often comparatively lonely. They were founded at first far from the abode of man, far even from other religious houses. Such were Fountains in the glen of the Skell, Furness, nestling among its sandstone crags, and Tintern by the winding Wye. Such, too, was this church in the Golden Valley. But lonely as the abbeys were, they were often grand enough, for the Cistercians were a popular Order, and even if the severity of their rule was sometimes expressed in their architecture, the simplicity was always stately. The Order was first planted at and obtained its name from Cisteaux in Burgundy, where a Benedictine, one Robert, Abbot of Molesme, formed a society of straiter rule, about the end of the eleventh century. Its members devoted themselves especially to the honour of the Virgin Mary, to whom all their monasteries were dedicated.

The valley of the Dore, or the Golden Valley, as it is usually called, must have been an ideal retreat for the Order. "It lies wholly in what may be called the sub-alpine district of the Welsh border, where the undulations as yet rarely rise into prominent and well defined hills. The scenery is worthy of the name it bears. The skyline is usually rather level, the valley being excavated out of a plateau; the bounding hills, especially on the left bank, are commonly capped with woods. The slopes are often rather rapid, richly cultivated, varied by abundant hedgerow timber and scattered copses, and as there is more arable than grass-land, there are many changes in the dominant tints of the scenery, from the warm red of the bare soil in winter to the rich gold of the ripened corn in the late summer. On the right bank many glimpses are caught of the long terrace-like line of the Black Mountains, whose dark bare sides contrast markedly with the cheerful richness of the nearer valley. Glancing backward the scene is more varied; the ridges of Graig and Garway Hills and the undulating Saddle-bow bound the view."* The neighbourhood should be as healthy as it is beautiful, for it is said that one Serjeant Hoskyns—whose monument remains in the church — entertained his Majesty James I., on occasion of a visit to these

parts, with a grotesque dance performed by ten old men, whose united ages amounted to a thousand years.

The Golden Valley deserves its title for its real beauty, but the name was obtained from a misconception. The river Dore rolls down no "golden sands,"



ABBEY DORE: THE TOWER AND SOUTH TRANSEPT.

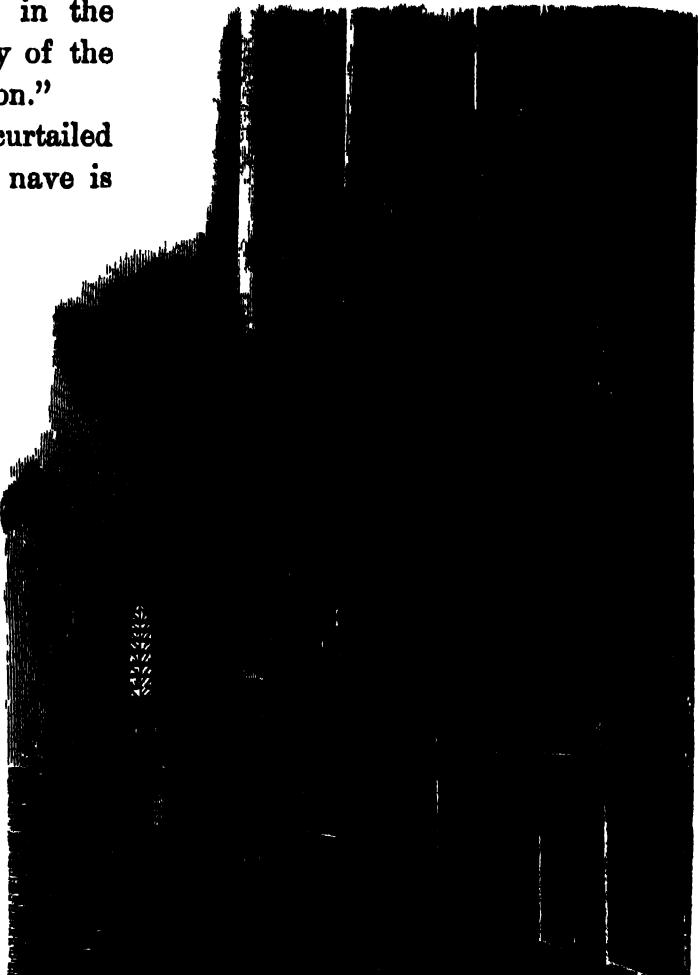
and its name has no connection with the Latin or French words for that epithet. It has a more remote ancestry than Roman or Norman. It goes back, like several other rivers, to the Celtic word *Dwr*, which signifies water. In not the least beautiful part of this valley the Cistercians began to build their church towards the middle of the twelfth century.* Doubtless it was lonely enough then, but a village has subsequently sprung up around its ruins. Little is left of the conventional buildings.

* Cistercians were placed here by Robert of Ewias in the reign of Stephen, but the building was not completed till the time of Henry III.

"A passage with a broken barred vault abutting on the transept wall indicates a 'slype.' Some fragments north of it probably were part of the chapter-house, and high up on the above-mentioned wall may be seen the marks of two roofs, which no doubt belonged to the ancient dormitory; a ruined gable close to the church-yard indicates the western limit of the monastery. Cabbage gardens now cover the spot where generations of monks lived and died, but an old yew-tree in the graveyard probably saw the abbey of the Golden Valley in all its perfection."

The church has been sadly curtailed of its original proportions. The nave is worse than a ruin; one end of the northern and a single column of the southern aisle alone remain. Transepts, choir, and Lady Chapel, however, are still fairly perfect, and make up the present church. For the preservation of this we are indebted to John, Lord Scudamore, on whose property it stood. By his time, in the year 1634, the vaulted roof had fallen in and the building had become a ruin; but through his liberality it was "roofed, restored to sacred uses, endowed liberally." The pews are of this date, and are good specimens of Jacobean work of a simple kind. It is to be hoped that the profane hand of the "medieval restorer" will be withheld from them. Of the same date also is a really handsome oak screen, which stands in the place of the ancient rood-loft. Worth notice, too, is the western gallery, supported on columns.

The most striking and the most peculiar feature of the church is undoubtedly its eastern end. This is square, and the upper part is pierced by a triplet of lancet windows. Beneath are three pointed arches opening into an eastern ambulatory, a continuation of the choir aisles; beyond which comes a row of chapels, one corresponding with each of the side aisles and three with the central part. Here,



ABBEY DORE: THE CHOIR AND SCREEN.

fortunately, the original vaulting remains. The effect of this arrangement is singularly good. Above, we have the simple grace of the lancet triplet; below, the varied grouping of clustered columns and moulded arches, suggestive of extension and of mystery. Still, we can hardly rise to so high a pitch of enthusiasm as Mr. Gilbert Scott, who quoted the church of Abbey Dore as showing how superior to the apsidal the square ending can be made.

The position also of the tower, at the eastern angle of the south transept, is rather exceptional. It is a plain, massive structure; indeed, this is the general characteristic of the architecture everywhere but at the eastern end. Much of the Norman solidity remains to modify the Early English style, and the work is often rough and homely. The church still contains several monuments, though the older ones are much broken. The most curious is a tablet, on which is sculptured in high relief a small figure of a bishop. Popular report makes it the tomb of a boy bishop, but this is more than doubtful; one authority of weight suggests that "the stone indicates the burial-place of the heart of Bishop John Breton of Hereford, who died in the thirteenth century." Some old stained glass still remains in the eastern windows, but the most curious relic is the altar. This is a huge stone slab, supported by three massive clustered columns. It is said, and there seems no reason to doubt the statement, that the former was part of the ancient high altar. After the abbey had become a ruin, the slab was removed to a neighbouring farm-house and was made useful in the dairy, whence it was recovered and restored to the church. Probably the present is not quite the original position, and the supports appear to be the capitals of columns which have been found among the ruins and applied to their present purpose. The chapel in the south aisle is now (1890) about to undergo restoration.

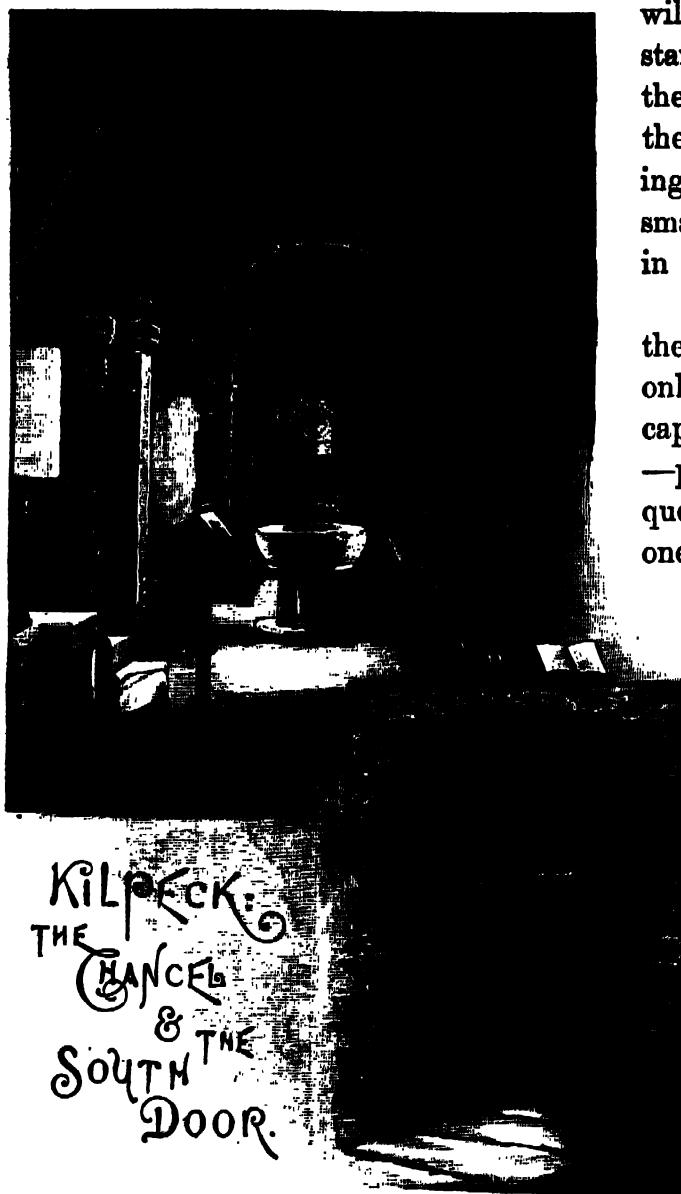
The little village of Kilpeck, at the opening of the Golden Valley, possesses a church even more singular than that of Abbey Dore. It would be difficult to find another so small in size, and yet so elaborate in design, considering the style of architecture. Kilpeck Church stands quite away from any busy centre of life, on a low hill some little distance from the railway station of St. Devereux, with only a small and scattered hamlet attached. But in olden time it appears to have been a place of great consideration, though probably the parish never was a populous one. In an adjoining field are the ruins of a castle, but these are comparatively unimportant.

By one of the lords of this castle Kilpeck Church was no doubt built—probably about, or rather before, the middle of the twelfth century—but of its history we know little for certain. It must have been reared by some lord or priest who was an admirer of architecture, and was determined to erect in this quiet district of Herefordshire what guide-books would now describe as "a little gem of a chapel."

This church must then have remained almost unnoticed and unaltered, protected probably by the remoteness of the place, which kept away ambitious priests, and by the smallness of the population, which meant no money for "improving" the church; thus escaping almost entirely those changes which in more populous or wealthy places have generally befallen structures of Norman date. It was practically discovered when, in the present century, men began to wake up to a sense of the treasures of old time which still remain in the land, and then of course the restorer came. We are informed that his work was done with the utmost care, every stone, as it was removed, being numbered, and as little recarving done as possible. Nevertheless, Kilpeck Church, in its present condition, presents the appearance of a too much restored building, and from what may be seen at Hereford, it is evident that Cottingham in work of this kind was often more zealous than wise. Fortunately an illustrated memoir exists, containing a series of careful drawings, which show Kilpeck in its unrestored state. The author—a Mr. Lewis—is enthusiastic on the subject, and finds a symbolical meaning in many parts of the plan and ornamentation. It is possible that he may attract some disciples, but a sceptical world is more likely to smile, and say that on such principles of interpretation even a broomstick would be found rich in symbolic lessons.

The church is a very small one, and yet it consists of three distinct parts. There is a nave, a choir or chancel, and beyond this an apse, which is so far distinct that it might set up a claim to be regarded as the proper chancel. A richly sculptured doorway, on the tympanum of which is some foliated ornamentation, regarded by the above author as a representation of the tree of life, which it will do for as well as for anything else, gives admission to the nave on its south side. From the nave another doorway, with richly carved mouldings, and the shafts of its side columns sculptured into figures, leads into the plain square chancel, at the east end of which a third Norman arch, but in this case quite plain, opens into the apse. This is lighted by three windows, and has a vaulted roof. Another peculiarity of the building is the fewness of the windows. One or two have been subsequently added, but the original church must have been very dark. The side walls of the square chancel are not pierced at all, and originally, if we remember aright, there were only three windows in the nave. An old and rather rudely designed font is probably as old as the church. Outside, the walls of the building are relieved by pilasters, and a corbel-table is carried round it, ornamented by various sculptured figures of more or less singular design. These also have been duly elucidated by the ingenious author already mentioned.

Heysham Church and precincts are alike notable in the instance which remains to be described. From the level shore of Morecambe Bay a rocky mass juts up, against which nestles the little village of Heysham, sheltering itself from the



there is an old inscription. The ruined chapel on the wind-swept headland is probably older than even any part of the existing church. It reminds us of those cells—for they are little more—which are still dotted about the shores of Britain, especially in the north, such, for instance, as that at Peel Castle in the Isle of Man. This one is about eight yards long, and less than three wide. The eastern wall, with parts of that on the north and south, remains; it is built of rubble, and cased within and without by rude ashlar; there is no sign of an east window, but on the south side are a rude round-headed doorway and the splay of a window.

Six of the graves are hewn in the furthest angle of the rock, where it is

wild sea-winds. Above the houses stands the quaint little church; beyond the present limit of the churchyard, on the bare summit of the crag overhanging the sands, are the ruins of a yet smaller chapel, and some graves hewn in the red sandstone rock.

The oldest part of the church is the chancel arch, semicircular, with only a square abacus in place of a capital, and an angular line-ornament—possibly anterior to the Norman Conquest. The work throughout is rude; one or two windows appear to be Late

Decorated, rather in the flamboyant style, others are still less ancient. The sepulchral memorials outside are even more interesting; chief among them is a low stone rudely sculptured with grotesque figures of men and animals—stags, dogs, etc.—seemingly a hunting scene—a memorial, it may be, of some Nimrod who took his pleasure in the Lancashire woodlands before the Norman came. There are also stone coffins, whole or broken, one bearing on its lid a harp, a sword, and an incised cross, and

limited on either side by a little cliff. They lie side by side, but the heads are not placed along in line. The first, counting from the left, is square-headed ; the next three have shouldered tops ; the fifth and sixth are rounded. At the heads of all but the fifth are squared holes, as though to support a cross or a memorial pillar. Three other graves, similarly hewn, may be seen, two near the church-yard wall—one of these evidently for an infant—and another one to the north-east.



HEYSHAM.

There are now no remains of coverings, but in some the ledges on which lids have rested may still be seen. Nothing is known of the history of these curious places of sepulture. Rock-cut graves are common enough in some countries, but as a rule they are either connected with sepulchral chambers or are much more deeply sunk into the rock ; these are practically stone coffins, of which the lower part has not been detached from the parent rock. I know of no other instance of such places of sepulture in England ; a few exist in France, of which far the most remarkable is in Provence, at the foot of the hill crowned by the Abbey of Montmajeur. Here the limestone rock about a curious cruciform chapel, dating from the beginning of the eleventh century, is hewn into graves ; there must be hundreds of them, made for children and for adults, and they are huddled together without order so closely that the rock is literally honeycombed with them—a cemetery no less strangely interesting than the famous one in the neighbouring town of Arles.

T. G. BONNEY.

ST. ANDREW'S, HOLBORN.
A CHURCH OF GREAT PREACHERS.

THE date of the foundation of the original church of St. Andrew is not known, but from a very early period this sacred building must have stood near the rapid stream or bourne from which Holborn (or Old Bourne) took its name—a stream which, rising near the place where Holborn Bars afterwards stood, and running down to the spot where once was a bridge, was joined by other water-courses from springs at Clerkenwell, Finsbury, and elsewhere, and so went brawling on to the Fleet, which carried the united streams across the foot of Ludgate Hill, past Bridewell, into the Thames.

Although there are several interesting memorial tablets in St. Andrew's, it is as usual to the registers that we must go to find the most interesting associations of the church. One entry which of late years has become noteworthy is that of the baptism of Benjamin Disraeli in 1817. At that time the future Prime Minister was twelve years of age, and his father, Isaac Disraeli, lived in King's Road, near the British Museum. The names of the brothers of the late Premier, Ralph and James Disraeli, also appear in the register of baptisms at the same date. St. Andrew's, it has been said, may almost be called the poet's church, as so many men of poetic genius have been in some way associated with it from the time of Webster, the author of "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfy." Webster was parish clerk, so his connection with the locality was distinctive. Among the most interesting records in the books is the marriage (in 1598) of Edward Coke, "the Queen's Attorney-General," and "my Lady Elizabeth Hatton," also that (in 1638) of Colonel Hutchinson and Lucy Apsley (the author of the Hutchinson Memoirs).

There are two names said to be in the register books which are full of sorrowful significance. One of them is that of Richard Savage, the wild, undisciplined companion of Samuel Johnson when both were young, unappreciated, and suffering from poverty almost reaching destitution. Of Richard Savage, who, as most people know, was the son of the ruthless and obdurate Countess of Macclesfield, it may be doubted whether his genius would have stood the test of any sustained literary effort. After a life of alternate want and dissipation, proud ambition and humiliating toadyism, he died in prison at Bristol, where he had been confined for debt, in 1743, and was buried at the expense of the keeper. It is on the representation by Dr. Johnson that Savage was baptised in the church of St. Andrew, by the direction of Earl Rivers, his reputed father, that he has been associated with that place and parish, but it

is exceedingly doubtful whether this was the case, and those who have searched the register books have not succeeded in discovering the entry. It is, at any rate, pretty certain that Savage was born in Brooke Street, Holborn.

In the register of burials, however, the name of another child of sorrow and of genius is plainly to be seen. Under date August 28th, 1770, is the entry—"William Chatterton, Brooks Street." This should have been "Thomas Chatterton," for it undoubtedly refers to the boy-poet; and, indeed, the words "the poet" have been added to the entry by a later hand, with the signature "J. Mill;" as though the person responsible for the explanation was known and his authority recognised. It was in the burial ground of the workhouse in Shoe Lane that Chatterton was buried; but the register is here, as it properly should be. It is a strange coincidence that Chatterton, who was born in Bristol, died in Brooke Street, whence he had a pauper funeral; and that Savage, born in Brooke Street, died in a debtors' prison in Bristol.

In those days the church of St. Andrew was a very prominent and important edifice. It stood in such a position that the west end was almost at the top of Holborn Hill, while the foundation being, of course, continued on that level to the south end in Shoe Lane, the very basement of the church there was considerably above the adjacent houses. This peculiarity, and the prominence of the front in a great and busy thoroughfare, or one might say the junction of several thoroughfares, gave more importance to the exterior appearance than naturally belongs to it. Still, a church 110 feet high, with 188 steps to reach the queer and rather ugly belfry, where the largest bell weighed 28 hundred-weight, may well have been regarded as one of the sights of London. It is possible to see it better now, however, for it stands in a quieter nook, and the character of the district has been changed by the great Viaduct, the abolition of the cattle market, and numberless other improvements, so that before we descend to the porch, we can note to greater advantage the two-storeyed structure, with its queer old tower ornamented with "modern" vanes and "pineapples" at the corners, its signs of an ancient buttress, and its ugly windows.

But, apart from the architectural importance of the building, St. Andrew's was, till the year 1832, the only church in this extensive parish, so that the incumbency and the curacies were by no means sinecures. What the original church was like it is not easy to say. There is nothing left of it except an underlying remnant of the tower, for, though the structure was unharmed by the Great Fire of London, it was already in such a dilapidated condition that it was taken down after that event, when so much rebuilding was going on. Of course Sir Christopher Wren made the designs for the new building, which was completed in 1686, the tower being suffered to remain till, in 1704, the great architect, who had already gone pretty well to the extremity of incongruity in other edifices,

advised that this relic of the original structure should be cased or faced with stone and be generally made incongruous, instead of either being restored or removed altogether; and there it remains unto this day, a hideous example of mistaken expediency.

Quite apart from any discussion of architectural purity, or perfect pro-

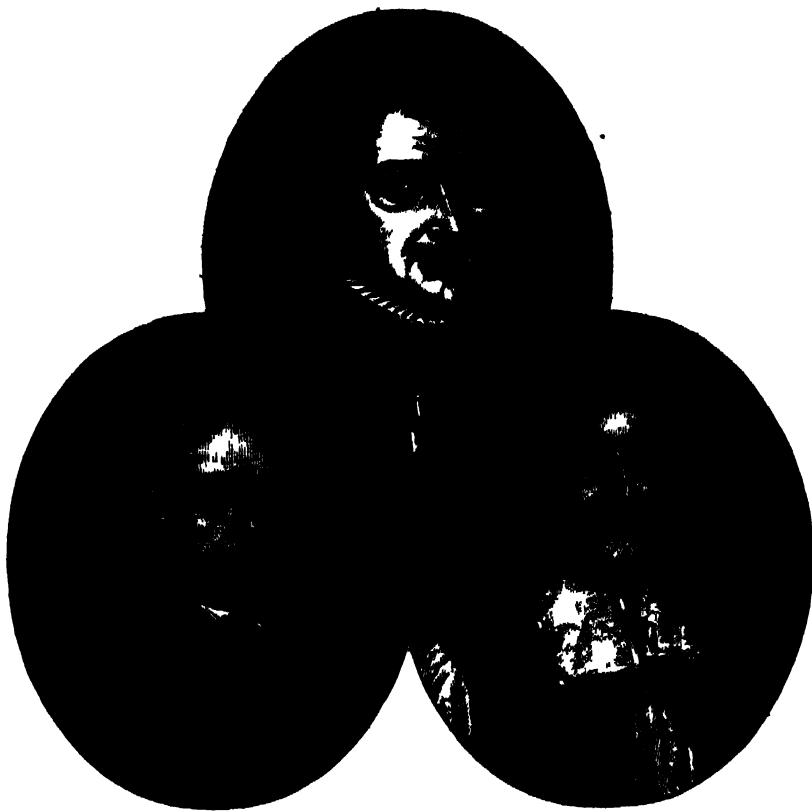


THE EXTERIOR.

portion, or technical completeness, the church of St. Andrew, Holborn, must be regarded as a very beautiful building in its internal aspect. It possesses a nave, two aisles, and a chancel, the walls of which are a good imitation of Sicilian marble; effective paintings and gilding being freely used in the ornamentation. Above the altar-piece, which is carved, is a large brilliant stained-glass window with very pronounced colours. It is in two storeys, which represent

respectively the Last Supper and the Ascension. It was executed by Price, of York, in 1718. This window has on each side of it a large painting, one of St. Andrew, the other of St. Peter, and there are two smaller panels containing a Holy Family and an infant Saint John.

Another stained-glass window in the north aisle has the royal arms and those of the donor of the window, with "1687. Ex dono Thomas Hodgson de Bramwill in Agro Eboracen. Militia." One at the end of the south aisle bears



SACHEVERELL.

HACKETT.

STILLINGFLEET.

the arms of John Thavie, Esq., who in 1348 left a good estate for the support of the fabric, and whose name still survives in Thavies Inn close by. The lands and tenements left by Thavie, or those succeeding the houses of the original bequest, were pulled down to make Farringdon Market, and as the trustees of the estate were the rector and churchwardens of St. Andrew's, six parishioners of the City Liberty and three from the two County Liberties, the purchase-money was still held in charge for the church, and amounted to about £1,300 a year, derived from an estate on the west side of Shoe Lane, on which a workhouse and schools then stood. This estate was bought by the trustees with the money they received in compensation for their estates taken by City

improvements, which have been going on ever since, so that the original and the acquired estates have undergone equal changes, and the whole aspect of the neighbourhood has improved, to the great advantage, let us hope, of the cause of religion and of education.

In 1871, when the improvements were made, the old rectory was taken down, and near the place on which it stood the present handsome and commodious residence, in the Gothic style, was erected from the designs of Mr. Teulon, the architect, who, with justice, regarded it as an excellent specimen of what a rectory to an important City church should be.

But we must return to the interior of the church, and, standing here at the entrance, with the stalls or pews of the churchwardens on either side, note the amplitude and commodious breadth of the building. Rows of pillars cased with dark wainscoting support the gallery, from the top of which small Corinthian columns sustain blocks or entablatures beneath a fine ceiling which is technically known as "waggon-headed," and rises in panels decorated with festoons of flowers and fruit, with gilded bows or ribands. This is the ceiling of the main body of the church, and the groined ceiling of the aisles opens into it, forming an arch between the columns. There are few churches in London wherein such warm and ornate decoration is to be found; and while the general aspect is that of solemn repose, the visitor for the first time can scarcely avoid the impression that the ornamentation is of a character somewhat unusual in ecclesiastical architecture in this country. But this impression is soon subjected to another, namely, that of comfort and of the ability to sit undisturbed by noise, or draught, or darkness, or chilly, repellent brick or stone, and to hear without effort the appeals of the preacher, the tuneful singing of the choir and congregation, or the sweet, mellow harmony of the fine organ, which has succeeded the former one built by Harris when he competed with Father Schmydt for supplying an instrument for the Temple Church.

The altar is remarkable, and is said to resemble that of no other church in England. It is a slab of marble, with a super-altar of the same material, and is supported by a handsome bronze stand. On Sundays it is covered, according to immemorial custom of St. Andrew's, with the communion plate, only a small portion of which is ancient, as nearly the whole of the sacramental silver was stolen from the parish clerk in 1799. The present communion plate is comparatively modern, the gift of the churchwardens of the time when the old service was stolen. There are, however, two fine altar-dishes of the date 1724, and along with the plate are two curious old silver-gilt mitres, with a bas-relief of St. Andrew carrying the cross, and two statuettes on silver headings of the same saint, which, during the time of Divine Service, are fixed upon the doors of the pews at the four corners of the nave. The carving of

the communion-rail, as well as of the pulpit, is some of the best work of Grinling Gibbons.

Perhaps the names of the many distinguished preachers who have made the pulpit of St. Andrew's famous for oratory and learning may be said to begin historically with that of John Hacket, who became rector in 1624, and held the incumbency for several years. "What a delightful and instructive book Bishop Hacket's 'Life of Archbishop Williams' is," says Coleridge. "You learn more from it of that which is valuable towards an insight into the times preceding the Civil Wars than from all the ponderous histories and memoirs now composed about that period." This is high praise; but John Hacket, Doctor of Divinity, had a facile pen, and had written a comedy in Latin which was twice performed before James I. As he was born in London in 1592, and lived till 1670, he must have been well acquainted with the stirring times of which he wrote. His works are not very numerous; but they have lived, and one of them, "Christian Consolations," was among the most famous at the time of its publication. As a pupil of Westminster School, Hacket went to Cambridge with a reputation, and was afterwards made a Fellow of Trinity College. In 1623 he became prebendary of Lincoln and chaplain to James I. In the following year he was appointed rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and of Cheam in Surrey. In 1642 he was prebend and residentiary in St. Paul's. Hacket took an active part against the Puritans in the Civil War, and, having retired to his living at Cheam, was made prisoner by the army of Essex; but he was soon liberated, and, remaining at Cheam till the Restoration, recovered all his preferments, being raised to the bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry in 1661. At a cost of £20,000, the greater part of which he himself contributed, he restored Lichfield Cathedral, which had been very much damaged by the cannon of the Puritans; and he also gave considerable sums to his college and to several public institutions. Opinions differ about his literary style, but about his erudition, faithful friendship, wit, and character, there seems to have been little dispute. His motto, we are told by one biographer, was, "Serve God and be chearfull." Nor can there be much doubt of his firmness and courage, for one Sunday, while he was reading the prayers in St. Andrew's, a soldier of the Earl of Essex entered the church, held a pistol to his heart, and commanded him to read no further. Not at all terrified, Hacket said he would do what became a divine, and his assailant might do what became a soldier. The man then permitted him to continue the service.

Edward Stillingfleet, the learned opponent alike of Popery and of Nonconformity, was one of the great preachers as he was one of the most able and energetic writers and profound scholars of his day. He was a native of Granbourne in Dorsetshire, was born in 1635, and became a prominent figure in the troublous times of James II. He was made a Fellow of St. John's College,

Cambridge, at the age of eighteen, and in 1657 was presented to the rectory of Sutton by his friend Sir Roger Burgoyne, to whom in 1662 he dedicated his great work, "Origines Sacrae; or, a Rational Account of the Grounds of Natural



THE INTERIOR.

and Revealed Religion," a kind of commentary on the text of a work of a similar character by Grotius. It would be of little value to enumerate the multitude of tracts, sermons, essays, and letters which were written by Stillingfleet from the time of the appearance of this book and during his constantly increasing duties as rector of St. Andrew's and Lecturer of the Temple, to which offices he was appointed in 1665. Other preferment came to him, and in 1689, ten years before his death, he was made Bishop of Worcester. His position was that of a moderate Churchman; but he was a vigorous opponent of Romanism, and wrote also in opposition to the Nonconformists on "The Unreasonableness of Separation from the Church of England," which brought upon him the retorts of Owen, Baxter, Alsop, and others.

At St. Andrew's, Stillingfleet was followed after an interval by Dr. Sacheverell, of whom it is a contested point whether he was most famous or notorious. At all events, there is no need here to recount the political history of the sermons which he preached at Derby, and afterwards at St. Paul's before the Lord Mayor in 1700, attacking the Whig Government and proclaiming the doctrine of passive obedience to the Sovereign. He was tried by impeachment, became a popular favourite with a loyal mob, who shouted for the Queen and Doctor Sacheverell, and was hooted by a mob less loyal, who were for the Ministry and freedom of opinion. The trial ended in his being suspended from his clerical office for three years, and being rewarded by Queen Anne with the presentation to the living of St. Andrew's directly the term of his sentence had expired. It was to Sacheverell that Addison addressed his "Farewell to the Muses." With reference to Sacheverell's opposition to the Nonconformists, it is recorded that William Whiston, the noted mathematician, who was an Arian, and is now chiefly known as the translator of Josephus, was a constant attendant at St. Andrew's, and Sacheverell, discovering his opinions, admonished him that he should not take the Communion, and, as he persisted, had him excluded from the church. Whiston wrote and published a complaint, and then removed to another parish, where it was said he conducted the worship of a congregation in his own house.

Following Sacheverell were the family of the Bartons—Dr. Jeffery Barton, Dr. Cutts Barton, and the Rev. Charles Barton, who was presented in 1781, and who, having been curate for a good many years when the previous rector died, ventured to wait on the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, into whose hands the presentation had fallen, to ask for the living. His disappointment may be imagined when her Grace received him with the abrupt reply, "You have come soon, and yet too late; for having made up my mind a dozen years ago as to whom I would give St. Andrew's, I have sent my servant with the presentation." There was nothing for it but that the disconsolate curate should make his bow and retire with the best grace that he could summon to his aid; but when he reached home his consternation was changed into delight, for it was to himself that the servant had been sent. "Ah! her Grace loves a joke," said he, as he put on his hat again that he might run back and thank his benefactress; and an excellent example of a practical joke it was.

It would scarcely be becoming to speak of the recent or immediate occupants of the famous pulpit of St. Andrew's; but it may perhaps be permissible to say that from it may still be heard addresses which, by liberal views, searching appeal, effective eloquence, and scholarly attainments, well sustain its great reputation.

THOMAS ARCHER.

WALTHAM ABBEY AND BATTLE CHURCH.

MEMORIES OF HAROLD.



UTILATED as it is, a fragment only, and that a damaged one, of a once splendid conventional church, the Abbey of Waltham is one of the most interesting buildings in Britain. It was a church wherein was lodged the Holy Rood, a worker of miracles in its day hardly less famed than the coat of Treves or the "true cross" of Jerusalem. It was the one great gift of Harold to the Church; and even this was a foundation for secular priests, for "he loved not monks." It is believed to be his building. That Waltham Abbey was practically founded by Harold is beyond dispute; that he built the church which now remains, or that it was his place of burial, is less certain. A religious community, but on a very small scale, had indeed been established in the valley of the Lea at a yet earlier date than the days of Harold. The Holy Rood was discovered at Montacute in the reign of Canute. Its hiding-place was revealed by a vision, and it was brought to Waltham by a team of oxen, as legend says, unguided by any driver. Miracle followed miracle; and the lord of the district, one Thoni, made a foundation at Waltham for two priests and other clerks, to keep the sacred charge. In his sons' days the lordship of Waltham was acquired by the Crown, and granted to Harold. He determined to build a grand church, and to transform the little fraternity of the Holy Rood into a great foundation, and carried out his design about the year 1060, the charter of confirmation bearing date 1062. His motive in selecting Waltham for his munificence is unknown. Legend states that he was cured of a paralysis by the touch of the Holy Rood; but for this explanation there is no foundation. The college flourished, became a monastery, underwent various changes, some of which can still be traced in the fragments which remain, was finally suppressed, and the greater portion of it, together with the monastic buildings, except a gateway and one or two fragments, utterly destroyed. "The nave of the Romanesque church is all that remains. The addition of a large decorated chapel to the south, and of a debased tower to the west, the destruction of the eastern part of the church, and of the whole conventional buildings, have between them converted the once splendid church at Waltham into a patched and mutilated fragment." Too true; but a fragment of no small grandeur, of no little interest.

But was Harold buried in Waltham Abbey? On this point there is a conflict of testimony. As to his final resting-place, there are three accounts at least. The

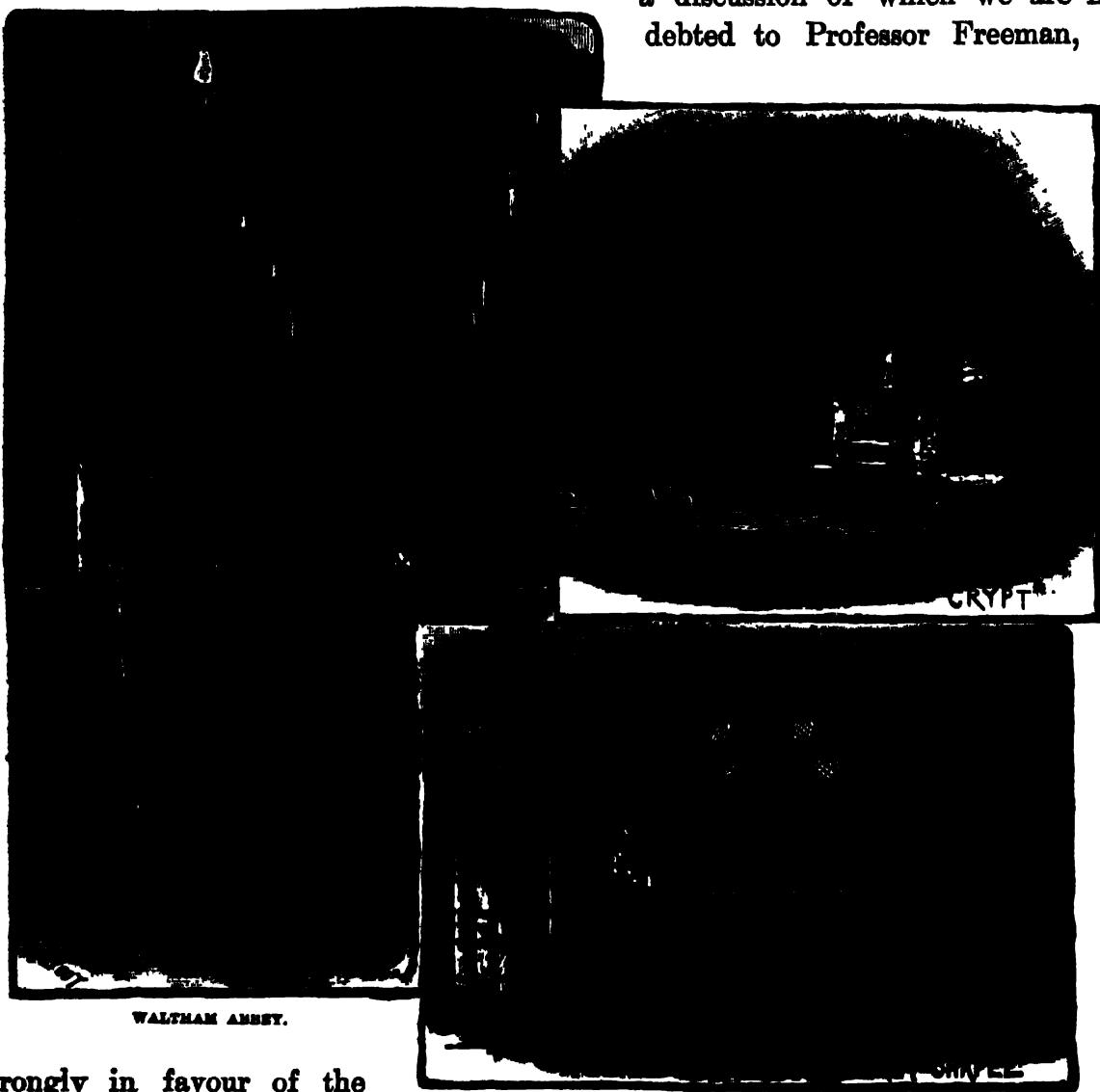


WALTHAM ABBEY. FROM THE SOUTH-FADE.

one declares that he did not fall on the field of Senlac, but, escaping under cover of the night, made his way to Chester, and there, after living some time as an anchorite in a cell near the city walls, which is still pointed out, died and was buried. This theory is by no means of modern growth. It is mentioned, but of course not favourably, in "Liber de Inventione Sanctæ Crucis," the author of which, a canon of Waltham Abbey, wrote in the reign of Henry I. On this story, however, we need not dwell, nor on the variation of it which makes him end his days as a monk at Waltham. As the best authority on the subject informs us, nothing is more certain than that Harold fell on the field of Senlac. Still, granting this, it is doubtful where he was buried. Upon this point the earliest authors are not agreed. Some say that his body was given up freely by the Conqueror to his mother, by whom it was conveyed to Waltham Abbey and there entombed; others that William, though offered for the corpse its weight in gold, sternly refused an honourable burial for him through whose doing so many lay unburied. "Place him," he said, "between the land and the sea, since madly he has oppressed both." On the former side are Ordericus Vitalis, William of Poitou, and Guy of Amiens; on the latter, William of Malmesbury, Wace, and others. With such a conflict of early authorities, it is hard to come to a conclusion. Professor Freeman suggests, as a possible solution, that William may have first pronounced the harsher sentence, and shortly afterwards, when he was adopting a policy of conciliation towards the English, may have permitted Harold's relations to exhume the body and bury it at Waltham. It is certainly difficult to understand how a false tradition of Harold's burial at this abbey could have sprung up within a century of the date of his death, and during a time when the possession of his tomb would not have been a passport to the favour of the king or of his courtiers. Waltham was too near to London to be a suitable centre for reactionary sentiment in the time of the Norman monarchs.

There is yet another question of the highest interest for the archaeologist. Is the oldest part of the present church a remnant of the one built by Harold? As a rule, such a question would not be difficult to answer. In this case it is by no means easy. The style of the Romanesque work in Waltham Church, though indicative of an early date, seems too advanced for a building erected soon after the middle of the eleventh century. Still, it appears to be rather earlier in design than the transepts of Winchester and the nave of Durham, which are among our earliest Norman work, and certainly the style is less developed than it is at Ely, Peterborough, or Norwich, with all of which cathedrals it has many points in common. It resembles the nave of St. Stephen's at Caen, which was built by William the Conqueror in commemoration of his victory, and was consecrated eleven years after the death of Harold, or within twenty years of the asserted building of Waltham. Hence we may explain the architectural difficulty by

supposing that Harold, like King Edward at Westminster, entrusted the building of his church to Norman architects, as he had personal knowledge of the superiority of their work to that of the men of his own land. Negative evidence, for a discussion of which we are indebted to Professor Freeman, is

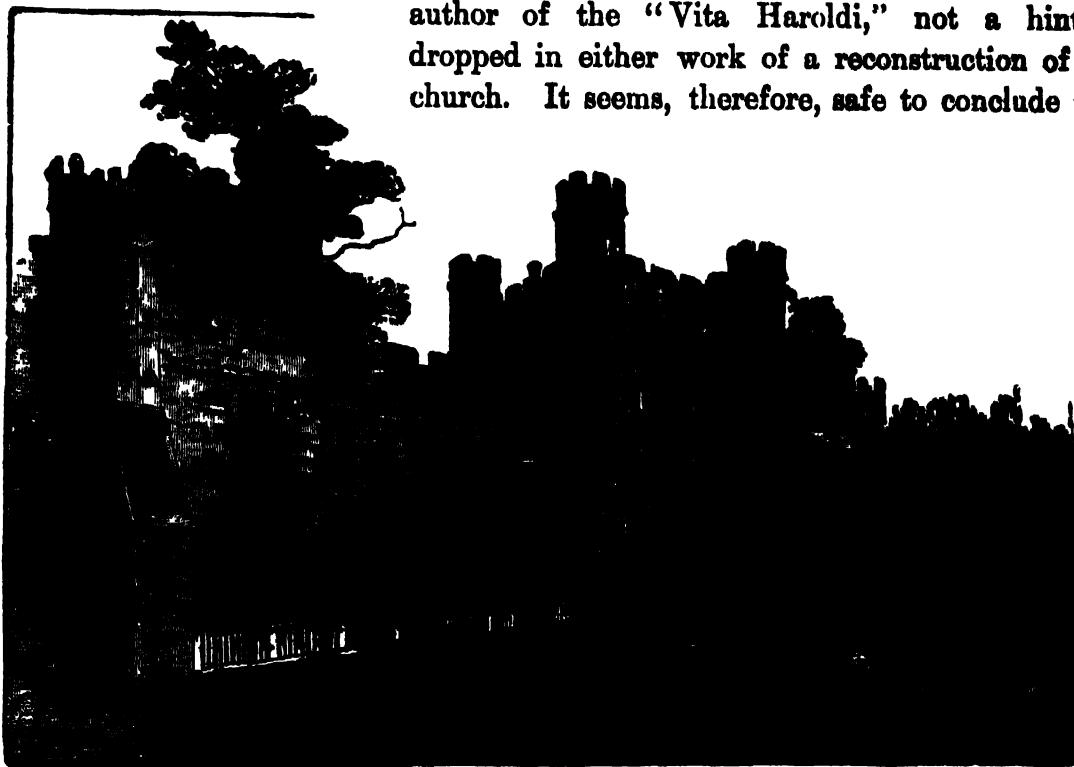


strongly in favour of the claim of Waltham Abbey to

be the actual work of Harold. There are two early chronicles: the "Vita Haroldi," which was written shortly after the year 1205, and the "Liber de Inventione Sanctae Crucis," already mentioned. Now, whatever be the date of the Romanesque work at Waltham, it is certainly much earlier than the end of the twelfth century. The foundation was indeed remodelled by Henry II., who removed the "seculars" and brought in "regulars;" and this would be a likely occasion for a rebuilding; but we can hardly believe the architecture to be so

late as 1177. We may go further, and say that early in this century is the latest date which we can assign to the nave. It is therefore improbable that a church of exceptional splendour would have been rebuilt within little more than half a century without some cause—such as a fire—which would certainly have formed an epoch in the annals of the abbey and have been well known to the above authors. Yet, although Henry's alterations and sundry changes

in the monastic buildings are mentioned by the author of the "Vita Haroldi," not a hint is dropped in either work of a reconstruction of the church. It seems, therefore, safe to conclude that



GATEWAY OF BATTLE ABBEY.

in the nave of Waltham Abbey we have a fragment of Harold's church, and a building in the most advanced style of Romanesque architecture, as it then existed, in the north-western part of Europe.

The Abbey of the Holy Rood (for so we may now call it) was placed on the meadows in the level valley of the Lea, between the river and the slopes which rise gradually to the gently-swelling uplands of Epping Forest. There, though perhaps the situation was in early days somewhat marshy, the brethren would not have far to go for their dinner of fish on a day of fasting, or for a fat buck to grace the table at a high festival. At the present time there is little to attract, either in the situation or in the exterior of the abbey. From the railway station a level road leads us through scattered houses and a poor-looking street up to a mean and rather low tower, which stands full in view at the end. Houses

or gardens prevent any examination of the northern side of the church; the road passes close to the western front, but on the south is a fairly spacious churchyard, in which are some large elms, one, opposite to the south door, a huge stump, mutilated like the church itself, but evidently of a very great age.

In a few words we may describe such parts of the exterior as can be seen by the ordinary visitor. The western tower was built in 1556, some years after the suppression of the abbey; it is a paltry work, rendered yet meaner by a "restoration" in the last century. By this addition a rather fine Late Decorated western front, the doorway of which yet remains within the tower, and portions of which may still be seen flanking it, was utterly defaced. This façade, like that of St. Alban's, had no towers; but the Norman church was designed for western towers, indications of which may still be seen, at any rate on the south side, though it is very doubtful whether they were ever completed. This side also shows us the original Norman work, still comparatively intact; the aisle lighted by round-headed windows of simple design, with circular windows above, indicative of a triforium, and a clerestory of windows generally similar to those below. There is a south door (restored), and against the two bays east of it has been erected a Late Decorated chapel with large but not very satisfactory windows. It has a separate entrance, and its floor is on a higher level than the church. Beneath it is a vaulted crypt, half-sunk in the ground, and lighted by small windows; this is now occupied mainly by a warming apparatus. Evidently this addition blocked the side lights of the southern transept, but it has led to the preservation of the wall, from which we see that, as in St. Stephen's, Caen, the transepts were short, consisting only of two bays from the crossing, and without aisles. Beyond this wall all has perished; the western tower arch, of course, still remains, and is blocked up, the windows being evidently a modern restoration. Of the choir not a trace remains, and on the northern side even the western wall of the transept has been obliterated; the churchyard occupies the site of these buildings, and beyond it are gardens. Probably Harold's abbey had only a short choir, like the original one at St. Stephen's, Caen. That at first consisted of two bays only, and was terminated by an apse; but inasmuch as a reconstruction of the nave at Waltham was taken in hand in the fifteenth century, it is very probable that the original choir had been previously removed, and had been replaced by one more suited to an elaborate ritual. A church which in its plan still retained some remembrance of the primitive basilica was rarely suffered to remain unaltered during the latter part of the Middle Ages. The oldest choirs which have come down to us were, I believe, in all cases built after a distinctly cruciform plan had been adopted. In most instances we find the older Norman work in the nave.

Seven bays form the nave of Waltham, six of the bays being arranged in pairs;

the middle pillar of the easternmost pair has a spiral ornament, that of the next pair a chevron ornament. Both these types occur at Durham and Dunfermline; that of the westernmost pair is plain. The capitals are rather flat. There is a large triforium arch in each bay, which is not divided, as at Peterborough and at Rochester, and a fairly high clerestory window of one light, with a small subsidiary blank arch on either side. A zigzag ornamentation is rather freely used. In short, the design and proportion have a general resemblance to those in the naves of Ely, Peterborough, and Southwell, and the old work, except in the western bays, has escaped from later alterations. There is a flat wooden ceiling, a restoration, painted, and a copy of that at Peterborough. The aisles are open to the roof, now a modern half-barrel in wood, so that there is no triforium gallery. They do not appear to have been vaulted, but there seem to be some indications that, as we should expect, the triforium was formerly a reality, and was cut off by a flat ceiling. This, however, must have been removed at an early period, probably in the fourteenth century, when the ill-advised alterations were made in the western bays. These may be briefly designated as a very clumsy attempt to reconstruct the nave, after the manner of William of Wykeham at Winchester. But at Waltham the architect merely cut away the pier arch, replacing the mouldings of the triforium arch by very mean Late Decorated work, leaving the original Norman piers both in the one and in the other. Anything more hideous and incongruous than the result it is difficult to conceive. The blunderers had spoiled two bays, and had just begun upon the next triforium arch on the north side when fortunately their work was stopped. Except for the Lady Chapel on the south side, and the insertion of a fairly good Decorated and of a poor Perpendicular window on the north side, the original work still remains, even in the walls of the aisles.

The church has undergone a very careful restoration, the most noteworthy addition being a carved and painted reredos, which harmonises well with the rest of the buildings. Except for a large Elizabethan monument, and a marble tomb, on which the bust of the departed Mr. R. Smith, who died in 1697, stands as if on a sideboard, there is little to notice in the details of the church. The tomb of Harold, with others of note, was in the choir. These have all perished, but to examine such a precious fragment of the earlier Romanesque is well worth a long pilgrimage.

In association with this foundation of Harold, we may briefly notice the church—which has survived the abbey that was built to commemorate his defeat and death; though with these events the church had only an indirect connection. On the spot where Harold fell, at the foot of the Royal Standard of England, the Conqueror placed the high altar of his votive abbey. Its stately buildings rose

upon the plateau, overlooking the slopes which had been drenched with the blood of the combatants. That church, however, has been levelled with the ground; only portions of the monastery remain; the parish church of Battle is an offshoot of later date. At first the people of the village worshipped in the conventional church. This was soon found inconvenient by the monks, so that one Ralph, Abbot of Battle from 1107 to 1124, built a parish church, to the north of the monastery, on the opposite verge of the plateau, which was served by one of the monks as chaplain-vicar. The present structure is of various dates. The older part is Early English, but the pillars of the nave may perhaps be a little more ancient. Considerable additions and alterations were made, in both the Decorated and the Perpendicular styles, the western tower being a late example of the latter. There are several monuments, anterior to the Reformation, which are interesting, and so are other details, on which want of space precludes us from dwelling. The church, which has been restored, is in excellent order, and should not be left unvisited by pilgrims to the field of Senlac. The latter affords little pleasure. Once only in a week is admission granted to one of the most interesting spots in England, the scene of the greatest crisis in our national history; and then the accumulated throngs are conducted along like flocks of sheep. Doubtless anything like admission on easy terms might be annoying to the owner, but if so, steps should be taken to make the field of Senlac national property.

One characteristic of the church must be noticed. As the abbey was free from episcopal jurisdiction, so also was the church. Previous to the Reformation its minister was one of the *decani* or deans of the abbey, and after its suppression the immunity and the title still remained; thus the rector continued to bear the title of Dean of Battle. His parish formed what was called a Peculiar, and so late as 1844 the Bishop of Chichester, when confirming in the church, protested that he acted not by his episcopal authority but with consent of the dean. To this day similar immunity is claimed by the Dean of Westminster, who guards his rights by a formal protest when the abbey is used for an episcopal function; but the only Deans of Peculiar now remaining in England, besides Battle, are at Stamford and at Bocking.

T. G. BONNEY.

EYAM.

BETWEEN THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

IF you ask, in any part of the wild and beautiful moorland country, on the confines of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, commonly identified by holiday-making Sheffield grinders with the Hallamshire hunt, or if you interrogate any dweller in the Peak, regarding the road to Eyam, you will probably receive no better reply on the instant than a puzzled stare, a shake of the head, and an expression of doubt as to the existence of any such place thereabouts. There's Baslow; but you don't mean Baslow; no, nor Foolow, nor yet Grin'l'ford Bridge. Is it Eem? If you have any intimate experience of popular vagaries in the pronunciation of local names you will make a dash at "Eem," and say that's it, as indeed it is. The corruption of the name is really nothing compared with Toadholes for Twodales. Eyam, or Eem, is one of the most interesting villages in England. Romantic in situation, in appearance, in the traditions and monuments which link it with noble deeds in the annals of practical religion and divine humanity, it stands in the first rank of places that ought to be famous. Yet it is little visited by tourist or "tripper," lying as it does beyond railway reach, and only accessible from Sheffield by omnibus three times a week. The nomenclature of the spot is curious. You hear frequent mention of a certain Sir William, who exists only in form of a mountain or lofty hill, by which winds the road that brings you down through a lovely dell into the scarce less lovely village. Again, there is Cucklet Church; but you may turn the leaves of the Clergy List in vain to find the name of patron or incumbent, the value of the living, or any circumstances relating to the presentation. There is, in fact, no parish of Cucklet, nor any church built with human hands, but only a rock, with an adjacent ravine, the name of which is Cucklet Delph. How the name Cucklet Church arose, and how the rock came to be called Pulpit Rock—a title as lasting, in all likelihood, as the limestone buttress itself—will appear on closer acquaintance with Eyam and its history.

Eyam, indeed, being a township, village, and parish of Derbyshire, and a



THE CROSS.

rural deanery to boot, in the archdeaconry of Derby and the diocese of Lichfield, has a church—the church of St. Helen—an ancient stone building, with chancel, nave, aisles, and a square clock-tower, which holds a peal of four bells. The tower, rising from the west end, was added in the reign of James I. by a pious maiden lady, Madam Stafford, one of the Staffords whose old mansion crumbles to decay above the village, where it stands in token of their proprietorship in these parts long ago. Like most old churches in rustic parts, as indeed in populous communities also, this parish church of Eyam bears the mark of many an age since its early foundation. There was little thought of architectural congruity during the slow growth, from period to period, of abbeys and churches in olden times. The additions were made as their need arose; and we see in the church of St. Helen a curious diversity of styles, each relating to a separate chapter in the history of the building. Inscriptions on the bells are “*Jesvs bee our spede,*” and “*God save His Church.*” Something less than twenty years ago the edifice was restored by the architect of the new Courts of Justice in London—the late Mr. George Edward Street, R.A. The monuments within the church principally commemorate the Middleton and Wright families; there is a brass which records the restoration of the building as a memorial of the Plague; and there is also a stained-glass window, in memory of Mrs. Charles Gregory. About the most ancient relic pertaining to the interior is the stone font, which is lined with lead; this precaution for its preservation having been taken, apparently, many generations ago, when the decay of the stone became a matter of very proper and respectful anxiety.

But it is outside the church that a far more ancient monument than any within its walls is to be seen. This is a knotted and so-called “runic” cross, which, having been found in remarkably good preservation on Eyam Moor, was brought hither, and now divides attention, in the quiet old churchyard surrounded by lofty lindens, with the tomb of that devoted Christian gentlewoman, Catherine Mompesson, wife of the no less faithful messenger of mercy and beneficence, William Mompesson, Rector of Eyam in the direful year 1665. The lady whose remains are here entombed was the daughter of Ralph Carr, of Cocker, in the county of Durham. Something strange and awful characterises the record of that visitation which connected a remote Derbyshire village, shut in by natural beauties that are themselves significant of pastoral seclusion, with a plague-stricken city far away. It was rumoured that a chest of infected clothes, sent from London to a tailor in this little township, carried death to more than three-fourths of the population, sparing, indeed, only eighty-three persons out of a total of three hundred and fifty. The register, which dates from the year 1636, bears terrible witness to this sweeping scourge. The church and churchyard became in a few weeks or months an over-gorged Golgotha, and

graves were of necessity made in open places around the village; so that the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," for the most part, in ground unconsecrated, or consecrated only by fellowship in the common lot. The beautiful story of the Mompessons has the advantage over many church legends of being simply true.

When the pestilence broke out at Eyam, in the year 1665, the rector, William Mompesson, who had resided there no more than a twelvemonth, was on the point of resigning his living. This is plainly shown by a letter which is extant. But he was one of those pastors whom affliction binds all the more firmly to their flocks. He gave up his intention of departure, sent away his children only, and remained with his saint-like wife to succour all who needed help and consolation. With the approval and assistance of the Earl of Devonshire, he drew a cordon round the village, and by the force of gentleness induced all his parishioners to remain within the boundary, so that they might not be the means of spreading contagion broadcast. Their love and respect for this good man—priest, physician, and legislator in one—no doubt saved the district. Meanwhile the Earl, who never left his seat of Chatsworth in the adjacent country, while the pestilence raged, sent them food, which was placed just outside the line of demarcation; and this method was adopted with regard to other necessities supplied from without, payment being made in a singular manner, for which a local peculiarity aptly provided. Troughs of running water are common throughout the district; in some of these the money was placed; and one of them, to this day, is called Mompesson's Well.

It is plain that the Rev. William Mompesson had subscribed the Act of Uniformity, and was not one of the 2,000 clergyman lost in those days to the Church of England by their conscientious scruples and refusal to conform. But, as if to show that differences in theology may and do exist without loss of true charity on either side, there still dwelt in Eyam the former rector of the place, Mr. Mompesson's immediate predecessor, the Rev. Thomas Stanley, who had been ejected from his living for contumacy. In all likelihood there existed between these two gentlemen no great warmth of personal regard. A certain, or, rather, an uncertain, degree of coolness may almost be assumed here, as a matter of course. But sorrow is "a reverend thing." In its sight, men do not stand to chop logic; and the two clergymen, joining heart and hand, were one. It was little they could do, yet it was much. The healing art had degenerated, and had fallen largely among quacks. Science, especially sanitary science, stood afar off; and, medically, the two faithful preachers and doers of the Word were, as we should say, "nowhere." The poorest and weakest of their flock could not have stood more humbly or more ignorantly in the hand of God than did they. Little, very little, was their own unaided power of help.

But the two soldiers of peace carried on the strife day after day, week after week, month after month. The foe was strong and pitiless. For more than a year did the rector and his wife, aided by their friend, devote themselves wholly and entirely to their flock. Then, having spared but a remnant of the



THE CHURCH.

population, one-fourth at most, the pestilence abated. It had ceased in London before the end of May, 1666; and there was good hope in the little Derbyshire villages that there also its ravages were finally stayed. But alas! no. There came another outbreak in August, fiercer than the first; and that fourth portion of the Eyam folk which remained was speedily reduced to a sixth, among the later victims being the brave Catherine Mompesson. Then her bereaved husband closed the church, as a means of reducing the danger of infection. A family named Hancock, numbering seven in all, was mowed down in one week. Its members were all buried on the hill-side, where many other graves were made, their own resting-place being now marked by memorial stones. At one time the fields, on which corn has since waved, were covered with similar memorials; but by ones, twos, and threes, they have been carried off by cottagers, to serve as lintels, thresholds, and hearths for their humble dwellings. Moreover, those that for a time were spared ceased to preserve their olden character and significance. Agreeably to ancient local custom, they were laid flat in the first instance; but

some freak or mistaken notion of propriety caused them to be set upright. The closing of Eyam Church was, as already stated, the best means that could be devised for checking the contagion, and it by no means denoted that approach of insane, desperate infidelity which has sometimes heaped horror upon horror's head. We know that ribald, blasphemous orgies raged in London among the dead and dying, that wretches hastened their end with fiery drink, and died with laughter and curses on their lips. There are no records, nor was there any likelihood, of such hideous profanity among the victims of the plague at Eyam.

We have seen that the church was closed, and yet supplications to the throne of grace, from the sadly dwindling body of worshippers, did not cease. In the lofty limestone rock already mentioned is a natural opening or perforation. From this high place, known for all after time as Pulpit Rock, the good clergyman addressed, exhorted, encouraged, and consoled his afflicted congregation, seated on the grass far apart. Such was the origin of the name which has clung lovingly to the ravine for two hundred years and upward—Cucklet Church. The instinctive reverence which bids a man take off his hat when he enters the House of God, may well prompt the same decorous act when he stands in view of this primitive seclusion, which is a church only in name. No vaulted roof, but heaven's own canopy, overspreads the spot; no lofty shafts of stone spring up to meet arch after arch in lengthening vista; there are no marble tombs, proud in heraldic blazonry and chivalric emblems; no deftly carved baldaquin covers mural monument or recumbent knight; no banners, mouldering in peaceful decay, tell their tales of olden feud and battle; no deep rich tint of gules or azure stains the sunshine. Peace, and the memory of love stronger than death, have made the spot their consecrated home; and truly, if we seek the monument of that man to whose virtues and devotion Cucklet Church and the Pulpit Rock owe their names in the history of beneficence, we have but to "look around." There is something almost suggestive of natural architecture in the spot. The rock, projecting from the side of a steep hill, is perforated so as to resemble the portico of an irregularly formed building. The deep and narrow dingle in which it is placed is rich with verdure. Its steep sides are adorned with the hazel, the wild-rose, the dogberry, and the yew, beautifully chequered with the light and silvery branches of the birch, and the more ample foliage and deeper colouring of the oak and the elm. Here, too, in all its luxuriance, is the Tree of the Peak, the tall, aspiring ash, so invariable an adjunct of Derbyshire landscape.

In the first poignancy of his anguish when his wife died, and when he saw the little remnant of his flock falling around him, Mompesson wrote a sad but not despairing letter to his patron, Sir George Savile, in which he spoke of himself as a dying man, for, indeed, there seemed little hope or likelihood that

his life would be spared. His beloved wife, the mother of his two children, who had been sent to a place of safety, was but twenty-seven years old at the time she died of this terrible malady. Thinking now only of his "two pretty babes," he made his will, and in the farewell letter to Sir George Savile expressed a hope that this gentleman would not take it amiss to find himself named as executor. But the good clergyman was not yet to die. He had never feared death; but reason had shown him the slenderness of the thread by which he held to life. In November, 1666, he wrote, "Here has been such burning of goods that the like I think was never known, and, indeed, in this I think we have been too precise. For my part, I have scarcely left myself apparel to shelter my body from the cold, and have washed more than need was, merely for example. As for my part I cannot say that I had ever better health than during the time of the dreadful visitation, neither can I say that I have had any symptoms of the disease. My man had the distemper, and upon the appearance of a tumour I gave him several chemical antidotes, which had a very kind operation, and, with the blessing of God, kept the venom from his heart; and after the rising broke he was very well."

William Mompesson, two or three years after the great tribulation which befell him and his people, was presented to the living of Eakring, a village in Notts, where is a very ancient church that formerly belonged to Rufford Abbey; and here he ended his days, and was buried within the walls of the said church. Eakring is near the quiet, clean, and demure little cathedral-city of Southwell, where Mompesson held a prebendary. In spite of the length of time which had elapsed since the devastation of Eyam by the Black Death, the ignorant villagers of Eakring refused to have him in their midst; so at first he dwelt alone in a hut which was built for him in Rufford Park, the seat of the Saviles.

Traits of Derbyshire configuration have a marked centre in Eyam, which is built on a series of stalactite caves, and has all the geological peculiarities of the Peak, while the country around is in the highest degree picturesque, romantic, and interesting. The mountain strangely named Sir William rises to a height of 1,200 feet, almost in the centre of the township. From the summit of this eminence the view over moor and dale extends to Axe Edge, Mam Tor, and Kinderscout; nor is it the only prospect which confers on the village a name for grandeur and beauty. To the north of Eyam is a mountain range which completely shelters the place from bleak winds prevailing in that quarter; and nearer to the little commune is that beautiful dell which is sometimes called the Rock Garden and sometimes the Place of Echoes. The parish is more than two-thirds agricultural, the chief crops being grass and corn; though, indeed, as in most of the Peak country, pasturage fills the first place, and there is much grazing and dairy-land. To glance through the local directory is to see the word "farmer"

in almost unbroken sequence, like a row of railings. If the truth were known, it is probable that much of the cheese sold as Cheshire comes from this part of Derbyshire, over and above the kind that is known as Derby cheese. The Peak land, on which rain falls copiously and often, is, nevertheless, barron, compared with the rich, flat, arable country of South Derbyshire.

In no part of Great Britain is antiquity more visibly stamped on the names of places. Barrows, burics, and lows are all unmistakable signs of the Roman or the Briton; and the names that bear some or other of these terminations are manifold. Eyam comes in for a fair share. Its moor, now enclosed, was covered with "Druidical" remains; and the north part of the parish is full of cairns, barrows, mounds, and similar relics of the vague and distant past. The ring of stones on Eyam moor, reduced in number from sixteen to ten, is the most nearly perfect of the class which has been defined by the late Sir John Gardner Wilkinson as "encircled cairns;" but it does not stand alone, for near it are traces of no fewer than twelve similar, though smaller, circles. The name of this particular example, in the folk-lore of Eyam and the district, is Wet-withins. There is a very deep mine on Eyam edge, the deepest, indeed, in Derbyshire, called the New Engine Mine, where, according to tradition, the shock of the earthquake which destroyed Lisbon in 1755 was sensibly felt. Other mines in the same locality are also said to have been affected by that stupendous natural convulsion. The peculiar condition of the mineral galena, an ore of lead, locally known as "slickensides," occurs in Hay Cliff Mine. The blow of a hammer, the scratch of a pick, might at any time explode the rock to which this perilous stuff is attached.

Of the old stone cross which stands near the chancel porch in Eyam churchyard a few words remain to be said. It is a thing apart from Eyam history, that is, the history of the village so named, for it was brought hither from the adjacent moor, and was laid prostrate and broken in a neglected corner, where, overgrown with docks, thistles, and other rank weeds, it was perceived by Howard, the philanthropist, on a visit which he paid to these parts. It is a relic of an early period of Christianity in Great Britain, and is more curiously ornamented and embossed than one which is preserved in the churchyard of Bakewell, and which was found, like the Eyam specimen, on the moorlands, and deposited for safety in consecrated ground. Both crosses are sadly mutilated, and it is a common tradition at Eyam that the fragment lost from the top of the shaft, measuring about two feet in length, was thrown carelessly about the ground, towards the end of the last or beginning of the present century, till at last it was knocked to pieces, and scattered no one can tell where.

GODFREY WORDSWORTH TURNER.

SHREWSBURY.

CHURCHES OF THE TOWN AND OF BATTLEFIELD.



FEW English towns offer more attractions to the traveller than Shrewsbury, which has been a place of note since the Princes of Powis had their palace in Pen-gwern, even then, twelve centuries ago, an old British stronghold. The country round is remarkably pretty, the town is finely situated on a steep headland, washed on three sides by the Severn, and its streets are unusually rich in relics of olden time. On the present occasion, however, we must not linger over its timbered houses, many and fine though they be, over its broken walls, or its famous grammar-school, but restrict ourselves to a passing glance at its churches, two of which, by their graceful spires, add much to the beauty of the views of the town.

St. Mary's, the most conspicuous of these—for its tapering spire rises some 200 feet above the churchyard, and its eastern window overlooks the steep descent to the margin of the Severn—is one of those buildings that are at once a problem and a delight to the antiquarian. It has been enlarged, altered more than once, and partly rebuilt, so that to decipher its history is almost like picking to pieces a puzzle. In this, however, we are helped, while the composite aspect of the building is increased, by the fact that stone of different colour has been used at different periods. There was a church here before the Norman Conquest, of which, however, no remnant can now be identified. This, probably not long after that event, was replaced by a structure which forms the nucleus of, and was not much smaller than, the present church. It was plain and massive in style, constructed of a rather friable red sandstone. To this church, besides sundry fragments, may be referred the three lower stages of the tower and parts of the transepts, especially a circular window in the northern and a plain round-headed window in the southern transept, both in the eastern walls. Hence we see that it, too, was cruciform in plan. A small fragment of an arcade in the south wall of the chancel, about half-way along it, shows that its choir extended for some distance eastwards. This church, however, was not allowed to stand very long untouched. About the end of the twelfth century it was gutted and to a great extent rebuilt. To this period belong the graceful clustered columns and the semicircular moulded arches which divide the nave from the aisles, together with the arches at the cross, the greater part of the transepts, and portions of the chancel. This work indicates the transition from the Norman to the Early English style, and must, I



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. BAUNTON.

ST MARY'S, SHREWSBURY.

think, have occupied some time. The two arches in the eastern wall of each transept are semicircular and distinctly Norman in character; so, too, are the nave arches, but these have all the grace, lightness, and general treatment which betokens the influence of the later style, while the great arches at the cross are pointed. Above these, however, is an arcade, the outer arches of which are round, and the principal windows in the transepts are true "lancets." There is also Early English work in the chancel, but this again has been altered. It is evident



THE ABBEY CHURCH.

that the church at this time was lower than it is at present, for the arcade just mentioned appears to have originally formed a pair of windows. Possibly there may have been a low tower at the cross, but, if so, the eastern wall has been entirely obliterated. In this condition the church probably remained for another century, and then the architects again set to work. The chancel was altered and the magnificent eastern window inserted, the aisles were rebuilt, the clerestory was rebuilt or added, a great chapel was erected east of the southern

transept, and those attached to the northern were partly reconstructed, a chamber was placed above the Norman north porch; lastly, the massive walls of the old Norman west tower were made to support a belfry chamber and the present tapering spire. These alterations were not simultaneous. As may be seen, they began when the Decorated style had reached its fullest development, of which the east window is an example; they continued till the Perpendicular became the fashion, as indicated in most other parts of the building, and notably in the spire. Since then the chroniclers of St. Mary's have little to record except the usual tale of neglect and injury, amended during the present reign by a very thorough restoration. This seems to have been done with but little reconstruction, so that the inquirer can venture to speculate, as we have done, on the past history of the fabric.

On many other interesting details we have not space to dwell; but the richly carved dark oak roof of the nave must not be forgotten, nor the old stained glass, in which the church is unusually rich. The great east window is a representation of the "Stem of Jesse;" the glass, however, was transferred hither from a Franciscan priory, and so was not originally designed for the tracery. On the north side of the chancel is a very interesting window representing incidents in the life of St. Bernard. The design is attributed to Albert Dürer; at any rate, it is of his period, and indicates the hand of no mean draughtsman. A statue, commenced by Chantrey, commemorates Dr. Butler, once head master of the school and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield; and a tablet records the name of that old sea lion, Admiral Benbow, who carried on a running fight for five days with the French fleet, which was only preserved by the cowardice or treachery of his own captains. Chagrin and a wound, received on the last morning of the fight, brought him to his grave; but it is satisfactory to record that the recreants were justly punished, two of them being shot. An old altar tomb claims to be the grave of Hotspur. It is, however, earlier, perhaps by a century, than the date of his death, and is generally supposed to belong to a family named Leyborne, formerly lords of Berwick. That would give it a faint connection with Hotspur's death, for he camped near this place on the last night of his life, and recognised an evil omen in its name. There may also be a certain historical basis for the tradition, for when the tomb was opened some years back a headless skeleton was found therein, which had apparently been introduced a good while after the original interments. This has been supposed to be the remains of the Earl of Worcester, who was executed at Shrewsbury a day or two after the battle. His friends may have hastily buried his body in this tomb, lest, like that of Hotspur, it should be subjected to indignities.

The second important church in Shrewsbury stands on the low ground on

the opposite bank of the Severn, near the confluence of the Meolo Brook. It is a fragment, almost the only one now remaining, of the once stately Benedictine abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul. Before the Norman Conquest a little church of wood had been built on the strath, near where the English bridge now spans the Severn, for this place, as ford or ferry, is probably on a very ancient line of road.

On Saturday, March 3, 1083, as a chronicle records, Roger de Montgomery laid his sword upon the altar of St. Peter, in token of his vow to found an abbey and give to it "the whole suburb lying without the eastern gate." This he did, and eleven years afterwards, when his health was failing, he assumed the monastic habit in his new foundation, where, three days later, he died, and was buried in the new church, "between the two altars."

This foundation grew and prospered, and in the reign of Stephen increased its popularity by acquiring many precious relics. Chief among these were the bones of St. Winifred. This holy maiden once dwelt in Flintshire; in her youth a wild prince offered her violence, and in a rage at her endeavours to escape he struck off her head with his sword. Miracles began at once. From the ground where the head rested a spring gushed forth, and the murderer began to wither away. Then came a saint, who joined head to body, and the maiden revived; he also healed the murderer, who was now duly penitent. At last Winifred died in the course of nature, and was buried in a certain graveyard among other saints. The monks of Shrewsbury Abbey heard of St. Winifred's fame, and were anxious to add her relics to their treasures. It is on record how they obtained permission to treat with the people of the district, how they sent a party in search of the relics, how they were directed to the spot, how they won the consent of the lawful owners, the opposition being represented by "a man of Belial," who, however, was at last convinced—by golden arguments. Then we are told, how they reverently exhumed the bones from the sacred field, and carried them homewards, leaving a trail of miracles. Truly, the whole story is strange but instructive reading, especially in this nineteenth century, when credulity and incredulity alike run to excess.

These relics, doubtless, proved a good investment, and at the last the abbey precincts covered ten acres of ground, and were enclosed by an embattled wall. To the south of a stately cruciform church lay the usual conventional buildings. The glory has departed; only the nave of the abbey church remains, and even that has grievously suffered. The domestic buildings are gone, all but a fragment of a cloister and the beautiful reader's pulpit of the refectory, which was spared when the other ruins of that building were swept away to make room for the goods-yard of the railway, and now it "stands disconsolately among the trucks, as though the age of contemplation were protesting in vain against the iron age of labour."

Externally the abbey church is more interesting than beautiful. Many admire the great west window. In itself, it is undoubtedly a fine specimen of Early



ST. MARY'S.

THE FONT.

Perpendicular, erected probably rather before 1377, for above it is a statue of Edward III., but it is out of all proportion to the stumpy western tower. Composition was not generally a strong point with the architects of the period, and the western part of Shrewsbury Abbey has always seemed to me, even for that age, exceptionally bad. Further, in the eastern bays of the nave the clerestory has gone, the triforium gallery has perished, its blocked arches serving as a clerestory, while in the two western bays, which were rebuilt with the tower, the fourteenth century clerestory, with great windows usurping the triforium space, still remains. Thus the roof of this part is at a much higher level than the rest, producing a peculiar "hunchy" appearance; the clerestory windows also are reproduced on the side of the tower, adding to the general incongruity.

If, however, we enter the building, we shall find that it has escaped better than we expected. In the three eastern bays the work of Roger of Montgomery still remains, comparatively untouched. Huge circular pillars, with narrow, banded capitals, and extremely plain arches, indicate work belonging to the earlier period of the Norman style. Above, are the great arches of the triforium, corresponding with those below, but now blocked up, and converted into windows; then comes a flat ceiling of comparatively modern date, the old clerestory having been destroyed. Though the nave of a great church was generally the last part built, we can hardly doubt that this was erected by the time Earl Roger died. A pier on the west side of the third bay takes the place of a column. This also has its history. A parish church, as has been said, existed here before Roger founded his monastery. Accordingly, the western part of the nave was appropriated to the parishioners, and between these piers their altar was placed. In the fourteenth century the western portion of the abbey church was rebuilt, as has been described, but a careful examination of the masonry in the lower part of the walls shows that the limits of Earl Roger's church were not exceeded. The aisles, too, were partially rebuilt about the same time, but the narrow Norman pilasters can be seen outside, and the semi-columns which bore the vaulting of the roof yet remain within. A north porch with an upper chamber was also added.

The abbey contains a number of interesting monuments, but several have been brought hither from other churches in the town. One is said to commemorate the founder, but this is doubtful, and it is certainly not now "between the two altars." Three altar-tombs at the west end of the north aisle are interesting, as giving in juxtaposition fine specimens of the work of the reign of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James I.; but if we were tempted into these details, a chapter, not a page or two, would have to be written on the old abbey. More than forty years since, as I can just remember, the church was a yet more incongruous piece of patchwork than now. But about the year 1863 it was very carefully restored, and the blocked arches of the triforium and eastern end were rendered much less unsightly. Another great change also was made about 1887,



BATTLEFIELD.

when, chiefly at the expense of one person, a new choir was erected. Of the other churches of Shrewsbury, St. Alkmund's, which claims Ethelfleda, Alfred's daughter, as its foundress, and was once, like St. Mary's, collegiate, has a graceful spire, but the steeple only is ancient. St. Julian's was rebuilt rather more than a century since, and retains only a mere scrap of its old work. St. Giles's has fared rather better, for some Norman work still remains. St. Chad's, once the most important church within the walls, is represented only by a tattered fragment. It traces back its history to the eighth century, and claims to stand on the site of the palace of the Princes of Powis. Late in the last century the tower fell, shattering much of the structure, so the Salopians of that day built themselves a circular church with a Doric portico, adding a tower, lest men should take it for a theatre, which otherwise it resembles. The arrangement of the interior is no less peculiar. The church is, undoubtedly, an exceptional one. Truth permits no more to be said.

One church, however, though three miles from the town, must not be left without a brief notice. This is the church of Battlefield, erected where Falstaff's famous fight "for a long hour by Shrewsbury clock" did *not* take place. When the formidable rising of the Percies in the north and the Welsh in the west threatened to send Henry Bolingbroke again on his travails, if not on a longer journey, there was a race for the possession of Shrewsbury. The king's army won it by a neck, and when Hotspur arrived at the north gate of the town the royal standard was flying on the castle, so he drew off his troops to Berwick, to await the coming of Glendower. It was obviously the king's policy, as he was in superior strength, to force a battle, and thus prevent the junction of his foes. Not a day was to be lost, for Glendower was close at hand. So next morning Henry pushed forward one detachment of his army towards Hotspur's position, and led the other along the direction of that leader's communications with the north. Hotspur, of course, wished to avoid an engagement, and retreated from Berwick, but only to find the king's troops already occupying the road. So after an ineffectual parley the fight began. For some time the result was doubtful, but at the critical moment Hotspur was struck down by an unknown hand. A panic seized the rebels; the royal troops charged with renewed vigour; the northerners broke and fled in wild confusion, while Glendower, who was lingering on the bank of the Severn, at once retreated.

On the field of battle a church was built as a thank-offering. It is a good specimen of the work of the time, bearing the date 1403, so that of course the style is Perpendicular. There is a massive western tower with a corner turret, and on the gargoyle are groups of combatants, and in one or two cannon are represented. A few years since the whole building was carefully restored, and, with its monuments of the Corbet family, is well worth a visit.

T. G. BONNEY.

G R E A T H A M P D E N.

▲ PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

ON the edge of the Chilterns, and almost overlooking the vale of Aylesbury, is the parish of Great Hampden—village it can hardly be called, for the houses are scattered, and there is no village street; we come to a cottage or two, and then to a small farmhouse lying at the edge of a common, bright in spring and summer with the golden gorse; then passing along the side of a wood, where in spring pale primroses are abundant, there are a few more cottages, and we have seen all the place, except the parish church and the house, which are some distance off. These two buildings have not much external attractiveness, but no Englishman can look unmoved upon the home of the great patriot, John Hampden, and the church where he worshipped during his life, and in which he was buried.

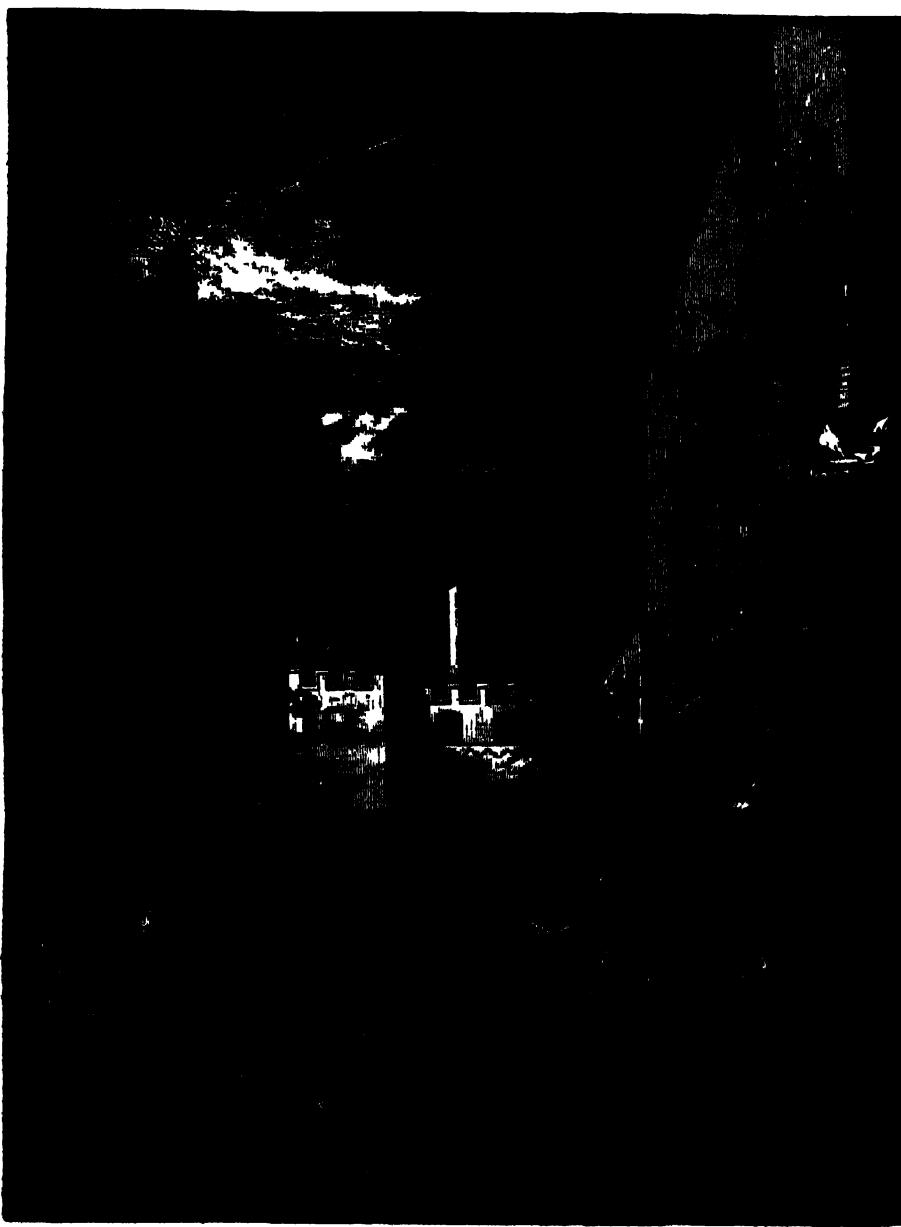
Hampden House occupies the site of a former building, part of which dated at least from the time of King John, who is said to have visited it. On the death of the last male representative of the family, in 1754, the old house was almost demolished, and what was not pulled down was modernised. Among the oil paintings that adorn the walls, one of a gentleman in armour, with a serene countenance, and holding a scroll in his hand, is generally believed to be Hampden's portrait. The picture has a curious history. It was purchased in 1743 by Dr. Henry, Dean of Killaloe, in Ireland, at a sale, and he ascertained that it had at one time been in the possession of Lord William Russell, who was executed in the reign of James the Second. It was recognised by one of the Cavendish family, and on his authority has been accepted as genuine, though it differs considerably from an undoubted likeness in the possession of Lord St. Germain at Port Eliot, in Cornwall. There are some other interesting portraits of members of the family, of Oliver Cromwell, and of Queen Henrietta Maria.

But if the admirer of Hampden cannot find much to recall the patriot in the house which bears his name, he will not be so much disappointed in the adjacent church. Here he must have often taken part in Divine service, and listened to sermons from rectors appointed by himself, among them William Spurstow, who was chaplain of the Buckinghamshire regiment of infantry commanded by Hampden at the beginning of the civil war, and who attended his colonel on his death-bed. His initials form the last two letters of the word *Smectymnus*, coined, or at least used, by Butler in "Hudibras"—

"Canonical cravat of Smec,
From whom the institution came
When Church and State they set on flame"—

the rest of the word being made up of the initials of Stephen Marshall, E. Calamy, J. Young, and M. Newcomen, all divines of note.

Hampden Church is a small building, though large enough for the parish, and



IN THE CHURCHYARD.

includes a nave, with two aisles, a chancel, and a square tower, in which hang three bells, dated 1625, probably the gift of the patriot. The church, except that it has been re-pewed, has not been much altered since his days, and in its simple arrangements and the absence of any attempt at adornment, is a fitting resting-place for one whom Carlyle has described as "the best beatified man we

have." The chancel floor covers the graves of the family, several of whom are commemorated in well-preserved brasses. The most interesting of the monuments is the plain black stone on the south side of the chancel erected by the patriot to the memory of his first wife, on which he has recorded that "she was in her pilgrimage the stay and comfort of her neighbours, the love and glory of a well-ordered family, the delight and happiness of tender parents,



THE CHURCH AND HAMPTON HOUSE.

but a crown of blessings to a husband." Immediately opposite is a monument in the florid style of the last century, apparently intended to serve a double purpose. It records the death of the last male representative of the Hampdens and of his famous ancestor. A large sarcophagus, which contains the inscription, is supported on the right by a weeping boy holding a cap of liberty, and on the left by a similar figure holding Magna Charta. Above is an oval medallion, with a relief of the patriot wounded on Chalgrove Field, and a tree with the various armorial bearings of the family.

The chancel was in the year 1828 the scene of a strange incident. Lord Nugent, who was at that time compiling his valuable and interesting "Memoirs of Hampden," a work which forms the basis of Macaulay's brilliant essay, appears to have been seized with a desire to set at rest a controversy as to the precise manner of his hero's death. He obtained permission of the representative of the family to open the grave and examine the body. In the presence of himself, of Mr. Deninan (afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England), and of a few

others, search was made, and at the foot of Mrs. Hampden's monument was found a coffin supposed to be the object of the search. The plate was corroded and illegible, but the coffin was raised and opened. The body was in a fair state of preservation, and, in order to admit of examination, the head was raised, and the shoulders and arms were carefully surveyed. Lord Nugent appears to have been satisfied; the body was carefully replaced, and the coffin again buried. An account of this transaction was subsequently published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but some persons expressed a doubt whether, after all, the body which had been so indecorously treated was really that of Hampden. Lord Nugent may have shared in the doubt, or he, perhaps, hesitated to perpetuate in his book an account of so deplorable an affair. At least he has refrained from mentioning the incident, and the manner of Hampden's death remains in its former obscurity.

But if we cannot ascertain whether Hampden died from a wound inflicted by a shot from the carbine of an enemy or by the bursting of one of his own pistols, we know that his life was spent in the service of his country, and that he fell on the field of battle fighting for her liberties. Of his private history we would fain have a fuller account. Baxter said that he reckoned one of the pleasures of heaven would be the enjoyment of Hampden's society, and such language from the author of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" is an abundant testimony to the piety and goodness of the patriotic statesman. We are unfortunately ignorant of much that we should naturally desire to know of him. Lord Nugent endeavoured in vain to find memorials of his private life. A few letters to Sir John Eliot have been found, and after reading them, every admirer of Hampden has lamented that there are no more.

The family who gave this name to the two parishes of Great and Little Hampden settled there as early as the reign of Edward the Confessor. Baldwyn de Hampden appears in Doomsday Book as a holder of lands in different parts of Buckinghamshire. It is not improbable that Baldwyn was one of the Normans who came over to England at King Edward's invitation, and that his lands were unconfiscated at the Conquest because the owner was of Norman birth.

During the wars of the Roses the Hampdens supported the house of Lancaster, and lost some lands, which were not restored to them by the general act of restitution passed in the reign of Edward IV. But on the whole they were a prosperous family, holding property in several parts of their own county, as well as in Berks, Essex, and Oxfordshire. One of the Hampdens was of the Privy Council in the reign of Henry VII., another attended Queen Katherine on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; and Sybil, daughter of this Hampden, was nurse to Edward VI., and an ancestress of William Penn. Griffith Hampden, the grandfather of the patriot, was sheriff of his county in

the time of Queen Elizabeth, and also represented it in one of her Parliaments. He partially rebuilt the house, and there entertained the queen during one of her progresses. Her visit is still commemorated by an avenue cut in the wood on the Chiltern Hills above the village to facilitate her approach, and called the Queen's Gap. Griffith died in 1591, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William, member of Parliament for East Looe, in Cornwall, who married Elizabeth Cromwell, aunt of the Lord Protector. Two children were born of the marriage, the elder of whom was the famous John Hampden. While quite young he was sent to the Grammar School at Thame, in Oxfordshire, not many miles from his Buckinghamshire home. At the age of fifteen he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, and seems to have done well at the University, for he was selected, with William Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and some others, to write congratulatory poems on the marriage of the Elector Palatine with Elizabeth, daughter of James the First. After leaving Oxford, Hampden was a student of the Inner Temple, and in 1619, being twenty-five years of age, he married Elizabeth, only daughter of Edmund Symeon, of Pyrton, in Oxfordshire. In the following year he entered Parliament as member for Grampound, in Cornwall. But it was some time before he took any prominent part in public affairs. He delighted in the life of a country gentleman, where his natural cheerfulness of disposition made him popular in the society of his friends and neighbours, and he entered freely into the amusements of his age. His chief pleasure was, however, in his library, and such indulgence as he allowed himself was only by way of relief to his study and his work.

Hampden's name is specially associated with the famous question of the impost of ship-money. Charles wanted funds, and as he would not summon a Parliament, knowing the nation to be opposed to him, it was necessary to have recourse to arbitrary measures. The first writ for payment of the ship-money was directed to the City of London. Next the requisition was extended to all maritime towns. In the following year, 1636, the charge was laid on all counties, cities, and corporate towns. The county of Buckingham was asked to provide one ship of 360 tons for 144 men, the charge being £4,500, and the boroughs of Buckingham and Wycombe were separately assessed at £70 and £50 respectively. Against this form of taxation Hampden promptly decided to make a stand. His example in refusing to pay was very generally followed by his neighbours, and in other counties a similar course was taken by many of the inhabitants. It was determined to make an example of Hampden, and, proceedings having been instituted against the late High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire, Sir Peter Temple of Stowe, it was decided to take the opinion of the twelve judges as to the legality of the Tax. All but two of the judges took an affirmative view, but the two suffered themselves to be persuaded to sign

the opinion, which then appeared to be unanimous, and was enrolled as such in the Courts at Westminster, proceedings being at once commenced against



AVENUE LEADING TO HAMPDEN HOUSE.

Hampden. The case came on for hearing at Michaelmas term, when it was argued before all the judges in the Exchequer Chamber from the 6th of November to the 18th of December. The judges were divided in their opinions, and a final decision was not arrived at until the 9th of June, 1637. Then, five having pronounced in Hampden's favour and seven against him, judgment was entered for the Crown.

Hampden had become famous as the opponent of unjust taxation. He was elected to represent his own county first in the Short and then in the Long Parliament, and, as everyone knows, he took a leading part in the memorable events that led up to the Civil War. On the 4th of January, 1642, the House of Commons received the intelligence that the king was coming down with a large guard to Westminster Hall to seize Hampden and four other members—Pym, Hollis, Strode, and Haselrigge—whom the Attorney-General had impeached in the House of Lords of high treason. As soon as the House assembled the five members were directed to withdraw, to avoid bloodshed; they accordingly took refuge in a house in Coleman Street. Meanwhile the king came into Palace Yard, and presented himself at the door of the House of Commons. It was immediately opened, and the king entered and walked up to the chair. He looked round in vain for the objects of his search, and asked the Speaker to explain their absence. He received the memorable reply, "May it please your Majesty, I have neither

eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here; and I humbly beg your Majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me." Charles attempted a weak defence, and left amidst cries of "Privilege."

Things had now gone too far for an amicable settlement; and on the 22nd August, 1642, the king raised his standard at Nottingham. Thus the Civil War began. Some of Hampden's relatives took the royalist side, which added to his many anxieties. In the first year of the war other and severe trials befell him. He lost his eldest son and his favourite daughter. But none of these things could daunt his fearless spirit. He threw away the scabbard when he drew the sword. In his own county he raised an infantry regiment, known as the Buckinghamshire Green-coats, and having for their motto, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum." In drilling his men he was most assiduous, and under his command the regiment soon earned well-merited distinction. He took part in several minor engagements, was present at the indecisive battle of Edgehill, and in vain urged upon the sluggish Essex the expediency of renewing the engagement. Wherever he was found he impressed his own energy upon his colleagues and subordinates, and had Essex possessed a tithe of his zeal, the Civil War might speedily have been determined in favour of the Parliamentary side.



HAMPDEN'S MONUMENT.

In the early summer of 1643 Hampden was in Buckinghamshire, and the king's head-quarters were at Oxford, whence Prince Rupert made many dashing attacks. On Saturday, June 17th, Rupert left Oxford with a considerable body

of horse, and advanced towards the Chiltern Hills, leaving Thame, where Essex lay, some two or three miles on his left. Hampden happened to be at Watlington, and on hearing of the advance of the royalists, sent off a messenger to warn Essex. He then collected a few troops of cavalry, and on Sunday morning, in spite of the advice of some of his friends, started to oppose the enemy. He came up with Rupert on Chalgrove Field, and at once commenced the attack. In the first charge he was wounded and compelled to retire. The encounter was brief, and resulted in the defeat of the Parliamentary forces, but Rupert did not follow up his advantage, and quickly returned to Oxford.

It is related that after being wounded, Hampden, with bent head, his hands resting on his horse's neck, would have made for Pyrton, the home of his first wife. But Rupert's cavalry occupied the intervening country, and he turned towards Thame. There his wounds were dressed, and the surgeon gave some hopes of his recovery. He himself knew otherwise, and during the few remaining days of life devoted his energies to despatching letters of counsel to the Parliament, although his sufferings were very great. A few hours before his death he received the Sacrament; and attended by his old friend, Dr. Giles, rector of Chinnor, and by Spurstow, the chaplain of his regiment, he died in the act of prayer. A few days later his body was carried to Hampden, and was buried in the church where so many of his ancestors had been laid.

J. A. J. HOUSDEN.

HARROW AND NEWSTEAD.

MEMORIES OF BYRON.



THE association between Newstead Abbey in Nottinghamshire and the great public school of Harrow in Middlesex is entirely Byronic; and we may at once premise that the two are brought into combination in these pages on that account. As a matter of chronology, Byron went to Newstead before he went to Harrow. The wicked Lord Byron, his grand-uncle, whom he succeeded, having gone to his account, to the regret apparently of none, except his pet crickets, which are said to have marched out of the hall, never to return, on the day of the disreputable old peer's death, there appeared one summer day in 1798, at the fine entrance to the park on the Mansfield Road, a vehicle from Nottingham, containing a stout, common-looking woman, a fat boy of ten, and a second woman, his nurse. The boy was the young Lord Byron, brought to see his inheritance. But the house was almost uninhabitable. Decay and ruin had made alarming encroachments everywhere, and short, therefore, was the stay made by the visitors.

The mother and son had up to this period been residing on a slender income in Scotland, and the hermit peer who despoiled Newstead was wont to speak of the heir as "that young brut of Aberdeen." On receiving news of their change of fortune, the poor widow, who had been shamefully reduced to poverty by a handsome and blackguardly husband, sold up the modest household goods and set off on a southerly journey to Nottinghamshire. For a while Mrs. Byron and the podgy lad, who had been made a ward in Chancery, resided in the county town; then in London, where George Gordon was taught by Glennie of Dulwich; and then briefly at Cheltenham. How often Byron had visited Newstead during the four years covered by these wanderings one can only conjecture; but it is evident that even when he went to Harrow he had possessed himself of all the traditions and spirit of the dreary abbey down in the Midlands.

Lord Byron was at Harrow from 1801 to 1805, passing his holidays principally at Southwell, which in these later days has been made an episcopal see. Newstead Abbey, for the major portion of Byron's minority, was rented by Lord Grey de Ruthen, but the schoolboy owner was always welcome there, and a room was set apart for his use. Harrow, since Byron's residence at the school, is altered in most respects, save in its magnificent situation. No march of progress can improve that away. As seen from the main line of the London and North-Western Railway, and from the level country extending on the other side to Epsom and Windsor, the slender spire rising above the elm tops must often recall to the

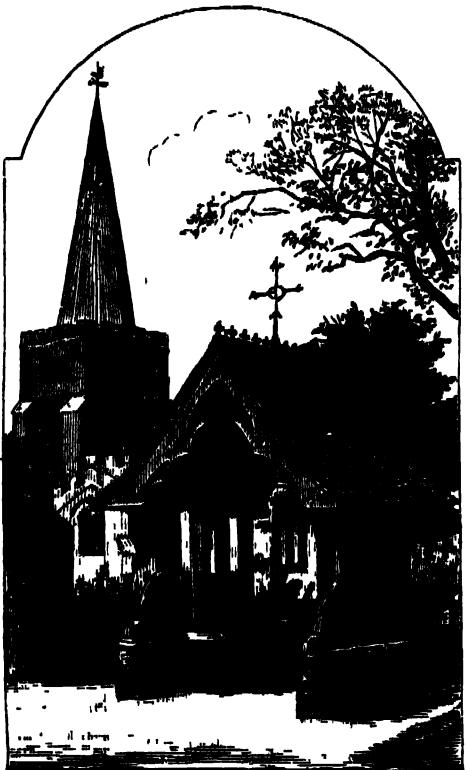
mind of the wayfarer the scriptural illustration of a city set upon a hill. Truly it cannot be hid.

The church of St. Mary at Harrow was founded by Lanfranc, Archbishop of

Canterbury, in the reign of William the Conqueror; but he did not live long enough to consecrate it, and Anselm, his successor, had an undignified squabble with the Bishop of London's agents when, on a winter morning in 1094, he passed through the grand western doorway to perform, with the florid ecclesiastical pomp of the age, the consecration ceremony. It used to be believed that the circular columns which divide the aisles from the nave, and a part of the tower at the west end, were actual remnants of Lanfranc's building. But it has now been demonstrated that the columns are of a later period, and it is doubtful whether anything is left of the original fabric. The date of 1150 has been mentioned as agreeing with the character of the western doorway. The church was substantially rebuilt in the early part of the fourteenth century; and a hundred years afterwards the giving way of the tower re-

sulted in the varied and massive buttresses which are a marked feature of Harrow Church. The slender spire of wood covered with lead was added later. The elegant doorways (north and south) of the Decorated period are good specimens of the work done at this time. It is probable that the font is truly a relic of Lanfranc. For many years it had been used as a trough in the vicarage garden, no one appearing to suspect its true character; but when the discovery was made, the large circular Purbeck marble basin was rescued, its rudimentary carvings were restored, and, with added rim and base, it was placed in the church as it may now be seen.

The existing church of Harrow-on-the-Hill, consisting of a nave, chancel, aisles, and transepts—not forgetting the famous tower and spire—is the result of a complete restoration, undertaken in 1840 by Sir Gilbert Scott. Previous to that time the additions and renovations of successive ages could be read in the solid handiwork of their diverse builders; but the vestiges of antiquity left are, as already suggested, few; and, such as they are, confined to monuments in stone and brass. The visitor, however, is likely to devote greatest attention to



HARROW: THE SPIRE AND THE PORCH.

the churchyard, from which an incomparable prospect may be enjoyed. The hill upon which Harrow is built is an abruptly swelling bosom of land, rising from comparatively level ground on every side. On a superlatively clear day, such as probably few persons have found, thirteen counties, it is asserted, are within ken from the church tower. Ten miles to the east, but normally obscured by haze and smoke, is Hyde Park; west and south-west—the glorious landscape commanded from the terrace seats outside the churchyard—Buckinghamshire and Berkshire lie outspread, rich in English homes, in woodland and pasturage; the Surrey hills change the prospect in another direction, with Knockholt Beeches, Hayes Common, and Shooter's Hill trending eastward.

The churchyard brings us back by a cherished tradition to the association of Harrow with Lord Byron. Within a few yards of the church tower is a flat monumental stone, to which the poet, two years before his death, in one of his letters to Murray, the publisher, thus referred:—"There is a spot in the churchyard near the footpath, on the brow of the hill, looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie or Peachey) where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot." From sundry entries in his journals, and from his poems, we get glimpses of Byron at Harrow, engaging in the athletics of the playground. He recounts his



HARROW: VIEW FROM THE CHURCHYARD.

battles, and his prowess at cricket and swimming; yet he admits that he was "a most unpopular boy, but led latterly." We know also that for two years and

a half he hated Harrow. From some of his contemporaries it may be gathered that at Harrow, as at Cambridge, he did not excel as a scholar. The spirit of poetry was burning within him, nevertheless, and the "favourite spot" in the church-yard doubtless was the throne of the dreamer, productive of more delight to his precocious genius than the rough contests of the playground, in which he was physically unable to share with enthusiasm. Only a few of the published poems were produced during the Harrow period, but there is one written the year after he left, directly bearing upon the stone slab, which was called "Byron's tomb" by his comrades. The verse is well remembered:—

"Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,
As reclining at eve, on yon tombstone I lay,
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray."

This tomb was repaired, and enclosed in a strong iron railing—to remain a Byron memorial for all time—a few years since by some admirers of the poet, foremost of whom was Mr. John Murray, who was a witness of the burning of the Byron memoirs in his father's drawing-room, and who inherited, with the great publishing business of the Albemarle Street house, an admiration of the author of "Childe Harold."

Byron carved his name along with the rest of the Harrovians in the fourth form room, the largest and most typical of the scattered buildings which make up the great public school at Harrow. A brass in the chancel arch of the church perpetuates the memory of John Lyon, yeoman, who died in 1592, and of the manner in which he founded "a free grammer schoole in this p'she;" and two years before his death the founder, amongst his orders, statutes, and rules for the government of the school, announces his intention of providing, besides convenient rooms for the schoolmaster and usher, "alsoe a large and convenient schoole house, with a chimney in it." The fourth form room, with its ancient master's seat, usher's chair and desk, plain benches and form, and almost black oak wainscoting, is Lyon's original "schoole house." On the wainscoting Byron cut his name, and so in like manner did Peel, Palmerston, Lord Ripon, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Normanby, R. B. Sheridan, and Sir W. Jones.

The building now used for school examinations was the old speech room, erected after Byron's time, and this was replaced by the handsome tercentenary memorial, a semi-circular building opposite the site of the old college chapel. The picturesque Gothic chapel at the northern end of High Street, with an aisle and stained-glass windows in memory of the Harrow boys killed in the Crimea, was built by Gilbert Scott in 1855, replacing a temporary building; and in the Vaughan Library, a typical specimen of Gilbert Scott's Decorated Gothic, are, amongst other reminders of the past, portraits of Byron and of his distinguished

contemporaries. When, in after years, Byron was living in Italy he sent the body of his natural daughter to Harrow, with a marble tablet setting forth, "In memory of Allegra, daughter of G. G. Lord Byron, who died at Bagna Cavallo in Italy, April 20, 1822, aged five years and three months. 'I shall go to her. but she shall not return to me.'" The interment, however, took place elsewhere.

Lord Byron often made Newstead Abbey the poetical subject of happy and accurate descriptions of the building, grounds, and park; and it would be easy to compile a chapter of quotations that, with very trifling links to indicate and explain recent changes, would still, for all practical purposes, serve as a guide to the visitor of to-day. Walpole described Newstead before the poet-peer succeeded to the inheritance. It was then in the hands of the wicked lord, who seemed to be deliberately bent upon ruining the estate; he destroyed its oaks, and, by a sudden whim butchered the deer so that the shambles of Mansfield Market were at one time glutted with venison. Walpole writes loosely, speaking of the beautiful west window of the old abbey church as the east. But he stints not his admiration of the abbey and all its surroundings. An Edinburgh reviewer, subsequent to the publication of "English Bards," criticising the cynical critic Walpole, declares Newstead to be one of the noblest mansions in England, and prophesies that, whatever may be its future fate, the Abbey must henceforth be a memorable abode.

Byron evidently looked upon Newstead with the gloomiest of forebodings, dedicating it in impassioned verse to sure decay, to the whistling of hollow winds, to hemlock and thistle. The Edinburgh reviewer above quoted, quite as anxious probably as the poet to get as much literary effect as possible out of the dilapidations, conceived no future better than possession by vulgar owners. Happily these predictions have been splendidly falsified. Byron, in 1809, vowed in the strongest language that, come what might, Newstead and he would stand or fall together; that no pressure, present or future, should induce him to barter the least vestige of the inheritance; and that if he could exchange Newstead Abbey for the first fortune in the country, he would reject the proposition. Three years later the place was put up to auction at Garraway's, and only £90,000 being bid, it was withdrawn. Next it was sold to a gentleman who failed in his contract, and Newstead once more came back to the poet. In 1818, however, Byron being then thirty years of age, it passed finally from the family which had held it for nearly three centuries, and was purchased by Colonel Wildman for some £100,000.

This was the turning-point of the fortunes of Newstead. The new owner, who had sat on the same form with Byron at Harrow, was a gallant soldier; he had served with distinction in the Peninsula wars; and he devoted himself from the moment of taking possession to repairing, restoring, and beautifying Newstead,

without interfering with its character. To any but an enthusiast the work must have appeared hopeless. It is said that Colonel Wildman spent over a quarter of a million of money in the restoration and decoration of the abbey. On the



NEWSTEAD.

death of this gentleman the property was acquired by Mr. W. F. Webb, a famous African traveller, and by him, no less than by his predecessor, the good work has been continued, and the utmost care taken in the preservation of every object of interest associated with the unfortunate poet who loved it, and lost it. Thanks to Colonel Wildman and Mr. Webb, Newstead has risen nobly from its ruins, and is, at the present moment, a lovely domain, with abbey and grounds in perfect preservation; further than this, the most liberal facilities are afforded to visitors desirous of seeing the rooms in which Byron slept, revelled, and worked, or of wandering amidst the gardens and groves trodden by his footsteps.

The Newstead Abbey of to-day, notwithstanding the vast sums of money laid out in its improvement, is, to a greater extent than might be expected, very much what it was when young Byron, a boy of ten years of age, bearing the title of sixth Baron, was taken to see it. The greatest change is that caused by the addition, at the south-west corner, of the square Sussex tower by Colonel Wildman, who named it after the Royal Duke whose equerry he was. Byron's own term—"Mixt Gothic"—very adequately touches off the rest of the architecture

of the front of the abbey. Some portions are Early English Gothic of the best type, and the Norman tower at the end, though not in harmony, seems to give a tone of completeness which was formerly wanting. At the other end of the façade are the stately remnants of the west front of the abbey church, the ivy climbing over the ancient stonework with graceful profusion.

In approaching Newstead by the high road from Nottingham, a drive of at least a mile intervenes between the lodge gates and the abbey, and a sharp descent and curve bring the traveller somewhat suddenly before the famous objects of Newstead, namely the lake, the mimic forts, the cascades, the picturesque window of the ruins, and the light and graceful architecture of the front. In his desire not to mar the scene with any incongruous addition, the present owner has built a block of stables near the castellated affair jutting into the lake, of pure Gothic, and all in harmony with the surroundings. The ivy which grows plentifully at Newstead has already given an air of romantic antiquity to buildings erected within thirty years.

Entrance to the pile is obtained through a small strong oaken door, upon which hangs an antique Italian knocker. The crypt of the old abbey is gloomy enough, and now and for the remainder of the time spent under the groined roofs, and amidst long echoing corridors, narrow, winding stone staircases, grim galleries and passages, the explanation of all the ghost legends attached to Newstead must be obvious. In the hall, amidst the twelfth-century masonry of the crypt, are arranged on the floor various trophies of Mr. Webb's prowess amongst the game of Africa, with fishing-rods and other modern articles of the chase, and, in many a corridor, cases of brilliantly plumaged birds, shot by the present owner in Africa and India, are intermingled with relics of the Middle Ages.

Presently you are conducted to Byron's bed-room and dressing-room, where everything remains as it was left by the poet. What few habitable rooms were in the abbey during his brief ownership were in this portion; the rest were barely weather proof. There still are the Byron bedstead, with its gilt and coroneted posts, the dressing-table, and chairs; the portrait of Fox; of Joe Murray, the favourite factotum, with the churchwarden pipe painted in at his own desire; and the portrait of a portly gentleman, who turns out to be Jackson, the prize-fighter.

Byron wisely chose this bed-room, with its recessed window and magnificent view to the west. Again and again in his poetry he betrays inspiration drawn from this particular prospect—the lake, in which he swam, sailed, and tested the courage of his dog Boatswain; the miniature fortress which the mad lord, who butchered the deer, built to amuse him what time he put his toy fleet in action; the cascade making music near the house; the swelling wooded knoll across the water in the direction of Annesley, where Mary Chaworth lived. With the

tumbling water and shrubbery close to the house, and rookeries all around, the stillest night would give to the poet in his bed mysterious sounds innumerable.

The library now shown was not used by Byron as such, and some suppose that it was originally an aisle of the chapel. Many valuable and ancient pieces of furniture and paintings are here; the abbey throughout, indeed, is peculiarly rich in well-preserved furniture, paintings, and decorations of the Stuart period. The tapestry in the room used once by Charles II., and in other apartments, was brought by Colonel Wildman from Spain after the Peninsula war. There are few old country houses in England offering such perfect examples of carved oak panelling and mantelpieces. Edward III., if not Edward I., and Henry VII. visited Newstead Abbey in the olden times, when the abbots ruled; and the apartments they are supposed to have used, down to the minutest detail of ornamentation, have been carefully preserved by Colonel Wildman and Mr. W. F. Webb.

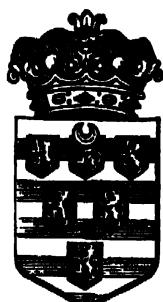
The south corridor has been largely devoted by Mr. Webb to the relics of Livingstone and Stanley. The visitors are, towards the close of their round of the abbey, shown the room in which Livingstone, on his last stay in England, wrote his work on the Zambesi, and in the corridor the battered consular cap he wore at the time of his death is preserved. At the other end of the corridor—cases of gorgeous Himalayan birds shot by Mr. Webb intervening—are the Byron relics, and amongst them the piece of beech tree upon which Byron, on his last visit to the abbey (20th September, 1814), carved his name and that of his sister Augusta. A small revolving table is pointed out as that upon which the poet wrote his “English Bards” and part of “Childe Harold.” Boxing gloves, foils, candlesticks, inkstand, the arms worn in Greece, and the sumptuously-bound copy of the early poems, recall the stormy career of the peer whose memory has been so sacredly preserved by his successors in the ownership of Newstead Abbey. The largest rooms at Newstead are the Grand Saloon and the Great Dining Hall, now richly furnished and decorated, but in Byron’s time wreck and ruin. The breakfast-room, once the Lord Abbot’s parlour, was used by Byron as a dining-room.

The cloisters of Newstead are famous for their excellent condition, and in the quadrangle still plays the old Gothic fountain, brought into the court at some remote time from the front of the abbey. The chapel, formerly the chapter-house, has been exquisitely restored and decorated by Mr. Webb in the Early English style. In the gardens, which are liberally maintained, the same anxiety has been manifested as in the interior to cherish every memorial of Byron. The oak he planted; Boatswain’s tomb, in which at one time the poet himself wished to be buried, between the dog and Joe Murray; and the satyr’s and devil’s woods, which belong rather to the wicked lord, are amongst the notable sights outside the abbey.

W. SENIOR.

STAMFORD AND HATFIELD.

THE GRAVES OF THE CECILS.



ARMS OF THE
MARQUIS OF
SALISBURY.

FEW towns in England possess more allurements for lovers of the relics of olden days than Stamford. Its churches are numerous for the size of the town, and three or four are of exceptional interest or beauty. Close at hand is the graceful ruin of St. Leonard's Priory, and its streets abound in examples, more or less perfect, of domestic architecture, often very picturesque, which range over full four centuries. But one church, that of St. Martin, the only one on the right bank of the river Welland, possesses an interest, apart from its architecture, as the burial place of the elder branch of the Cecils, and of the illustrious founder of the family.

The town of Stamford stands, as indicated, on sloping ground upon the left bank of the Welland, and on the edge of the county of Lincoln. On the Northamptonshire side the ground slopes upwards to the plateau, crowned by the woods and lawns of Burghley Park. Notwithstanding the division of the counties, there is a "forebridge" quarter of some size; and the main street is part of the "Great North Road," bordered on either side by picturesque houses, old and new. It passes the George, an ancient hotel, still as ever a comfortable halting-place; half-way up the acclivity the tower of St. Martin's Church varies pleasantly the domestic architecture. Then at the boundary of the park the houses cease, and after a short distance we arrive at the grand Elizabethan gateway, not unworthy of the palace to which it gives admission.

But it is only of the last home of the Cecils that we must now speak. St. Martin's Church was built by John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, about the year 1482, on the site of one erected in the twelfth century by an Abbot of Peterborough,

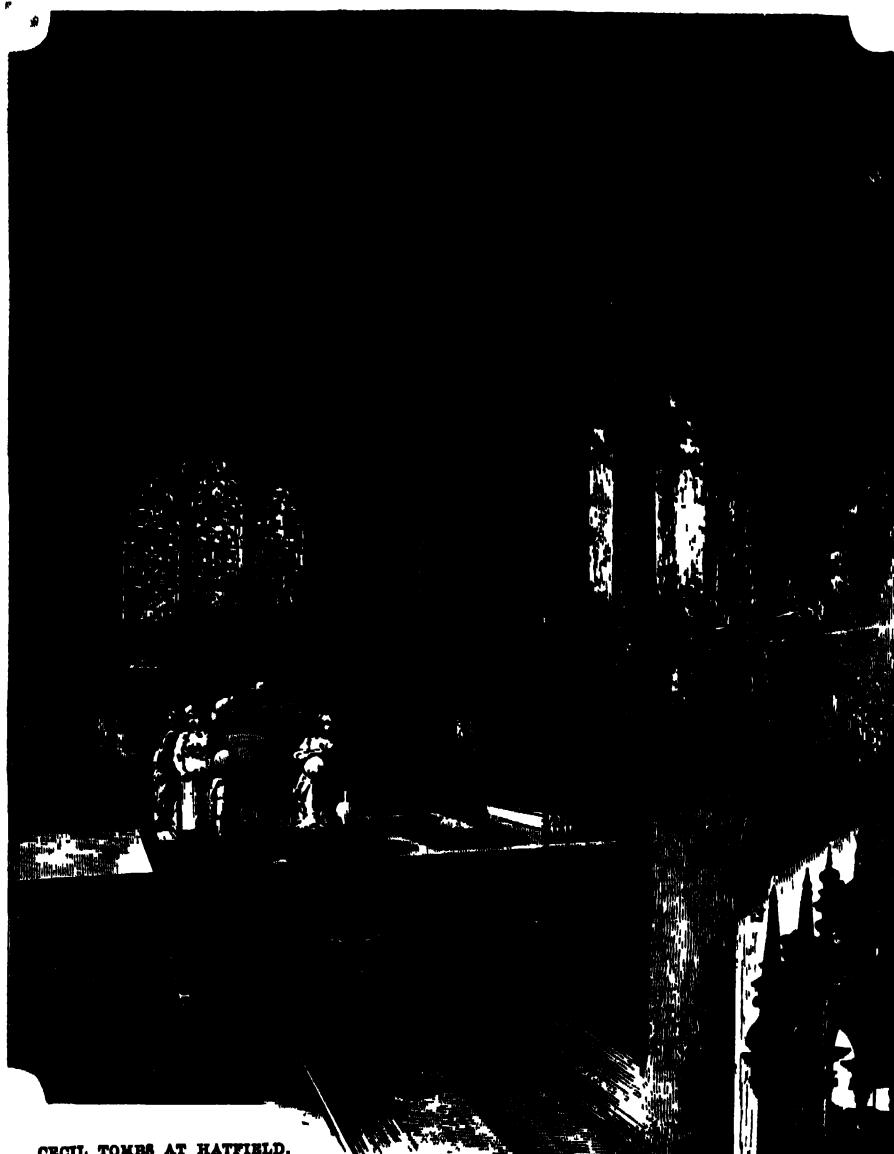


HATFIELD.

and destroyed in the Lancastrian wars. It is a good example of the work of the period, though, as usual, a little cold and monotonous in design; the tower, especially its belfry stage, being the best feature. The church has aisles, the northern being prolonged as far as the east wall of the chancel, the southern stopping one bay short. In the year 1864 an addition was made to the eastern part of the north aisle, and the whole now forms the mortuary chapel of the Cecil family. Of their monuments, however, only three call for special notice. The first, though not the oldest, is a vast marble pile erected against the north wall, in commemoration of John, Earl of Exeter, who died in the year 1700, and of his countess. They are sculptured in half-reclining postures; a figure standing on the one side represents Minerva, that on the other, the "Goddess of the Arts and Sciences." It is an interesting example of the pagan spirit which pervaded that period, and of how much time, skill, and money may be spent in producing a thoroughly unpleasing result. Against the east wall is a mural monument in alabaster and marble, representing Richard Cecil,* and his wife, the father and mother of the founder of Burghley House, kneeling in prayer on either side of a desk. The son's monument stands on the north side of the communion table, separating the so-called sacrarium from the above-named chapel; a worthy memorial of one of the greatest in an age fruitful in great men. It is built of Italian marble and alabaster; groups of columns resting on a massive pedestal support on arches a lofty canopy, which rises stage above stage. Beneath this is an altar-tomb, on which lies the effigy of the Lord Treasurer. He is clad in a suit of armour, over which he wears the crimson mantle of the Order of the Garter, and holds in his hand his wand of office. One cannot call the monument beautiful. Yet in this, as in many other tombs erected about this epoch in our history, though the singular grace of the mediæval altar-tomb and chantry is wanting, there is something very attractive in the mingled quaintness of design and richness of ornamentation. The style is, to a considerable extent, a natural one. A Renaissance influence dominated the artist's mind, but he had not lost all sympathy with the works of his mediæval predecessors. In the Lord Treasurer's tomb there is no actual reproduction of a "Gothic" feature, yet the structure, as a whole, recalls the ancient models. The recumbent figure in its stately repose, is inspired by the spirit of mediæval art. In this monument and in that of the fifth Earl the dominant sentiments of two reigns of two queens are expressed in stone. One speaks of an age when to fear God and do righteously was supposed to be a mark of true nobility; the other of an age when such things became the lowly in rank, but were works of supererogation in a "person of quality."

* He died in 1553, and is buried at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

In no place does the memory of this great and wise man rise up before one's mind more vividly than in the peaceful church, in the presence of his grave. True, the noble house which he built is even yet the glory of the neighbouring park, but here



CECIL TOMBS AT HATFIELD.

the memories of generations of Cecils render that of their ancestor less distinct. In the still abode of the dead he dominates over those who from time to time have come to share his resting-place. Cecil's whole history is full of interest, especially in its points of difference from our own times. He had the advantage of a good start in life, for his father was Master of the Robes to Henry VIII.; nevertheless, he was to a considerable extent the maker of his own fortunes.



THE LORD TREASURER'S TOMB, STAMFORD.

At school and at college—St. John's, Cambridge—he was noted as an assiduous student, and was especially distinguished for his knowledge of Greek. His talents brought him into notice at Court. In those days early success in literature and science was a surer pathway to distinction, whether in Church or in State, than it has been for the last century. The House of Commons, which, we may presume, reflects the national mind, does not like “philosophers,” as we have been told on good authority; that is to say, it strongly objects to anyone who is a little more long-sighted than the multitude, who cares more for truth than for popularity, prefers sound reasoning to windy clap-trap, and ventures to regard, not only the immediate, but also the ultimate consequences of action. However, in those old days, whatever their faults might be, there was this good, that a sound education and thoughtful mind were worth more than a glib tongue and a power of “gushing,” so that young Cecil was speedily placed in positions of trust, and was enabled to win his spurs. He was for a time involved in the fall of the Lord Protector Somerset, and this episode appears to be one of the least creditable in his career, for caution seems to have prevailed over generous feeling. Though firm in his attachment to the reformed faith, Cecil managed to avoid persecution during the reign of Mary, but was, of course, compelled to resign all his offices. Still, as a knight of the shire, he took an active part in public affairs, being one of the leaders of the Opposition, as it would now be termed, and, as the Queen's health failed, he entered into private correspondence with the Princess Elizabeth. When she succeeded to the crown he was at once recognised as her chief adviser. In this capacity—first as Secretary of State, afterwards as Lord High Treasurer—he continued until his death, at the age of soventy-eight. What a life—anxious, yet gratifying; full of trials, yet full of successes—was then closed! For forty years it had been his chief work to weld together in one a disunited nation, to check the extravagancies of Protestants and to frustrate the plots of Popish fanatics, to defeat the intrigues of Scotland, to counteract the wiles of Rome, and to shatter the Armada of Spain. This would have been a hard task in any case; it was not made easier by his somewhat imperious and occasionally whimsical mistress. But Elizabeth, whatever may have been her defects, was worthy to be a Queen, and, among other great qualities, possessed this—that she could recognise a wise man, and trusted him when she had found him. So, notwithstanding all difficulties, Cecil saw much of his work successfully accomplished, and closed his eyes on a golden epoch in the history of England. The reign of Elizabeth, as has been remarked, was fruitful in great men. It had never been equalled before; it has never been surpassed since. And among the greatest of these great ones was William Cecil, first Baron Burghley, of whom it has been well said:—“In every branch of his policy, whether in relation to religion when

this formed so material a part of European affairs, the internal government of England, or her foreign policy, he was guided by fixed and well-grounded principles, and no act of his administration appears to have been produced by motives of temporary expediency only, but to have formed a part of a consistent and well-considered plan."

William Cecil left two sons. The elder, and less distinguished, inherited his estate at Stamford, and was created Earl of Exeter by James I. The second, Robert, succeeded to his father's position in the State, was raised, simultaneously with his brother, to the Peerage as Earl of Salisbury, and became the founder of the other branch of the Cecils to whose burial-place we now turn. To this son the first lord had left his mansion at Theobalds, but he exchanged it with King James for Hatfield, an old royal palace, and there built himself the stately mansion which has ever since been the home of his descendants. Hatfield had, however, already some slight connection with the fortunes of his family, for under one of its oaks the Princess Elizabeth obtained the news of her sister's death, and in the old hall, on the following Sunday, she received the homage of the Privy Council and nominated William Cecil as Secretary.

The Jacobean mansion occupies the summit of a plateau. On the western side the ground shelves down, here somewhat steeply, there more gently, towards the lower and more level ground which is now traversed by the Great Northern Railway. The little town extends down the slope from the old palace gates to the streamlet in the valley below, the church standing on the higher part. On the right-hand side of the street which leads up to the palace the churchyard interrupts the houses. It is of ample size, and is bordered by old trees. The church itself is cruciform in plan, and the greater portion dates from the later years of the fourteenth or the earlier years of the fifteenth century; but there has been so much rebuilding and restoration that it is difficult to be certain about the age of many parts. Something, however, of a yet earlier church remains, for there is a Norman doorway in the south transept, and opposite to it an Early English window, now blocked up. The shingle-covered spire, which adds much to the picturesqueness both of church and of town, is a comparatively modern feature, being the gift of the late Marquis; while a very extensive restoration with a partial rebuilding was carried out by the present Marquis about the year 1871.

It is, however, as a burying-place that the church is of most interest. Besides the mortuary chapel of the Cecils, of whom we shall speak directly, there are some curious monuments in the Brockett Chapel, which is placed east of the south transept, commemorating, as the name implies, former owners of Brockett Hall. These are not very old, for they date from the sixteenth and later centuries, but they are quaint in style, and some of the inscriptions are curious.

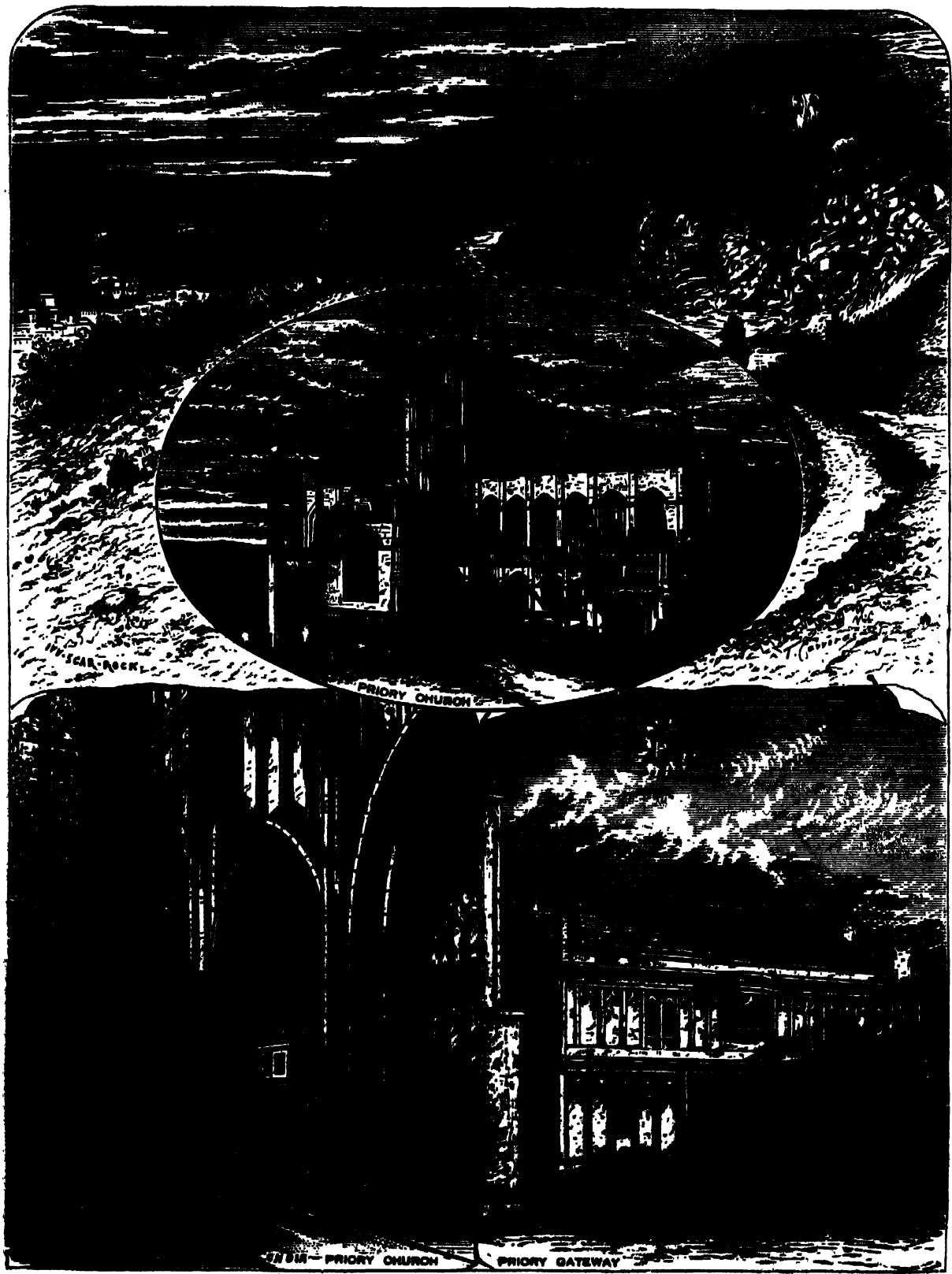
The Cecils are interred beneath a spacious mortuary chapel on the northern side of the chancel, erected in the year 1618 by William, second Earl of Salisbury, and restored by the present Marquis.* It is thus an interesting example of Jacobean architecture with suitable modern ornamentation. The steps leading to the sacrarium in the chancel are prolonged into this chapel, so that its floor is divided into two stages. The lower is occupied by seats for the family and household; in the centre of the upper part is the monument of the first Earl. Its base is formed of black marble; on this lies a skeleton, and at the four corners are figures representing the four cardinal virtues. These support a great slab of black marble, on which lies the Earl's effigy. He wears his official robe, and bears in his hand the wand of the Lord High Treasurer. The figures are all of white marble. This monument, which is the work of Simon Basyll, is extremely interesting when compared with that of the father at Stamford. Probably they do not differ more than about twenty years in date, yet the Hatfield monument is much more distinctly a work of the Renaissance. Of this the general design and free execution, the strong contrast of colour in the materials, the table-like form of the monument, and especially the allegorical figures, are wholly indicative; but the pose of the effigy, and, most of all, the skeleton below, are reminiscences of the mediæval spirit.

The chapel does not contain any other monuments of importance, but two effigies of older date have been brought hither from the Brockett Chapel and laid upon the floor. The wrought-iron gates and railing of Italian workmanship, which enclose the chapel, are well worthy of notice, and some of the modern inlaid work is excellent.

The history of the son commemorated by so stately a monument was, unhappily, far more brief than that of the father. He inherited his mental power, but not his vigorous health. He was short of stature and almost deformed in person; but the "little man" was trusted by Elizabeth no less than his father, and secured the confidence of her sapient successor. Perhaps, had his life been spared, he might have prevented his master from sowing the seed of future troubles, but shortly after the completion of Hatfield House his health failed, and he died at Marlborough on his return from drinking the waters of Bath. The Cecils, especially the younger branch, are an example of hereditary talent. In full nine generations there has been but one fool—the fourth Earl, "whose sluggish body was the abode of an equally sluggish mind"—while several inheritors of the title have been men of exceptional ability. Among these, no one, whatever his political opinions, can refuse to recognise the present Marquis of Salisbury.

T. G. BONNEY.

* A strip of ground adjacent to the old palace has been added to the east side of the churchyard, and will in future be used as the burial-place of the family.



GREAT MALVERN: THE PRIORY CHURCH AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

GREAT MALVERN AND TEWKESBURY.

HILL SIDE AND RIVER BRINK.

THE Priory Church of Great Malvern, often miscalled "Abbey," stands on the eastern slope of the Malvern Hills, with the Worcestershire Beacon and North Hill rising behind it. It is very seldom that so fine a church is found in the immediate proximity of so fine a range of hills. From the west it is approached by two long flights of steps, commanding a magnificent view of the northern side and of the stately central tower. The southern transept and the lady chapel (which extended on a lower level than the chancel to the hedge now bounding the churchyard) were demolished when the Priory was suppressed.

Of the other monastic buildings, only the gateway, which admitted into the precincts of the monastery, remains; it is of about the same date as the chancel, and very near the west end of the church. Some fragments of the stonework of the refectory have been preserved. The priory (Benedictine) was founded in the eleventh century, soon after the Conquest. A hermit here, Aldwine, desiring to visit the Holy Land, consulted Wulstan, the good Bishop of Worcester, and was advised by him to form a coenobitic community of the solitaries* in Malvern Chase, instead of making his pilgrimage. The priory was subject to the abbey of Westminster, the dean and chapter of which still retain property in the diocese; but there were frequent disputes about the control of it between the abbey and the see of Worcester. In the peace which followed the Wars of the Roses, the church was rebuilt under the skilful guidance of Sir Reginald Bray—a favourite counsellor of Henry VII., and designer of the chapel named after Henry in Westminster Abbey—the Norman columns in the nave being left as they were. Apparently it was intended to span the choir with a vaulting of stone; probably the wooden roof was substituted for economy's sake. The commencement of this vaulting is seen on either side. Sir Reginald is represented with his pupil, Prince Arthur, in the north window of the transept. At the Reformation, Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, interceded strenuously with King Henry for the priory, that it should be made a school, and bore his testimony to the good character of the prior and the brethren. But it was in vain. The priory was confiscated, to the advantage of the Knotsfords and others. The whole church would have been destroyed † had not the parishioners purchased it for £300, to be their parish church, in place of a much smaller building then standing to the north of the priory church. In 1852 the priory church, having lapsed into a deplorable condition, was thoroughly repaired at great expense under

* Some fugitives from Deerhurst, when the monastery there was sacked by Danes, are said to have settled in the upper part of the wild forest, which stretched from the hills to the Severn.

† Probably much damage was done then to the painted glass.

the direction of Sir G. G. Scott. The porch, forming the north-west entrance, is lofty and spacious, of the time of Henry VII.; over this is the "parvisum," the old vestry, approached by a winding stone staircase.

The special charm of the interior is in its brightness and cheerfulness, owing to the great size of the windows at each end and in the clerestory. The height, too, of the building, and the loftiness of the chancel arch, while enhancing the solemnity of the interior, prevent what would be the depressing effect of the low, massive Norman piers. From the Norman font at the west end the view is magnificent. The proportions are excellent: six bays in the nave, three in the chancel; there is no chancel screen to interrupt the view.

The arches in the nave are singularly beautiful in their simplicity—semi-circular, and quite unadorned with mouldings, with the exception of the last capital eastward on the north, which seems to show that the monks began to embellish, but stopped immediately. A narrow arched recess, five or six feet from the ground in the pillar nearest the porch, was perhaps for holy water. The smaller aisle, with a doorway, now closed, which marks the entrance into the cloisters of the priory, retains its original dimensions. The northern aisle is wider. The three very small apertures in the western wall were probably in a gallery, to enable the prior, or some other official, to look down into the nave. There are traces of Norman work in the vestry behind the organ, as well as in the south aisle of the nave, and in a beautiful arch over the door from the southern aisle into the vestry.

As one passes from the nave under the tower into the chancel, the contrast of style is remarkable. The walls are panelled with Perpendicular tracery; the slender shafts rise like pines from floor to ceiling. It is supposed, from some indications in the masonry, that the Norman tower fell, as at Gloucester and elsewhere, those ponderous structures being especially liable to such a catastrophe. Under the lower part of the tower on the north side are placed the lectern (an eagle in brass by Hardman, in memory of the late General Eardley Wilmot), the reading desk and the pulpit, both of carved oak. The old monastic stalls are very curious, and resemble those of Worcester Cathedral in the grotesque figures on the misereres. Several gently sloping steps lead up to the sacraum, which is fenced by a low brass rail of rich workmanship: two doors (an unusual thing), one north, one south of the Holy Table, admit through the reredos into a little sacristy, from which the prior or his deputy could see through three "hagioscopes" into the chapel.

A very beautiful mosaic of the kind which may still be seen in the house of the Faun at Pompeii, forms the centre of the reredos. It was made by Messrs. Powell, Whitefriars, and is the munificent gift of the Rev. E. Peek, of Lyme Regis. It represents the Holy Family, with the Magi on the one side

and the shepherds on the other. The details show much care and thought. At each end is mosaic scroll-work, with the emblematic corn and grapes; beyond these are some of the old tiles.

The south aisle of the choir is called St. Anne's Chapel,* of the same date as the choir. The side windows are filled with old Belgian glass representing some of the events recorded in the Book of Genesis and the accompaniments of the Passion of our Lord. The drawing of the figures is grotesque, but the colours are gorgeous, especially the ruby and purple. The chapel is used as a choir vestry, and for lectures, &c. A curious old folio, the Prayer Book with commentary, is chained to an oak desk. The north choir aisle is called the Jesus Chapel.

Few churches or cathedrals in England are so rich in old painted glass. The east window is made up of fragments arranged promiscuously, but the effect is very good. The clerestory windows tell the story of the foundation of the priory. In the transept window, above the kneeling figures of Prince Arthur and his tutor, are two exquisite groups, one of the Nativity and one of the Visitation; above these is the Feast at Cana. In many of the windows are angels,† as if the church, dedicated originally to St. Mary the Virgin, had been rededicated, possibly after civil strife or bloodshed within its walls, to St. Michael and the Holy Angels. From the shape of many of the windows, it seems that the architect had proposed making them even larger than they are, but had been restrained by fears of instability.

There are a few old monuments: one in St. Anne's Chapel of Prior Walcher, noted in his day for learning and science; a recumbent figure of a knight of the name of Corbet, north of the sacrairum; and several on the south side belonging to the Knotsford family; there is also in the Jesus Chapel a very graceful representation in stone of a Mrs. Thompson. There are memorial-brasses of the Rev. G. Fisk, vicar, in the nave; of E. Chance, Esq., in the transept; of the Rev. J. Dyson in the chapel. Under the west window is a costly memorial, by Scott, of Sir H. Lambert, Bart., consisting of an elaborate canopy in stone over a mural brass, with the Evangelists on either side. The organ, by Nicholson, is a very fine instrument.

The noble abbey of Tewkesbury is rich in reminiscences of the past. The name is probably from Theoc, a missionary monk, who is said to have Christianised this corner of Mercia subsequently to the conversion of the rest of the midland kingdom. It has been supposed, from his name, that he was a Briton; but the Britons generally held aloof from intercourse, even in this way, with the invaders. The legendary story of the foundation of the abbey by the brothers

* The famous spring on the hill-side is called St. Anne's Well.

† These have the body covered with plumage, not the wings only.

Oddo and Doddo, Dukes of Mercia, is apocryphal; and, perhaps, was suggested by the names of Earl Dudda in the eighth century, and of Earl Odda in the eleventh. Originally a "cell" or dependency of Cranbourn Abbey in Dorsetshire, the monastery here became an abbey, and shortly before the Conquest the relative position of Tewkesbury and Cranbourn was reversed.

Robert Fitz-Hamon, kinsman of William Rufus, "Lord of Gloucester, etc. etc.," was a great benefactor to the abbey; he commenced the rebuilding of the church, which was completed by Earl Robert of Gloucester, brother of the Empress Maude, a great church-builder in his day. In 1123 the church was dedicated in honour of St. Mary the Virgin; of this building great portions remain now. The monastery flourished under the fostering care of the De Clares,* the Despensers, the Beauchamps, etc., till the Dissolution. Though not mitred, the abbots were often summoned to Parliament. The abbey was rededicated in 1239 by the famous Bishop Walter de Cantilupe, after additions and alterations. The choir was rebuilt about 1350, probably to introduce the new style of architecture then coming into vogue.

Henry VI., always munificent to religious foundations, gave to the abbey the patronage of Deerhurst Priory, in the immediate neighbourhood, the oldest monastery in this part of England. After the battle of Tewkesbury, the abbot, standing at the great door of the church, crucifix in hand, like Ambrose at Milan, repelled Edward IV. pursuing fugitives into the sanctuary.

The revenues of this powerful and wealthy abbey were about £40,000 of our money when it fell into the rapacious hands of Henry VIII. and his courtiers in 1539. It was the last in the county to be surrendered; the abbot, Wakeman,

was made Bishop of Gloucester; the monks (only 38 remained) were pensioned. The domestic offices were preserved; the conventual for the most part destroyed. The Gate House, a remarkable edifice, about forty feet high, near the west end of the church, is standing now, with some buildings near the Avon. There is a fine oriel window in the "Abbey House" (probably the infirmary), near the west end. The nave of the church was already in use as the parish church; the rest of the structure was rescued by the parishioners from demolition for £483.

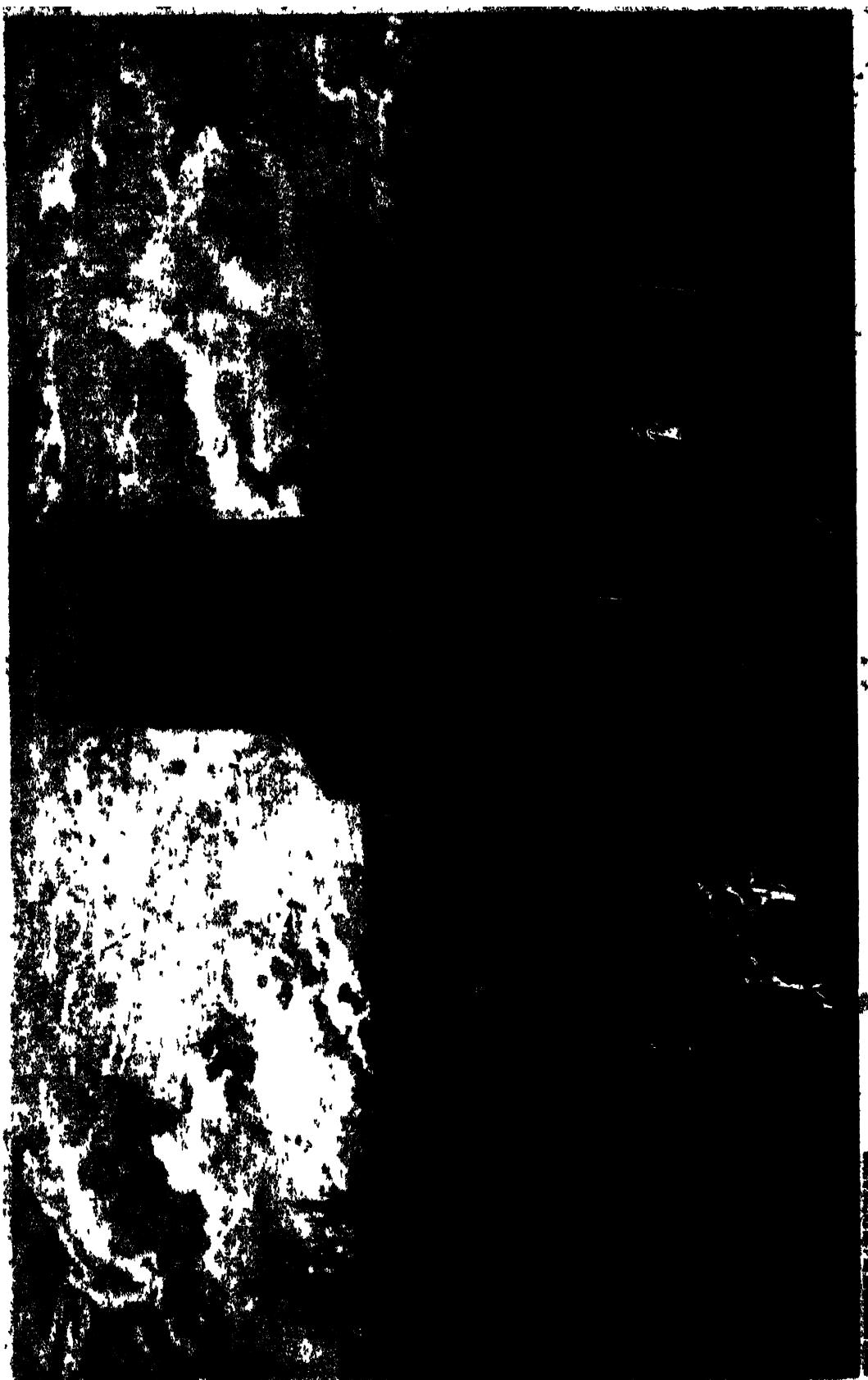
After undergoing, from time to time, unsightly reparations in the last century and in the early part of this, the church has now been thoroughly

* The "Red Earl," late in the thirteenth century, was a De Clare.



MISERERE, MALVERN.

TEWKESBURY ABBEY FROM THE SOUTH



restored at great expense; Sir G. G. Scott superintended the work in its commencement.

The old saying "As sure as God is in Gloucestershire" was meant to signify



TEWKESBURY: THE WEST FRONT

the number and importance of monastic institutions in that county. Tewkesbury had rank among the foremost. The site is remarkable; the two great rivers, Severn and Avon, with two tributary streams, meeting here, almost insulate the town. The church is cruciform, with apsidal chapels grouping themselves, as at Westminster, round the choir. In general character, as might be expected, it resembles Gloucester Cathedral and Pershore Abbey Church. Almost every style of our English Gothic is represented. The total length is 286 feet. The nave is 165 feet by 110; the transepts are 120 by 33. The height of the nave is 58 feet; of the tower, 132. The Lady Chapel was 100 feet long, due east of the choir; it, as well as the cloisters, has been demolished. Only three English churches, not cathedrals, are longer. This church comes next in size to Hereford Cathedral; the nave would stand within the nave of Gloucester, it is said, as one box within another.

The tower, which is Norman except the battlement and turrets, rests on four huge piers; the interior of it is rich in ornamentation, and resembles the tower of Pershore Abbey Church. It was originally a "lantern tower," and was closed in order, perhaps, to render the voice more audible. A wooden spire, erected on

the tower by Robert, the celebrated Earl of Gloucester already mentioned, fell on Easter Day, 1559. There are eight bells and chimes to the clock. The campanile or bell-tower, a building of no great pretensions, was pulled down in 1813.* The west front, with a lofty and spacious arch in a deep recess (62 feet by 34), is not unworthy to be named with the west fronts of Lincoln and Peterborough. The design appears to have been executed imperfectly. The porch is very plain. The west window was destroyed by a storm in 1661. The nave is Norman, with fourteen columns unusually tall, and with a triforium dwarfed in proportion. In the choir, on the contrary, the columns are short, surmounted by large windows. The font is partly old. The pulpit, octagonal, in stone, was given in 1881. The nave is vaulted with stone, richly groined and sculptured; the bosses have been regilt and recoloured under the direction of Mr. Gambier Parry, of Highnam Court, Gloucestershire. Probably the stonework replaced an original roof of wood. As in the "stanze" of the Vatican, a mirror is useful in enabling one to appreciate the beauty of it.

The choir, with a sexagonal termination, is surrounded by an "ambulatory" or "procession-path." The tracery of the roof is very fine. The most interesting of the chantries, which cluster round the choir, are, on the north, the "Warwick chapel" (1421), and, adjoining it eastward, the "Founder's chapel" (1397)* and the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene (1439). The exquisite erection now used as the choir-vestry is supposed by some to have been the chapter-house, but was probably a chapel with ante-chapel. Over this was the treasury of the monastery. The sedilia and the monks' stalls, with their misereres curiously carved, are noteworthy. The history of the organ is remarkable. It was moved from Magdalen College, Oxford, to Hampton Court by Cromwell, and finally placed here in 1737. The rose-window, at the east end, is fine, and contains portraits of benefactors in their baronial costumes.

There are many interesting monuments. The oldest is of Abbot Alan, friend of Becket, prior of Canterbury before coming here. There are monuments also of other abbots, with a cenotaph of Wakeman, the last of them, constructed for him at his request during his lifetime. Then there are a graceful alabaster monument of Sir Guy de Brien (Brienne, Normandy), and a kneeling figure in armour, Sir E. Despenser. In 1796 a brass was laid in the floor in memory of Prince Edward, murdered here after the battle (1471). The Duke of Somerset, who was executed at Tewkesbury after the battle, and Lord Wenlock, who was killed in the fight, are interred here; also the Duke of Clarence, "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," with his duchess. The general effect of the interior of the church is stately but sombre.

I. GREGORY SMITH.

* By some accounts in 1817.

DUNSTER AND ARUNDEL.

SERVING TWO MASTERS.



THE past history of our parish churches is a varied one. In many cases—indeed in most—they have been built for the use of the community among which they stand. They have grown with its growth; have been enlarged or reconstructed as circumstances required. Some, however, have been built as an appendage to, or perhaps we should rather say as the nucleus of, a religious foundation. Into this the people of the hamlet which usually sprang up about its gates, most of them corrodiers or servitors of some sort, were only admitted to worship as a kind of favour, not as a legal right. In a third case, however, the church discharged a double debt—it served two masters, the confraternity worshipping in one part, the parishioners in the other, and of this divided ownership many of our churches still bear traces. Indeed, as Professor E. A. Freeman remarks,* "our monastic and large collegiate churches may be divided into two classes: those simply and wholly designed for the monastic or collegiate fraternity, and those which at the same time discharged the function of ordinary parish churches. In the generality of these latter cases, the eastern part, or the choir, belonged to the monks, the western part, or the nave, to the people. In fact, they often formed, to all intents and purposes, two distinct churches, and the two parts were often spoken of distinctly as the parish church and the abbey or priory church. There was often a complete barrier between the two, and the people had what may be called their own high altar at the east end of the nave."

When the monasteries were suppressed, the eastern portion of the church, being as fully a possession of the fraternity as any separate chapel within the convent gates, became the exclusive property of the king, or of the person to whom he granted their messuages and tenements. In that case its doom was commonly sealed, especially where the people either had no right in the building, or were but few in number and poor in purse. Sometimes it was left to fall down from mere neglect and the effect of time; more often the work of destruction was immediate. The useless fabrics were converted into money, and the noblest works of mediæval art were sold as old building materials; stone, timber, lead, and glass being cleared away with no more scruple or

* *Somersetshire Archaeological and Natural History Society, Vol. VI, p. 1.*

compunction, though with less ease of performance, than if they had been the work of some jerry-builder of the present century.

Thus perished Netley and Beaulieu, Glastonbury and Tintern, Furness and Fountains, with many another noble structure, whose battered ruins still protest against the Vandalism which permitted their destruction, and the many evil deeds by which the English Reformation was marred. For the same reason, not a few of our parish churches are only fragments, one-half of the mediæval structure having been destroyed, and in this case it is generally the nave which has remained. The parishioners retained their right to the part in which they had always worshipped; the courtier to whom the choir had been granted, if he did not actually pull it down to the ground, sold all that could be readily converted into money, and then left the bare, roofless walls to battle with the elements. Thus it has happened at Malmesbury and Usk, at Chepstow and Fotheringay. In some cases, however, either by a rare liberality on the part of the new owner, as at Dorchester, or by the public spirit of the people, as at Tewkesbury, the monastic part was added to the parochial, and the whole became one church.

A few churches, however, yet remain where the distinction of ownership is neither indicated by the destruction of one portion of the building, nor has it been obliterated by subsequent changes, as in the last-mentioned churches, but where it is still clearly recorded by the internal arrangement of the building. Of these cases, now rare, we will take two examples—one where the building has become, in effect, a single parish church, the other where the divided ownership yet continues, and is miserably conspicuous to the eye of the most casual visitor.

Dunster Church, in Somersetshire, is our first instance, though an alteration in the arrangements, effected during a restoration a few years since—an alteration in many respects to be regretted—has rendered its testimony to a divided ownership less clear than it was formerly. Dunster is a singularly picturesque old-world village, just the spot where memorials of the past would linger on with little change till they withered before the steam-blast of the nineteenth century. Between the rugged Brendon Hills and the south coast of the Bristol Channel there is a level strath, a little to the west of Minehead, which was formerly, no doubt, beneath the waters of the sea. From this the hills rose steeply, clad with forest or heather, and the village of Dunster clusters about a little brook which issues from their recesses. One outlying knoll projects like a bastion from the main mass. On this “tor” no doubt some British chief placed his “dun” or hill-fort, and the Norman De Mohun, when he came, made it ultimately the site of his castle. The picturesque old home of the Luttrells, the successors of the De Mohuns in the ownership, has its own tale of moving

incidents, but of these we cannot tell ; we must hasten to the church. This stands in the town at a lower level than the castle. A church has long occupied this site, for the foundation of the priory dates soon after the Norman Conquest, whilst the oldest part of the castle was built in the reign of Stephen. Very little, however, is left of the Norman structure. The greater part is of much later date. Externally it appears to be a rather long and low Perpendicular church, somewhat plain and heavy in style, with a central tower of the usual Somersetshire pattern, though it is by no means a striking example of its kind. Internally it is an exceptionally interesting church, which has preserved some woodwork of remarkable beauty.

We will describe the church as it was when its history was written by Professor Freeman, because the peculiarities in its arrangements will thus be more readily understood. There was, as we have said, formerly a Norman church on this site, of which some traces still remain in the western arch of the central tower, and at the west end. In the fifteenth century the church appears to have had a Norman nave and aisles, a massive lantern tower at the crossing of the transepts, and an eastern limb without aisles, but with side-chapels or apses attached to the east walls of the transepts. The old church was occupied by the monks of the adjoining priory and by the parishioners of



DUNSTER: CHURCH AND CASTLE.

Dunster town, and disputes as to rights and ownership arose towards the end of the century between the Prior and monks, on the one hand, and the vicar and parishioners on the other. These were at last referred for award to the

Abbot of Glastonbury, who decreed that the latter should leave the choir wholly to the monks, and make their own choir under the nave. In consequence of this award the parishioners rebuilt the nave. Fortunately the quarrel did not proceed so far as at Wymondham, in Norfolk, where, in consequence of similar disputes, the church was practically cut in two, the monks building a tower at the west of the choir which insulated it from the nave, while the parishioners presently added to the latter a western tower, so that the church underwent what biologists call multiplication by fission. At Dunster, however, a *modus vivendi* was arrived at; the parishioners rebuilt their nave, placed their own high altar under the western tower-arch, and erected a magnificent rood-loft. This cuts off the two bays west of the tower, extends across both the nave and the aisles, and is approached by an exterior turret. The choir became the priory chapel, cut off by another screen, under the eastern tower-arch, from the transepts and crossing, which thus served the purpose of an ante-chapel, having a direct communication with the priory buildings on the north side of the church.* Such was the old arrangement, which continued down to our own days, but was somewhat modified a few years since, when the church was restored, by placing the communion-table against the last-named screen, so that the transepts are now incorporated into what may be called the ritual choir. The chancel, however, east of this screen still forms a distinct chapel, seated, and with its own altar.

Aisles of two bays each were added by the monks to their choir, so that the general effect is that of a late Perpendicular building. The woodwork in the roofs and fittings, wherever the early work remains, is good, while that of the great rood-screen is grand even for Somersetshire. Some old pavement of encaustic tiles is to be seen in the chantry of the De Mohuns; there are tombs of the Luttrells, but, on the whole, the monuments remaining in the church are less numerous and less interesting than might have been expected under the circumstances.

The other instance which we have chosen is Arundel, in Sussex, well known for the great castle of the Dukes of Norfolk, which crowns the slope above the Arun. Some eight centuries since there existed in Arundel the parochial chapel of St. Nicholas and the chapel of St. Martin in the keep of the castle. About this time, in the year 1094, the Priory of Arundel was founded, and after various changes, into which it is needless to enter, the rectory was annexed to it by William de Albini in 1178. The parochial and conventional churches were thus united. The priory was suppressed about the year 1381, the College of St. George, founded at first on the south-eastern side of the castle, was transferred thither, and a new college built adjacent to the Church of St. Nicholas,

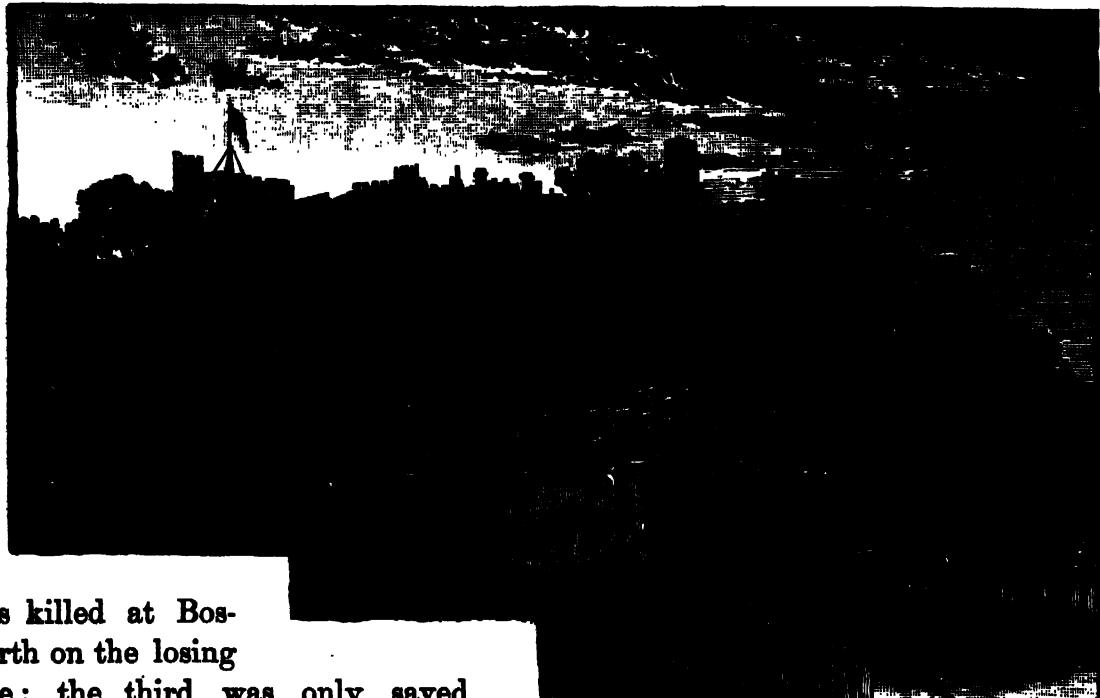
* The same arrangement exists at the Abbaye aux Dames, Caen.

the statutes of which are dated in the year 1387. At the suppression of the monasteries the King found it a poor plunder, but ultimately sold it for a rather high price to Henry Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel, when the bulk of the collegiate buildings were destroyed. Some remains, however, may still be seen on the south-east, where they are now incorporated into a Roman Catholic nunnery.

The church is cruciform in plan, with a central tower rising two stages from the roof. On this elevated position, during the Civil War, two cannon were mounted, and a brisk fire was kept up by the Puritan soldiers against the Royalists, who were holding the castle. The latter, who surrendered after a fortnight's siege, must have been ill-provided with artillery, for the tower does not appear to have suffered materially in the conflict. The church is Perpendicular in style, and, as became a poor foundation, is rather plain. Apparently the Fitz Alans were less liberal in their gifts to the church at their gate than many a noble family prior to the Reformation. At the suppression of the priory the portion belonging to the monks, in this case the choir only, became the property of the purchaser, and at the present day belongs to the Duke of Norfolk. The divided ownership was confirmed a few years since by a legal decision, and has been unhappily commemorated by the erection of a brick wall under the eastern tower-arch, which entirely isolates the Fitz Alan choir. In the parish church there is little calling for notice, except that the "ritual choir" is enclosed by a low barrier, as may still be seen in many Italian churches; there are the remains of some curious mural paintings, and the pulpit is formed from an old stone chantry or shrine. This has been applied to its former use during a late restoration of the church. In the last century, when, as we read, "the general character of the interior" was "calculated rather to convey an idea of cleanliness and order than to awaken any of the more solemn feelings of religion," this pulpit was "surrounded by curtains and converted into a private pew."

The "Fitz Alan Chapel," though the burial-place of that family and of the Howards, their successors, was grievously mutilated in the last century. It had long been neglected and allowed to fall into disrepair, but in the year 1782 the Duke of Norfolk sanctioned the demolition of the ancient roof. This was done in the most reckless manner; the heavy beams were sawn through and allowed to fall within the building, crushing the woodwork of the stalls, injuring the tombs, and even breaking the stone pavement of the choir. At the present day visitors, except on rare occasions, are excluded by an ungracious exercise of legal rights from the building, and from the sight of some of the most interesting monuments in Britain. The series is less complete than we should expect. Of late date there are none of importance, and the earlier have been diminished in number by neglect and wanton destruction.

In the vaults beneath lie many of the Howards. They seem to have been generally a short-lived and often an ill-fated race. The first Duke of Norfolk



ARUNDEL CASTLE.

was killed at Bosworth on the losing side; the third was only saved from the axe by the death of Henry VIII., which occurred just

too late to save his eldest son, the Earl of Surrey, from that fate. The fourth Duke was beheaded by Queen Elizabeth. His eldest son was also sentenced to death, but was reprieved, and died, "not without suspicion of poison," a prisoner in the Tower. His body, in the year 1623, was transferred to these vaults. His successor, Thomas, died at Padua, a voluntary exile during the Civil War, but is buried here, as are most of his heirs, who have come to a peaceful end, but have not usually attained to a long term of years.

The monuments of interest are those of their predecessors, the Fitz Alans. On an altar-tomb of blue marble and alabaster, unhappily much damaged, lie the recumbent figures of Thomas Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel, a son of the founder of the college, and his wife, a daughter of John I., King of Portugal. His successor, John Fitz Alan, who died in 1421, was content with a simpler monument. A table-tomb, with an armoured figure on the upper slab and a wasted corpse below, commemorates John, son of the last named, who died and was buried at Beauvais in the year 1435. But the most remarkable monument is placed against the south wall, and commemorates William Fitz Alan, brother and successor to the last named, and his countess, a sister of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick.

It is a small projecting chantry, consisting of three bays, the middle one being occupied by the actual tomb, and the eastern cut off by a screen built at the foot of the monument. The canopy is enriched with most elaborate panel-sculpture, and in advance of the slender shafts which support it are spiral columns, terminated by ornamental capitals, enlarged into a kind of bracket, on which probably small statues were formerly placed. The general plan and the architectural design is mediæval, but the influence of the Renaissance is occasionally perceptible, so that the Fitz Alan shrine, strictly speaking, belongs to that interesting series of remains which illustrates the gradual development of the Jacobean style from the Tudor or latest Gothic.

For some time past the chapel has been undergoing a much-needed restoration. The roof—a memorial in itself, as has been said above, of the barbarism of a former owner—has been entirely renewed. Progress has been made with the restoration of the interior, and it is to be hoped that the aspect of dilapidation will be removed, without too much substitution of new or old, or falling into the mistake to which restorers of the Roman Catholic communion seem especially liable, of introducing garish and sometimes almost tawdry decorations, which harmonise so ill with the venerable memorials of an ancient building.

T. G. BONNEY.

CHISWICK AND KEW.

TWO ARTISTS' GRAVES.

IT is, perhaps, not too much to say that the composite and, to speak truly, the unimposing church which stood by the river at Chiswick till the end of the year 1882, would never have become famous but for the attractions of the locality as a resort for a number of distinguished inhabitants, who in the last two centuries sought rest and recreation in the pleasant river-side suburb. At all events, the

more modern portion of the structure—with the exception of one or two restorations or improvements—so obscured and vulgarised the original simple building that, with the memorials of those who were buried within the walls or in the graveyard, and the famous or notorious names to be seen in the registers, the old building, with its really remarkable tower, and wall of stone and flint, might have been better left as an example of a simple church of the early part of the fifteenth century, when William Bordal, the vicar of the parish, who died in 1435, erected the said tower at his own cost. Dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the fishermen, who were the principal inhabitants of Chiswick, or Cheswyche,

it consisted, like many more important churches, only of a nave and chancel, with a good roof of open timber. Though only the tower remains to suggest the style of the original edifice, it is easy to imagine that it was bare and plain. The nave was unattractive, for its old rugged simplicity had been destroyed by the addition of ugly transepts, built of brick in that worst period of ecclesiastical architecture represented by the dates of their erection, 1772 and 1817. These transepts were extended as space was required, and therefore became more hideous by assuming the aspect, without the true proportions, of aisles; and though careful and judicious restorations were attempted, Chiswick Church was still dependent for its interest on associations commencing early in the seventeenth century.

In 1861 there was an investigation of the condition of the structure of the church, and it was found that the previous additions were not only unsightly but unsafe. It was then determined to "restore" it, and the vestry, taking upon themselves the best method of doing so, decided, after fifteen months' discussion,



HOGARTH.

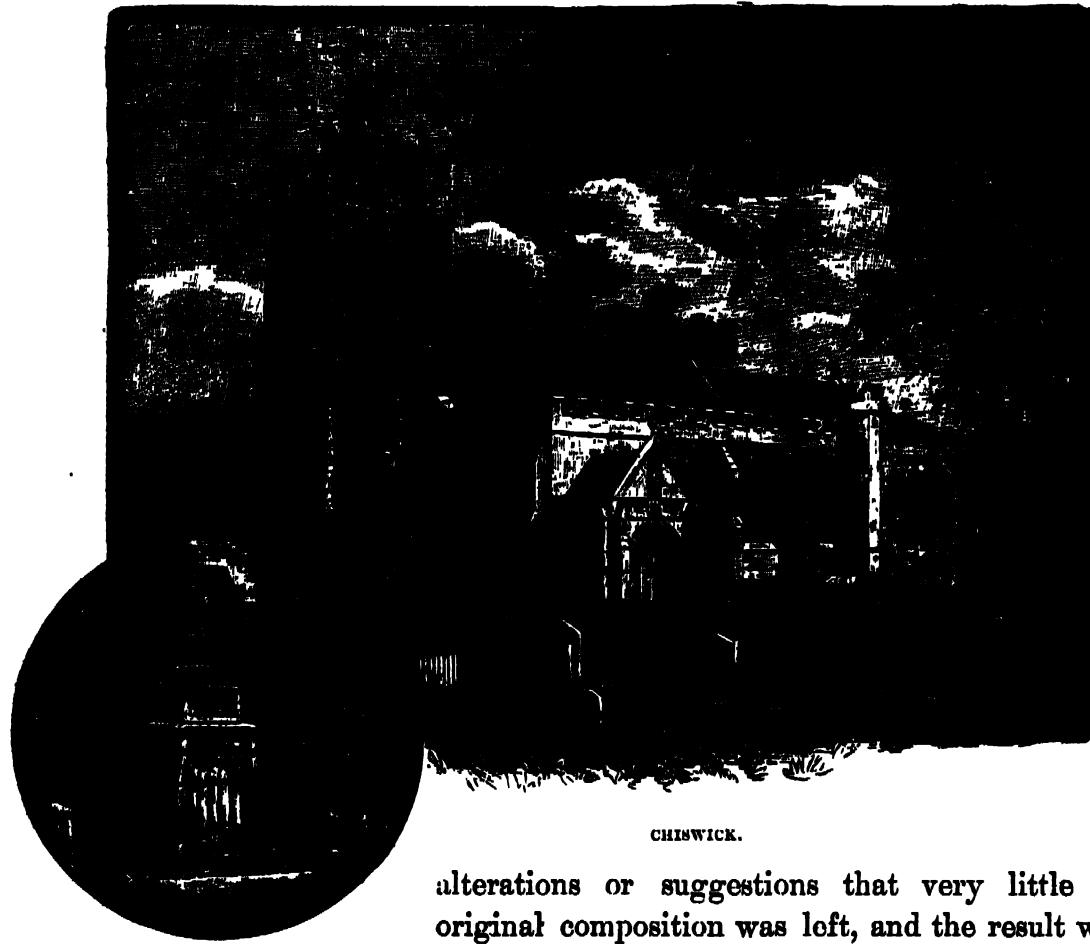
to destroy the sound old carved walnut-wood "hammer-beam" roof, which had been concealed by a whitewashed ceiling above the nave, and to adopt a cheap substitute, which put the finishing touch of irremediable ugliness upon the building. Some better alterations were made, and in 1869 Mr. Henry Smith, of Chiswick, presented an organ-chamber and organ; but in 1882 that gentleman proposed to rebuild the church, and with the vicar, the Rev. Lawford W. T. Dale, who has held the sacred office for above thirty years, set about the work in earnest. On the 1st of October in that year the last service took place in the building which had been patched, altered, and made more and more hideous for a century and a half. As many of the congregation as could be accommodated worshipped in the Chapel of Ease of St. Mary Magdalene, and the old stone tower of the church was screened from the works for daily celebrations, baptisms, marriages, &c.

This old stone tower has been strictly preserved, the vicar having taken care that whatever repairs were needed should not change its external aspect. Where the stones of the casing required removal they were restored to their original places, and retain their ancient appearance. This tower is, therefore, in a sense the most interesting part of the fabric; but the interior of the church, which was completed in 1884, under the direction of Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A., the eminent architect, is very imposing, not only because of its appearance of spaciousness, notwithstanding the limited area which it occupies, but in consequence of a certain appropriateness and congruity of architectural design, especially in the arches of the nave, which resemble that of the old west tower. The east window is of an earlier, and the aisles of a later, date of architecture. The window on the north-east of the chancel is in memory of Lord Frederick Cavendish, and was presented by the churchwardens; it represents Christ stilling the tempest. But the most interesting window is that in the south wall of the chancel aisle. It was one of the clerestory windows in the old Cathedral of Cologne, was presented by Mr. John Charles Sharpe and Lady Sharpe, and is magnificent, and almost startling in its depth and intensity of colour.

Monuments which occupied positions in the old church have been replaced in the present building. That (of alabaster) to the memory of Sir Thomas Chaloner, of Gisborough, the famous chemist, soldier, author, and poet, who was knighted by Henry IV. of France, is here near the window, and there are mortuary tablets on the walls to the Walpoles and others.

The first extension of the church was due to Dr. Walker, a Puritan incumbent under the Commonwealth, who placed in the tower the tablet to William Bordall, the vicar of the church and founder of "ye steeple." But by far the more interesting mementoes are in the churchyard, for there lies William Hogarth, the great painter, humorist, and moralist, whose monument, erected by David Garrick, is conspicuous on the south

side, crowned by a flame in burnished brass. Garrick wrote an epitaph and sent it to Dr. Johnson, who, not liking it, made such considerable



HOGARTH'S TOMB.

CHISWICK.

alterations or suggestions that very little of the original composition was left, and the result was that Garrick wrote another, with or without Johnson's assistance. It is not a very striking performance:—

“ Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.

“ If Genius fire thee, reader, stay ;
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear ;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here.”

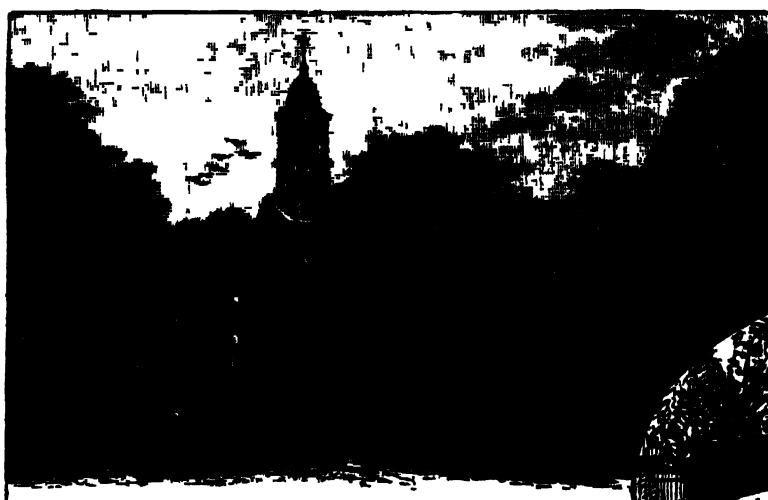
This, too, is signed “D. Garrick.” The inscription on the monument shows that Mrs. Hogarth, who was the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, the artist who painted the dome of St. Paul's and the ceilings at Bloxham and Greenwich, also lies here. She died in 1789, and was eighty years old, having survived her husband

twenty-five years. Lady Thornhill, her mother, and the widow of Sir James, is also buried in the churchyard. Among many well-known names, that make this one of the most remarkable burial-places in England, are those of Kent, the architect and famous landscape gardener, who designed and completed the extension and formation of Kensington Gardens (he lies in the vault of the Cavendish family); Sharp, the famous "line" engraver; Carey, the translator of Dante, who resided at Hogarth's house in Chiswick. Members of old families of the district, including some who belonged to the Roman Catholic communion, and numerous personages whose names occur in relation to art and letters, found their last earthly resting-place in Chiswick churchyard, on the outside of the wall of which, on the north-east, may be read:—

"This wall was made at ye charges of ye right honourable and truelie pious Lord Francis Russell, Earle of Bedford, out of true zeale and care for ye keeping of this churchyard and ye wardrobe of Godd's saints, whose bodies lay therein buryed, from violating by swine and other profanation. So witnesseth William Walker, V., A.D., 1623."

The parish church at Kew, of which the original building goes no farther

back than Queen Anne, has also so altered during the past few years that there are few indications of the ancient structure, and few objects of interest to the



K.E.W.



GARRETTSON'S TOMB.

visitor, fewer still to the antiquary. Kew itself has little interest to the ordinary observer, except that which is associated with Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Princess Caroline; with their son, George the Third, and his Queen Charlotte, in their rustic retirement at the old Dutch house, where they dined off boiled mutton and turnips, and kept no Court; and,

more recently with the Royal Princes and Princesses, the sons and daughters of Farmer George, and especially with the Duke of Cumberland, of by no means pious memory, who endeavoured to divert the succession from the Princess Victoria. Kew Church is conspicuous because of its situation on Kew Green, where it was built by subscription, Queen Anne contributing sufficiently to make it desirable to name the building "the Chapel of St. Anne of Kew Green." Thus it was named at its completion on the 12th of May, 1714, and it was then little more than a chapel, consisting of a nave with an aisle on the north, and a school-room on the south; and thus it continued till 1837, when considerable extensions were made, chiefly in consequence of very handsome donations from William IV., who did not live to see the completion of the new structure in 1838. That the King took much personal interest in the work is shown by the fact that on his visiting Kew for the last time in 1837, he inspected the plans and estimates prepared by the architect, and after his death it was found that he had made provision of nearly five thousand pounds for the purpose of carrying out the requisite work. On a brass plate in front of the gallery is the following inscription, dictated by himself, for the purpose of being placed in the church: "King William IV., in the year 1836, directed 200 free seats to be provided in this church at his expense, for the accommodation of the poor of the parish and of the children of the King's Free School, to be for ever appropriated to their use." The gallery at the west end of the church will contain about sixty persons, and on its front, beside the brass plate with the inscription, are the arms of William IV. and a number of royal hatchments, the most conspicuous of which are those of Ernest, the aforementioned Duke of Cumberland (afterwards King of Hanover), and of the Duke of Cambridge.

In 1882 there were further considerable extensions of the building then called "The Royal Church" at Kew—the proposal to enlarge it having been cordially endorsed by a meeting of the inhabitants—for Kew and the neighbourhood had become places of vastly greater importance since the time that Frederick of Wales lived there and began to form the Royal Gardens. The district had long before that date become of importance as a London suburb, and the Gardens had for many years been among the most popular resorts near the metropolis. The Queen had subscribed £100, and the Duke of Cambridge, who presided at the meeting, gave a like amount; while the Duchess of Teck, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and all the connections of the Cambridge branch of the Royal Family, were interested in the work, which it was estimated would cost £5,500. Among other efforts to raise the money was a morning concert at St. James's Hall, organised by the Duchess of Teck. The result is now to be seen in the new chancel, behind which is a mortuary chapel where the bodies of the late Duke and Duchess of Cambridge lie. The raising of the

"wagon" roof of the nave and the lowering of the seats have given a greater height and appearance of space to the main portion of the building.

The organ, which occupies a recess on the north-west of the altar, is an object of interest, for it is said to have belonged to the great Frederick Handel, and to have been much admired by George III., who was not a bad judge in such matters. It was presented to the church by George IV. in 1823. Only a few of the monuments on the walls are of much interest, not even excepting those of Lady Dorothy Capel, 1721, and Elizabeth, Countess of Derby, 1717; but the attention of the visitor is directed to the memorials of some famous men, and especially famous painters, who are buried in the churchyard, which is only divided from Kew Green by a dwarf wall. The grave of Gainsborough is there, though no mural tablet was erected to his memory till 1875, when another noted painter, Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., placed one on the south wall of the church.

The tomb of Zoffany, the celebrated portrait painter, who lived at Strand-on-the-Green, and died in 1810, is in the churchyard, and some of his relatives lie not far from him. The picture by which he is best remembered is a group of Royal Academicians, who are represented as having met at the hall of the Academy on "a drawing night." On the north wall of the church is a tablet to the memory of Jeremiah Meyer, R.A. ("Painter in miniature and enamel to George III."), who died in 1789; the design of the memorial is the Muse of Painting mourning beneath a medallion bust of the artist, and there is a long inscription in verse by Hayley, of which all that can be said is that it is in the usual turgid style of such mementoes. The tomb of Gainsborough is, perhaps, the most striking object in the churchyard, but it had fallen into decay until it was completely restored and surrounded with an iron railing at the expense of Mr. E. M. Ward. The renewed inscription tells us that the great landscape painter died August 22nd, 1788, at the age of 62, and that his wife Margaret, who also lies there, died in December, 1798, aged 71. In this grave also lies Mr. Gainsborough Dupont, a son of the sister of Gainsborough and a pupil of the famous painter. Mr. Dupont, whose father was a French refugee, died at his house in Fitzroy Square on the 20th of January, 1797. He was an artist of no mean ability, and his name appears in the list of directors of the "French Protestant Hospital" in 1794. His portrait, painted by himself, has recently been acquired by the directors of that institution, and may be seen in the Court Room of the Hospice, Victoria Park, among other valuable mementoes. Near the grave of Gainsborough is that of his friend Joshua Kirby, the father of the noted Mrs. Trimmer; and not far from Zoffany's is that of Mr. R. Ford, "genealogist." Francis Bauer, the once famous microscopist, is also buried here.

At the eastern end of the church one of the more recent tablets has been

placed—that designed by Mr. F. T. Palgrave to the memory of his uncle, Sir William Hooker, director of the Royal Gardens, who died in 1865.

Kew was originally only a hamlet to Kingston, and was united to Petersham as a parish in 1769. Before that date, however, it had been distinguished by the residence known as Kew House, which was afterwards converted into the royal palace. This mansion belonged, about the middle of the seventeenth century, to



GAINSBOROUGH.

(From a portrait painted by himself.)

Richard Bennett, Esq., whose daughter and heiress married Sir Henry, afterwards Lord Capel of Tewkesbury, who died Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1696. His widow resided for many years in Kew, and was buried there. Kew House then became the property of Samuel Molineaux, Esq., who married her daughter; this gentleman, who was known as a man of letters, and "an ingenious astronomer," became secretary to George, Prince of Wales (afterwards George II.), who took a lease of Kew House, where, among many other famous visitors, Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," was a frequent guest. Kew House was afterwards altered and improved by Kent for the Princess-Dowager, widow of Frederick Prince of Wales and mother of George III.;

and doubtless the architect, who was still more famous as a gardener, rendered valuable assistance in planning the famous gardens which were then commenced.

Not the least interesting of the associations of Kew Church is that of the accomplished but eccentric Caleb Colton, the author of "Lacon, or many things in few words," vicar of Kew and Petersham, who, of course, preached at Kew Church. This gentleman, who was neither of coarse nor of dissipated habits, and who possessed much refinement, wit, and learning, was ruined by a passion for gambling, which he pursued both in foreign and in London gaming-houses, living in bachelor seclusion in lodgings near Soho that he might avoid observation and follow his fatal inclination. Eventually he shot himself through the head at Fontainebleau, whither he had gone to again try his fortune at the tables, where, strangely enough, as it was reported, he had won £25,000.

THOMAS ARCHER.

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